SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX SEPTEMBER, 1926 NO. 3

A Personal Portrait of Governor Al Smith

BY JAMES KERNEY

Author of "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson"; Editor of *The Trenton (N. J.) Times*

MY idea of a first-class thrill is to watch five thousand well-dressed Americans working their enthusiasm to the limit on some great occasion. Such an event occurred in the Metropolitan Opera House the evening of March 4, 1919. Woodrow Wilson, at the pinnacle of his power, was sailing back to France to pursue his flaming ideal of peace on earth.

The flower of New York culture and fashion crowded into the spacious theatre to encourage him on. William Howard Taft, Kent Professor of Law at Yale, sometime President of the United States, and the then foremost Republican supporter of the Fourteen Points, had come to sound a solemn warning to his party friends. Caruso was on hand to sing and lead the singing. Cleveland H. Dodge, Princeton, '79, classmate and lifelong affectionate friend of Wilson, was cheerleader. Everybody in the front row seemed to belong there. As a spectacle-drama it was perfect.

When the preliminary acclaim had run its course, Alfred Emanuel Smith, Governor of New York, stepped forward to present the speakers. Favored with a seat in one of the proscenium boxes, I was getting my first look at the rough-hewn and supposedly unpolished lad who, through the agony and the glory of American opportunity, had battered his way up from the sidewalks of New York. Clean-cut and confident, he looked a mere youth among the elder statesmen and intellectuals. His reputation as a convincing debater and an all-round stump-speaker was firmly established. But what would be his fate in such fast company? Could he make the grade with the scholars?

Unruffled, he faced the radiant gathering, and in language eloquent in its simplicity presented President Wilson as the "world leader of to-day." He did not gush; he used no artificialities of phrase; just straightforward, understandable English:

"Whatever may be the cross-fire of opinion," he said, "there is one thing that we are all agreed upon, and that is that America will not have completed her part in the great world conflict until she has done everything possible to prevent the recurrence of the death, the misery, the suffering, the waste, and the devastation that from time immemorial has followed in the wake of war. At the Peace Conference to that task our President is applying his wonderful talents. . . . He told the mothers of our country that they were giving up their sons not only that the world might be made safe for democracy, but that there would never be another war. To the fulfilment of that promise he has dedicated himself with all his heart and all his soul and all his strength and all his great ability. . . ."

As the applause died out, a well-meaning lady in an adjoining box exclaimed: "What a giant Al Smith would be if he only had a college education!" Where-

Copyrighted in 1926 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon I recalled that line of Arthur Brisbane's: "Think of what four years at Harvard might have done to Abraham Lincoln."

Quaint fictions are built around men who grip the public imagination. One of the persistent legends about Smith is that he has never read a book. The story doubtless grew out of his humorous reply to a young lady, of quite superior pose, who asked if he had read a certain book: "My dear young lady," said Smith without batting a lash, "the only book I ever read through was 'The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan.'"

Smith is not a student of literature. Like Lincoln, he has read the Bible and remembered what he read. In his youthful days he was the leading amateur actor of the East Side, and was an ardent follower of Shakespeare. Aside from Holy Writ and the Bard of Avon, most of his reading has been about government. His friends say that legislative and public documents furnish him with all the intellectual and heart interest of the best literature.

An important Tammany district leader and lifelong friend of Smith was named by Mayor Hylan to one of the biggest jobs in the government of Greater New York. When Hylan was passing out of the political picture, this powerful leader sought to regain for him the friendship of Smith. Hylan's sponsor, William R. Hearst, had become the sworn enemy of the governor. Other pleas having failed, Al's old friend sought to appeal to his human kindliness. "Mayor Hylan gave me this great job; I doubt if even you would have done that for me," said the leader. "You need have no doubt about it," answered Al; "I'm your friend, but I certainly would not have named you because I know you are not fit for the job."

That is the Smith way of handling public business. He is never afraid to be progressive, not even in his theories of party management. He started out as governor with the theory that his appointees must be fit for their jobs. This is a difficult view-point for any executive to maintain, least of all one trained by Tammany Hall. But Smith has carried his point. He would tell a party leader that a certain job was available and could go to his district, but the applicant must meet requirements which he specified. If the right man was offered, he got the appointment. If not, Smith chose his own man.

His most revolutionary effort was the removal of the highway department from politics. He placed an expert engineer at its head, gave him full control, supported his policies, and let the politicians rage. They tore about for some time, just as he expected they would, and now are ready to admit that highways free from political jobbery are a valuable asset to the Democratic party. Only recently he told the assembled party leaders that destruction overtakes a party "when that party thinks of nothing but organization, and by that I mean organization as against the best interests of all the people of the State." Examination of his staff appointments discloses many promotions for merit. His personal secretary is a Republican, a thirty-third-degree Mason who had served over thirty years in the executive chamber. The State commissioner of health served many years as deputy in that department, and his commissioner of public works is a Virginia Democrat trained in engineering, and presides over the largest patronage department in the State. Those are a few examples. The list shows his liberality throughout. Fitness to do the job he insists upon.

When the unterrified Democracy foregathered on Manhattan Island in 1924 to ease the way for Calvin Coolidge, I got frequent close-ups of the many-sided and fascinating Al. Throughout those hectic days his continuous good humor and personal charm, his utter lack of rancor were in striking contrast with the ill-tempered conduct of some other historic figures. An incident of the closing hours seems worth the telling. My friend, Governor George S. Silzer, of New Jersey, had been one of the "favorite son" candidates for the presidential nomination, and I had been patiently standing guard hoping the lightning might strike when the sectarian tornado had swept by.

The nerve-racked and shell-shocked convention, however, was glad to flock to John W. Davis immediately Smith and McAdoo withdrew from the hopeless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deadlock. The delegates were weary and anxious to get away. When the armistice had finally come and former political friends had ceased firing on each other, the casualties numbered many soreheads, as well as a lot of sore hearts and sore feet. It had been no pink-tea affair. Savage hatreds had been stirred. The weather was sweltering. The sidewalks of New York and the good old summer-time may be all right as topics for jazz songs, but they are not the happiest combination for an outsider to live with.

I was glad it was over and was heading for home in the early evening when Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee and overlord of the New Jersey Democracy, happened along and suggested that I hunt up Frank L. Polk, undersecretary of state in the Wilson administration and law partner of John W. Davis.

"Al thinks George Silzer should be named for Vice-President if the ticket is to do anything in the Eastern country, and Frank Polk must get us to Davis at once," was the laconic observation of Hague.

Polk had been in charge of the Davis boom. When I found him he told me that he had already heard from Al—everybody calls the governor Al—and that if I brought Hague over to the Manhattan Club, he would see that we were given the first chance to talk with Davis, then on his way down-town to address the convention that had nominated him for President.

Immediately Davis reached the club Polk made good his promise. When Hague and I had finished, Davis expressed strong personal admiration for Silzer, whom he had long known, but deferred committing himself until he heard from George Brennan and other party chieftains.

We promptly made our way to the Smith headquarters on an upper floor of the club-house. Al, "the happy warrior," apparently undisturbed at the thought that his dream of the presidency had gone aglimmering, and equally oblivious to the fact that the convention was restlessly awaiting his appearance for a speech, was the most cheerful spirit in the group. Coatless and with the inevitable big black cigar gripped in one hand, he was regaling himself, between stories, with a huge glass of—say it softly—ice-water.

Many fanciful tales concerning the drinking habits of statesmen gain currency in this land of the brave. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Warren G. Harding have all been pictured by detractors as ardent devotees of the cup that gladdens. It is certain that Woodrow Wilson's views on prohibition were not unlike those of Al Smith, although their personal tastes varied slightly. Wilson liked good Scotch; Smith prefers good beer. No statesman can use either to excess and last. And among the people who know him best—his New York neighbors, regardless of party affiliation—there is a wide-spread hope that Al Smith will keep right on serving them to the end of his days.

Upon learning the outcome of our talk with the presidential candidate, Al at once donned his coat and proceeded to find Davis. As he started from the room, an attaché presented a little up-State chap who had been acting as messenger at the headquarters and who didn't want to go home without the governor's name in his autograph album.

"Sure," said Al, reaching for a pen. The signature finished, Al pulled a roll of money from his pocket. Slipping two twenty-dollar bills to the astonished youngster he shook hands, remarking:

"You have been a faithful servant and you ought to have a vacation; come around again when we run for President."

And we proceeded to the room of Davis, where Smith emphasized his belief that if the tattered Democracy was to be pulled together it was imperative that the second place on the ticket should go to a man who would appeal to the liberal electorate of New York and New Jersey and other Eastern States, and who might have an outside chance in the great industrial States like Ohio and Illinois. Silzer was such a man. He carried no church handicap. Davis was ready if Brennan said the word.

"Let's get George Brennan," said Al. Meanwhile the surging crowd in Madison Square Garden eagerly awaited the coming of Davis and Smith, who were to speak the magic words that would restore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party morale. We hurried across to the Garden, but instead of mounting the rostrum the governor got Brennan into an anteroom and forcefully urged the cause of Silzer. Brennan had a candidate of his own in the person of Mayor Dever, but Al was so insistent that Brennan agreed to go along. That job finished, Smith was ready to speak. And he made a speech that brought tears to many eyes, the kind of speech that helps explain why he is idolized by the powerful and the humble, the great and ungreat among his home folks. But that's another story.

When he had finished he returned to the Manhattan Club to meet with Davis and Brennan and others high in the party councils with a view of completing the ticket. The conference went smoothly enough and the word was about to be passed on to the convention when Tom Taggart, resourceful Indiana politician, blurted out: "You are murdering this man (pointing to Davis) by putting a Jerseyman on the ticket with him."

It was idle to argue that Davis was not a New Yorker; he confessed that he had moved his voting residence from West Virginia to Long Island. In Taggart's home sector of Indiana the drys and the hundred-per-centers are legion. Taggart's position, in view of the circumstances, appeared sound enough. After a great deal of rather melancholy talk the conference decided to appease William Jennings Bryan once more, and named his brother. It was a forlorn hope. As seasoned veterans quit that gathering they knew the jig was up.

At the Gridiron dinner, immediately after the Coolidge landslide, Al occupied a seat on the dais with the President, and they made speeches that were filled with pleasant allusions. They both frankly like public life. That is equally true of most men. The Washington newspaper correspondents are the pick of the land, and their dinners are not the softest spots in the lives of the speakers. It is no place to pull a bloomer. Senator Butler, of Massachusetts, manager of the Coolidge campaign, had attempted a shrewd New England shaft of humor. He said that one of the biggest contributions to the Republican victory was the Madison Square Garden convention of the Democrats. Then came a clever skit by members depicting Al's rise, followed by the singing of "The Sidewalks of New York," and Smith was presented to the diners.

"It is interesting to hear from the Republican national chairman that the Democrats had such a leading part in the recent election of the President, and it seems only fair that they should share in the rewards," was the opening remark of the governor of New York. "I shall be glad to send Mr. Butler a list of names of deserving Democrats who are sadly in need of offices just now." The shot told, and Al was given a mighty salvo of applause.

"This is my first Gridiron dinner, and I am mighty glad to be seated up here at the head table," he went on. "I remember when I first went up to Albany and the newspaper boys had their legislative dinner, I managed to get myself invited through a friend. But I had a seat on the outskirts, under the gallery. Pretty soon Governor Odell came in, accompanied by several soldiers, all plumed in gold lace, and while the band played 'Hail to the Chief' he was ceremoniously ushered up to the place of honor. 'That's the way to come to these dinners,' I told my friend." And with a smiling glance toward President Coolidge, he added: "And there's the way to attend a Gridiron dinner."

There was more good-natured fun and then Al paid a gracious compliment to the fine patriotism of the President, saying, among other things, that once the American people had rendered their verdict the State of New York stood ever ready to give the utmost loyalty to the head of the government. In his speech President Coolidge replied that, out of a rather sad experience, he had always felt a deep sympathy for governors, but there was one governor who never needed any sympathy, and that was the governor of New York. "He always seems to know the right thing to do and how to do it," was the President's testimonial.

There are many points of similarity between Abe Lincoln and Al Smith. One came out of the hardships of city poverty, the other knew the deprivation and rigors of rural poverty. Irreproachable per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal character and unyielding fidelity to public service are the marks of both men. In their mastery of government, in their philosophic humor, in their understanding of humanity, in their square dealing, in their love of righteousness, they are essentially alike.

Al Smith once humorously conferred upon himself the degree of F.F.M., which he explained stood for Fulton Fish Market, the first school in which he began to receive his higher education of hard experience. His father, Alfred Emanuel Smith, a native New Yorker and a truckman, died when the son was thirteen. His mother, also born in New York, was forced to go back to work in a shop, and young Al began his career as a helper in the fish-market, remaining there for seven years. Then he got a political job, serving as clerk to the commissioner of jurors for eight years.

It was the subsequent twelve years in the assembly at Albany that gave him his real chance. That was the turning-point in his career. He worked day and night, mastered all the arts of government, became his party leader on the floor and speaker of the house. His achievements and his rectitude won him a place in the affections of the Democrats, and caused large numbers of Republicans and independents to trust him implicitly.

"Of all men in the convention Alfred E. Smith is the best informed on the business of the State of New York," was the admiring tribute of Elihu Root, master scholar and statesman. The time was 1915 and the best minds had been holding a constitutional convention, with a view of meeting the changing industrial and social needs of the people of the Empire State. Root, distinguished for his service as secretary of state and secretary of war, as well as in the United States Senate, was the presiding officer. George W. Wickersham, attorney general under President Taft, who was the Republican floor leader, characterized Smith as "the most useful man in the convention." Smith had participated in nearly every important debate, displaying a knowledge of State administration and legislative procedure that astonished the mighty assemblage of veteran judges, politicians, students of government.

From his intimate contacts with the struggling under side of the human heap he naturally fought for a living wage for women and children. Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, intellectuals and aristocrats by birth, became progressives by absorbing the ideas of others; Al Smith was born a progressive. It was not necessary for him to unlearn any pet theories. He is not a fiery crusader like Bryan or La Follette bent on speedily readjusting all human affairs. His was not the "triumph of hope over experience." He had not read much history; he had lived history.

At the end of his twelve years' service in the unlucrative job of assemblyman he was nominated for the well-paid office of sheriff of the county of New York. Republicans and independents alike hailed the promotion with enthusiasm. The stalwart New York *Tribune* declared that there had not been any other legislator, Republican, Progressive, or Democrat, in the preceding ten years who had rendered such useful service to New York; and the Citizens' Union, ever an anti-Tammany organization, urged his election. At the end of his term as sheriff he was elected president of the Board of Aldermen, which place he held until his election as governor in 1918. In the Harding Republican landslide of 1920 he was defeated, only to be returned to the governorship in 1922, and again in 1924, when the Republicans carried the State for Coolidge by 870,000 and Smith won on the Democratic ticket by more than 100,000. Coolidge carried Greater New York by 137,000 and Smith carried it, in the same election, by 519,000.

In his inaugural speech, when he took the oath of office in the assembly chamber for the sixteenth time and the oath of governor for the third time, he said:

"The assembly chamber was my education, my high school, my college, and virtually my all. In it I have learned practically everything of State government which I know to-day."

Last June Columbia University conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws, and another eminent Republican of international fame, Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the university, on that occasion pointed out that Al had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been "trained in the hard school of the many-sided and cosmopolitan life" of Manhattan Island, and that since manhood he had been "a constant and eager public servant in posts of steadily growing importance and authority" where he had been "alert, effective, public-spirited, and courageous, constantly speaking the true voice of the people."

Reading and studying the bills that came before him as assemblyman and especially digesting every item in the huge appropriation bills have made Smith the formidable debater that he is. He has often said that his legislative experience saved him at least a year in the office of governor. During his first year of office, when he said, "I have just completed the study of the appropriation bills and I can truthfully and thankfully say there isn't a single item in them in which I have a personal interest," he knew better than any one else how easily something might have been slipped over on him. It is this expert knowledge of the details of government that has made him such a terror to finance committees of the legislature and the man from the backwoods district who wants a bridge or two across the home-town creeks.

This interest in government led naturally to his programme of administrative reforms. Building on his experience in the constitutional convention, he instructed the reconstruction commission, which he appointed in his first month as governor, that if they wanted the State to enter on social-welfare activities they must find financial resources to make it possible. When they presented their plan of reorganization and consolidation of the State government, which they had adopted as the soundest plan for fundamental economy, he astounded a roomful of keen lawyers, business men, and political-science experts when the chart of the proposed reorganization was first shown to him. It covered then one hundred and eighty-seven bureaus, commissions, departments, and miscellaneous agencies. The paper on which it was drawn was measured in feet, not inches. For four hours, scarcely looking at the paper, he inquired about agency after agency. He recited the histories and political purposes of many of the commissions and often quoted the legislative debates that led to their establishment. He knew also which agencies ought to be abolished and which ought to be consolidated into some department. He was unerring in his judgment of where each one belonged. That was the beginning of a seven years' battle. He was as strong in fighting for it while out of office for two years as he was while in. Loss of party patronage could not deter him. If it was right to get rid of or to consolidate a commission or a bureau, he was unyielding.

A friend once made a disparaging remark about experts who have theories about government which look fine on paper but do not always work practically in administration. "I like to have those fellows around," Smith said. "I like to hear them talk. They often give you an idea. It may not be usable in the way they put it, but it sets you thinking and you work it out." That has been one of the reasons for his success as a legislator and as an executive. He knows how to utilize the expert without letting him run away with an idea. He is always willing to listen to everybody. Even the people he calls "crackpots" can get a hearing. His theory is: "You never know where your help is coming from."

From reorganizing the government of the State to a revision of its business methods was a short step for Smith, having at his finger-tips, as he does, every detail of the financial needs of the State, its roads, its parks, the institutions and public buildings that make up the commonwealth. He took hold of these problems as a business man would, and it seems to those who know him that his two years out of office in contact with business men and business problems rounded out his equipment for dealing with the State's millions. But the interesting thing is that bond issues for State objects have always a human side for Al Smith. He wants $300,000,000 to eliminate grade-crossings because he wants to save human life, and $50,000,000 for State hospitals for the insane in order that patients may have decent accommodations and care. Fifteen millions of dollars for parks to him means releasing millions of human beings from those same sidewalks he knows only too well. When he adopts a proposal to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rehabilitate New York's tenement areas, he speaks of it with the feeling born of living in the rooms they contain.

He has a deep conviction about democratic government. He believes intensely in letting the people determine for themselves and has an unalterable faith that they will make the right decisions. This is at the bottom of his discontent with the Eighteenth Amendment. Less than any man does he want to see the return of the saloon. He knows what it meant to the mothers and children of the district from which he came. But he feels deeply that the people of his own State never had a chance to register their opinions about the adoption of the amendment. In his first message, which was before the adoption of the amendment, he urged the legislature to submit the question of ratification to a popular referendum before taking action themselves. That explains his reason for signing the bill which provides for a referendum opinion on the subject this year.

This same trait accounts for his readiness to debate a question at issue. He keenly enjoyed the series of public debates he had with Governor Miller and Congressman Mills in the fall of 1925 on the proposals to amend the constitution to permit the issuance of bonds for a public-improvement programme to extend over the next ten years.

In debate or in presentation of a complicated question of administrative method, Smith is clear and direct. He uses simple language and homely illustration. Once before a joint committee of the legislature he wanted to clarify an engineering question. It concerned the differences between two proposals for rerouting the railroad freight lines entering the metropolis. He traced on a huge map a "carload of cabbages" coming in one way, a short route proposed by the Port of New York Authority, of which he was then a member, and then showed the roundabout course of the other method. "How do you think those cabbages would taste, after all that, to the fellow on the East Side that was having them for his dinner some night?" The audience roared and understood. He is hailed by critical writers as a master of the use of words.

Recently when he was to address an audience in Philadelphia, on the subject of bonding the State of Pennsylvania for its public institutions as New York had, he literally searched the Scriptures all one afternoon to find a quotation that would carry his point. After an hour and a half of reasoning with his chilly audience, made up of Pennsylvania's most exclusive Republican society, he swept them to their feet wildly cheering after a moment of tense silence. He quoted the Gospel according to Saint Matthew and told the story of the Master, who said: "When I was sick you visited me" and "Inasmuch as you have done it for these, the poorest of my people, you have done it unto me." Then, said Smith: "Therefore do I say to the people of Pennsylvania that this is a great opportunity for thanksgiving for the blessings that have flowed down from heaven upon this great State. It is opportunity for every man and woman in Pennsylvania to be able to say to the Ruler of the universe himself: 'Inasmuch as the poor, the weak, the sick, and the afflicted were the special charges of thy divine Son during his life on earth, their care, their proper and adequate care, will be given by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.' "

With this strong love for democracy he has been a jealous guardian of the rights of the minority. When the assembly, during his first term as governor, expelled five regularly elected Socialists he called a special election in those districts in time for an extraordinary session of the legislature, which was to consider housing relief, because, he said: "On so important a question these very districts, among the most congested in the State, should not be left unrepresented on a question that concerns them so deeply." He fought every form of restriction of freedom of speech and brought about repeal of laws which threatened to impose a system of espionage upon the State. He has consistently fought all forms of censorship.

Of course, he is a keen politician and a well-trained one. That is what makes him so feared by his political adversaries. He knows only too well when they are playing politics, because he knows the tricks of the trade. For that very reason he can usually think and do something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just a little quicker than they can and outguess and outwit them at every point. His political acumen leads him to know when to appeal to the people, and he never hesitates to do so—by radio, by newspaper statement, by published correspondence, as in the series of letters exchanged with Congressman Mills, Senator Fess, and others. His defeat of the Republican legislature in 1925 amounted finally to almost a leadership of both parties. Many a Republican leader has consulted him, and received a warning or a bit of sound advice that might have saved his party from humiliation had he heeded it.

Any mere chronicle of his achievements would seem unbelievable were it not for his cheerful persistence that overlooks temporary defeat and can see an undertaking pursued to success over a long period of years. When advocates of some measure grow impatient and ask him how he manages to endure the political obstacles and delay, he says: "Every great reform has taken a long time. Look at the history of workmen's compensation or child-welfare laws in this State. It took ten years to get the one and nearly as long to get the other." So six years to get the State government reorganized looks short to him.

Tax reduction, first accomplished before the federal government could rub its eyes, and carried to thirty million dollars this year, sound financing, good roads, public health, education and welfare legislation, a progressive and public-spirited solution of the development of the State's water-power resources, have all been achieved without abating a jot that lovable simplicity and human understanding that make the crowd love him.

He went to buy a hat at a Fifth Avenue hatter's one day and soon the police were clearing the crowd in front of the door, "obstructing traffic." Al came out in all the glory of a new pale-gray Fedora hat. The crowd cheered. He raised his hat toward them, grinned, and said: "Like it?" Of course they did.

But he enjoyed at least as much the discomfiture of a clerk, in a little shop where he went to buy a watch for one of his boys, who said to him: "Did any one ever tell you that you look like Al Smith?" "No," he answered. "No one ever told me I looked like him." The clerk called an associate and they reached a quick decision.

Al Smith is never too busy to help solve some individual tangle, never too up-stage to remember an old friend and help him if he can. There is an impression in some quarters that the Executive Department of the State of New York is a sort of continuous comic opera with "The Sidewalks of New York" as the prevailing theme. Nothing is farther from the truth. Genial, fun-loving, witty, and easy-going, Al Smith is every inch the governor. He has a deep respect for the office he holds and a profound sense of the obligations it imposes. Dignity and responsibility never leave him. He never forgets he is governor and has a sensitive appreciation of what is fitting for him to do or not to do. In office he has grown not only in wisdom but in personal popularity.

The business man knows that Governor Smith will protect him as far as justice and the good of the State will allow, and the men, women, and children of the State know he cares for even the least of them and that for their sakes he wants to make good his ambition to show that an East Side boy can be an intelligent and a good governor. "I'll put all the strength, all the ability, all the power I possess into that." And he has so successfully accomplished this that America is watching his every act, deciding how much farther a struggling boy, trained and developed as he has been, can go in managing the affairs of government.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The life situation demands standing and marching in lines.—Page 258.

"Train Up a Child . . ."

BY HARLAN C. HINES
Author of "The Mysterious I. Q.," etc.

Sketches by Ruth Ann Wilbur Hines

I

THE citizen who at the present time does his reading running not only must perspire but must be perplexed. The head-lines, particularly those in the morning papers, are giving him a set of nerves. If he is at all impressionable, a glance at the scare-heads will utterly ruin what otherwise might have been a highly successful day. Of course, if he had all the real facts concerning the prevalence and relative importance of law violation this might not be so, but, unfortunately, the statistics we have are inaccurate.

That there has been a remarkable increase in the variety and complexity of crimes, however, and a growing disrespect for law cannot successfully be denied. These conditions have been discussed fully and freely, even to a defense of the publication of crime news in the daily papers, and what has been said need not be reiterated here. But attention should be turned to the repeated accusation that *the schools*, in which all of us are more or less interested and with which most of us have some direct or indirect connection, *are largely responsible for crime*. To get proper light on this accusation one must see clearly the mission of the modern school, what it is trying to accomplish in the training of the present school generation, how it has been influenced by psychological method, and to what limits it may be held accountable for the tendencies of modern youth.

II

THE real purpose and aim of the modern school is to train children gradually to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become more intelligent, and, to accomplish this, educationists have been making a serious attempt to relate school training to life. No longer is the school looked upon as a place to provide preparation for life, but as part of life itself. Consequently, the life situation, as the child is supposed to find it later, has been introduced into the schoolroom, and the problem and project methods of teaching resulting from this transfer are supposed to have subtracted from the school environment what many modern teachers derisively term "the lock-step methods of education."

Naturally, in making over the old, few instrumentalities for conscious education have been preserved and previous methods of disciplinary control have disappeared almost entirely. In their place has been substituted a *naturalism* in education—allowing the child to follow and develop his own inclinations. To the parent who remembers severe chastisement while still a child in school, this new method has made its appeal. Again, life's growing complexities are putting the parent out of active touch with the school situation. For these reasons there has been little difficulty in giving fashion to this newer psychology. To get at the child's motive for doing a thing has seemed to be more important than to correct his conduct at the moment of infraction. This on the principle that, if we understand an individual's motives, that which otherwise might be considered a wrongful act may come to be looked upon as rightful conduct. Although we have no evidence that after his demise Professor William James succeeded in communicating with persons on this earth, if he has made the effort it doubtless was to get in touch with these violators of the laws of habit formation.

. . . the tendencies of modern youth.—Page 251.

III

Of the various agencies that are organized to motivate against crime, the school is the least highly selective in character. As a public institution it takes all who may apply for admission. The church, lodge, or profession may set up certain safeguards intended to debar those of questionable moral or ethical responsibility, and, to the extent that this is done, the probability of including those in whom criminal tendencies may later develop is lessened.

The school affords no such ordination, but, in spite of this fact, psychologists interested in educational training have been stressing the need for careful attention to each individual child. In the old days when schools were less crowded the demand was for standardization of the output—graduation according to a pattern. The opportunity for individual attention was great, then, but was neglected; such opportunity is small now and is insisted upon. And the educational administrator paces up and down muttering: "What to do! What to do!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile there are twenty-five million children in the United States attending schools of various kinds. Some persist to graduation from elementary school, high school, or college, while the majority drop out as early as the law permits. Many of the latter drift into criminal pursuits, not primarily because they have left school too early, but because, for various reasons, their educational training has been ineffective.

IV

THE schools have made splendid progress in a comparatively short time in their attempts to provide the right kind of training for the unadjusted child, the subnormal. Many of these are capable of learning at their own rate, and school authorities have recognized this. With somewhat limited means they have provided special classes and special teachers, so that a small percentage of the so-called feeble-minded are given public-school training. Those for whom no provision has been made are being dragged along with the normal groups or neglected entirely. When they leave the ordinary school their childish minds are decidedly unfit to cope with adult problems, and they become wards of the public. They will be found eventually in jails, almshouses, and kindred institutions.

For those, other than the feeble-minded, who tend toward criminal activities, school authorities are casting about for systems of training that will preclude the possibility or at least the probability of well-defined waywardness. To prevent delinquency, to rescue for society those who have been the victims of their environment, to redirect the venturesome and the antisocially inclined, and to subtract from criminal life its allurements of profit and ease, the modern school has become surfeited with plans for reorganizing education in order that such "morality and good government (as are) necessary to mankind . . . may forever be encouraged."

These plans are nearly all based upon

Many of these are capable of learning at their own rate.

one law of the newer psychology—*a wrongful act cannot properly be labelled as such unless the motive for its perpetration is known*—and, as a result of the work of the psychologist of individual differences, the schoolmaster has been led to throw off the older methods of seemingly harsh discipline in order that the ultimate responsibility for infraction might be postponed, and in order that the correction might not only fit the misdemeanor but would result from sober judgment and advisement. Meanwhile he talks of teaching respect for law and authority without accomplishing much toward that end. Doubtless he is somewhat flustered by psychological innovations and greatly confused by the rapid changes in the social order. In try-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to keep up with the procession he speaks of bringing the life situation into the classroom, while the parent, echoing this, complains because his child is being taught nothing that will be of service to him economically in later years.

The fact is that the schools are too overcrowded and teachers too few to give specific attention to training for specific jobs; only can we reasonably expect the schoolmaster to teach for possible changes. This, in his limited and underpaid position, he is endeavoring to do. He may see the need for bringing the complete life situation into the classroom, but if he does this he must include the exercise of police powers, and he finds himself between the two horns of a training dilemma.

V

PSYCHOLOGY has said: Appeal to the child's interests. Education has said: Let him bring his interests into the classroom and there we shall develop them. No longer is there stress upon the interests that were formerly thought good for him; he is, in actuality, a self-determinator.

The inadequacy of this procedure is immediately apparent. When the life situation is brought in at the door of the classroom, police regulation flies out of the window. In its place is substituted student self-government—the election, usually the appointment, of certain children to put into practice the flimsy disciplinary measures that accompany the newer psychology of self-expression. The immaturity that characterizes the judgment exercised by those in power has no counterpart in the world of affairs. The jury of one's peers, however, so magnanimously granted the miscreant in the law courts of the land, is copied in the miniature experiences of these schoolhoused juveniles. How can they know what is right and what is wrong? Who of us does? Certainly only those are in a position to judge upon whom the mantle of maturity has already fallen. Who of us does not look to these for guidance and for regulative measures beyond which we do not emerge?

When the child leaves the school behind, self-expression, as he has come to know it within school walls, ceases. His employment, his hours and kinds of recreation, his personal business transactions, his travels afoot, by motor, or by train, his home life, his appetites, his religious practices and proclivities are restricted and policed. He is not prepared for the conditions which he finds. The life situation as he learned to know it was artificial. Even the code of morals to which he was besought to adhere he finds freely violated by the devotees of the newer psychology of personal liberty and self-determination.

VI

TRUANCY and incorrigibility still persist in the schools despite the appeals to individual interest. For these are listed five main causes: nomadism, harmful home conditions, educational maladjustment, failure to control bad habits at their incipiency, and the restlessness of adolescence. For harmful home conditions the school cannot justly be held responsible, although it is sending out its social-service workers to try to correct these. For nomadism it can but exercise a check.

To meet the restlessness of adolescence the school has loosened its restrictive measures in order that the child may have "the freedom of exploration," although this is a time when such restrictive measures are greatly needed. Physical and mental changes and an increase in emotional life cause the adolescent to develop a desire to be where he is not. And it is at this time that he not only needs excellent guidance but, more, *he needs to be held to a purpose* so that he may not become a victim of his imagination.

For educational maladjustment and for failure to control bad habits at their incipiency (if the latter have been begun while the child is enrolled at school) the school is definitely accountable. Educational readjustment may be brought about through re-education complete enough to find an adequate substitute, so that the individual child may learn to adapt himself to new situations and learn to cooperate with those with whom he must later come in contact. This psychological principle does not carry over in its entirety, however, to control of conduct. If my boy jumps up and down on the floor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so hard that he causes the plaster in the flat below to be precipitated upon the heads of my nether neighbors, shall I tell him to climb into a fireside chair and do his jumping? I must if I do not wish to pay any attention to him," she urged. "The father is *studying* the child."

Now if there must be such specialists in child-study they should be allowed to investigate and make clear their findings,

Truancy and incorrigibility still persist in the schools despite the appeals to individual interest.—Page 254.

repress his desire and he feels a particular urge at this time for jumping.

The story is told of a Middle Western college professor who entertained a visiting colleague at dinner in his home. Self-expression was the watchword of the household. The children, quite small, were allowed to eat with their elders. During the meal little Oscar W., sitting next to the guest, immersed both hands in the gravy and wiped them on the guest's dinner coat. The mother was quite complacent about it. "Just don't

but there is no real reason why each new "truth" should be immediately accepted and applied by every teacher employed to direct our children in school or college. We have turned most of our schools into experimental laboratories, and the teacher who is to keep up with the innovations in method must be constantly enrolled in some training institution. If the rapid changes in the social order make this imperative, there is little that can be done about it; any temporary radical reform in social tendencies is always ineffective—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

changes for the better come only through gradual growth. There is need, on the other hand, for concentration in the hands of specialists-worthy-of-their-hire, all of the specific studies and activities that

Not a single member of the Boy Scouts was ever brought into the courts for infraction of the law.—Page 257.

tend to throw some light on how the modern child should be trained.

VII

It is most difficult to believe the statements of certain educationists that the youth of to-day are no worse than the youth of yesteryear. Such statements smack too much of a defense of methods of training for which they are responsible, and remind one of Alexander Woollcott's criticism of a play he found it necessary to review—"it was like the warm juice of parsnips." Certainly they (the youth) are worse in matters of modesty in dress and conversation, or else many of us have failed to recognize that the pace they set is the desirable one and have failed to keep up in the methods and modes of (shall we say?) not only self-expression but of expressing it all.

The youth in our schools are essentially different from adults in their attitude and conduct only with respect to the manner in which disposition has been made of cases of infraction. The Committee on Character of the New York City Board of Education has reported that:

> These same delightful young people believe that it is all right if they can "get away with it." They lack respect for parents and for authority. To copy home work is entirely honorable if they are not caught. Forging a signature is a simple way of saving a lot of trouble. "Cutting" is to be commended if they can "get by." Thieving is a matter of almost daily occurrence. Cheating is no disgrace if the offender is not detected.

The committee proposes as a remedy moral instruction in the high schools—a definite and positive instruction as to questions of right and wrong, with an aim to develop clear-cut conceptions of positive virtues, rather than stress the negative "Thou shalt not."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through precept and example and through inspirational teaching this instruction might be effective with those who have slight tendency and little desire to stray from the path of right conduct. But there is serious question as to whether we have reached the point where we must throw over the spirit and letter of the Mosaic laws as if they were so much sand ballast. What harm can come to the child in telling him that he cannot do a certain thing, that he will be summarily penalized if he persists in doing it? What great harm is done if a reason for the restriction is not immediately given? Most persons with whom one may talk at length about this matter attribute the success they have had to experiences in the woodshed or cloakroom.

To return to previous practices that were once thought good is not a simple thing to do, however. We have committed ourselves to progressivism and laugh out of countenance the person who speaks of the good old days or hints at the possibility of returning to the old-time religion. With a little knowledge of psychology and a comparatively infinitesimal amount of so-called scientific truth, we turn our backs upon the dark days of past ignorance and misunderstanding, and shout from the housetops that this is the age of individual freedom, personal liberty, regeneration, and the youth movement.

VIII

In to-day's paper I read the words of a judge of the criminal court: "I hate to sentence you for embezzling these funds. My heart goes out to young men such as you."

I turn to the account of a confession of murder. The detective is describing the scene when the husband admitted his guilt. "It was so sad I cried a little myself," he says.

I attend a meeting of school executives. A man who has been the principal of a public school for many years gives voice to these words: "I never whip any of the children in my school any more. I *reason* with them."

This is the effect of the newer psychology. Let the child alone; these blubberers are studying him.

The fallacy in this attitude lies in the fact that from five to ten per cent of all the children in the schools are constantly in trouble of some nature. For many of these there is no cure save chastisement, and, where the school authorities fail to administer this remedy, they become responsible for criminal activities that develop later. The principal of a parental school has stated that a free use of the paddle will cure any tendency toward illicit behavior, that no case of truancy has ever failed to yield to this treatment. Children like reasonable discipline—fitting the correction to the misconduct. They recognize it as fair; they are quick to detect sincerity as well as insincerity; they respect a system that *makes* them do things.

To accomplish the ends for which this argument is presented it is not necessary to go back to the practice so fittingly expressed in the words, "no lickin', no l'arnin'." Every misdemeanor does not call for a whack on the head or a kick on the shins. If a child can be taught respect for law and order through reasoning, well and good. But if obedience cannot be superinduced in the absence of the birch rod or the more scientific paddle, these have their place. Obedience to reasonable rules is necessary if the child is to play his part later in our co-operative scheme of adult affairs.

IX

A New York police commissioner is credited with the statement that in his entire term of service not a single member of the Boy Scouts was ever brought into the courts for infraction of the law. The annual report of a prominent branch of the Children's Aid Society states: "We have found that we can prevent crime among boys in any district of the city where we establish boys' clubs and playgrounds under sympathetic leadership. Give the boys something to do that interests them more than the adventure of crime and they will desert the latter."

In each of these statements we find a suggestion of disciplinary control, and those who are seeking reasonable substitutes may find them here. Most boys would prefer to hit out a line drive over second base than to break a window in the neighborhood church. But in doing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so they are subject to the disciplinary rules of the game. Self-expression doesn't stretch a two-base hit to a home run, nor will it permit an outfielder to wear two gloves at one time. Any boys' club or girls' club that is succeeding has stringent rules of discipline, and penalties are attached that are as effective, if not more so, as those imposed by the law courts.

Yet, in the face of the evidence arising from such disciplinary control, on every hand we have educationists clamoring for the abolition of marching in lines, of military drill, of corporal punishment; in short, of any and all disciplinary measures save moral suasion and mental persuasion. At the same time they shout for the introduction of the life situation, little realizing that they are refuting their own arguments. The life situation demands standing and marching in lines. Is the school-child to learn those rules of conduct only through visits to the cafeteria, the theatre, the athletic contest, the down-town traffic corner? The conduct of the present-day typical high-school student is mute testimony to the kinds of disciplinary control to which he has been subjected.

There are many who contend that military drill is harmful, that we are planting in the mind of the child who is forced to take part in it seeds of war and combat. We may do away with guns if necessary and keep the children out of military uniform if that seems expedient. But where is the harm in teaching order, obedience, and promptness through group practice, through drill for habit-formation? The "youth movement" is opposed to drill, of course. It means work. Work means doing something the youth doesn't want to do. And what is to happen to the nation that subsidizes laziness? The answer may be found in the dole system adopted by England, and we may profit by reading it there.

X

THE school's real responsibility in crime-prevention is to rid itself of some of the newer *laissez-faire* tendencies in educational training. Moral and religious instruction have their rightful places in the "training up" of a child, but all the pleading, beseeching, and preaching will go for naught if we put it entirely up to the child to formulate his own ideas of right and wrong, good and bad, beautiful and ugly. He is too immature in thought, too lacking in experience, too easily swayed by temporary fashion to know where he is going. So are most of us. That is why we sanction control of conduct through selection of judges, lawmakers, law-enforcers, and teachers. These we should arm with moral support, and to those who have to do with the training of the child we should say firmly and emphatically:

Let the child know definitely what is expected of him.

Do not threaten with punishment unless you are willing to administer it should it be needed.

Make the "punishment fit the crime" by making it meet the needs of the particular child in so far as these may be determined.

Act immediately after the misdemeanor has been committed, but never in anger.

See that the child understands why he is being corrected.

Impress upon the child that the presence of low standards in others does not justify their imitation.

If a misdemeanor once corrected has been repeated be consistent in repetition of correction.

Formulate rules that must be obeyed in order that the child may take his rightful place in the social world about him.

Insist on obedience; persist in securing it.

If, meanwhile, we see fit to check up on ourselves, set a reasonable and consistent example, and cease the mad effort to destroy the fine traditions that have afforded us achievements worthy of emulation and goals worthy of attainment, we can produce in the younger generation in a remarkably short time a strength and durability of character from which they will find it difficult to depart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Powdered Wings

BY PERCY MARKS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL PLUMMER

AT last I understand what Janet Carter meant. Why in the world are women so much subtler than men? Especially about other women, I mean. Now, I am fifty-six years old and I've known Marcia Carberry since she was a baby, and yet I thought the Carter girl was simply talking nonsense.

She's an impudent chit, anyway. I'll never understand these youngsters. Like myself and a dozen other people, she had dropped in at Marcia's for tea. There she stood, not a day over twenty, her little red mouth just twice as red as it should have been and her silky black curls bobbed cruelly short. She was wearing a white sport skirt, I remember, and a bright-yellow silk sweater. A pretty child but impudent—no reverence, I mean, not for me or Marcia or anybody.

She handed me her cup of tea as if I were a boy made to run her errands.

"Put the stuff somewhere," she said. "I hate it. It hasn't any more umph to it than this house."

I passed the cup to a roving butler and then turned on her indignantly and demanded what she meant by umph—and just what did the young lady think was wrong with Marcia's house?

She leaned against a table and waited indolently for me to light her cigarette. After she had taken several deep puffs and inhaled like a longshoreman, she shot two long streamers of smoke from her nostrils and explained casually: "Umph means kick, zip, life—red corpuscles. This house takes all the umph out of me. It makes me feel like a sweet young thing that ought to have the vapors—like one of Jane Austen's dainty lassies, you know. I always put on a double layer of rouge when I come here because I feel pale the minute I enter the door."

Her flippancy seemed both vulgar and absurd to me. Marcia's drawing-room was beautiful, just exactly what a drawing-room in a summer home ought to be—cool and exquisite. Everything in it was right, exactly and perfectly right: it had color and repose, proportion, balance, light; every detail was perfect in itself, but each slipped easily and naturally into the room as a whole. The pictures, the flowers, the furniture, the rugs—everything suggested the artist and nothing suggested the interior decorator. The room was like Marcia herself, as nearly ideal as one is apt to find in this clumsy world.

I said something of the sort to the Carter child. She inhaled more smoke and then drawled insolently as it wavered lazily out of her mouth: "Exactly; it's just like Mrs. Carberry." She looked out through the open French doors, past the gardens, to the Sound, its waters placidly blue in the afternoon sunlight. "I never go swimming out here any more," she continued, "not at the Carberry beach, I mean. I can swim five miles in ordinary water, but I turn into a perfect lady the minute I put a toe in Carberry water and want to scream for help. Mrs. Carberry is the loveliest woman I know—but she takes all the ozone out of the air." I'll never forget the impudent smile the terrible girl gave me as she crushed her cigarette in a tray and added: "She's just a pastel." She knew that I couldn't understand her and her smile said so; she knew, too, that I was a little angry and her smile said that; and she knew that I had a passion for pastels, and her smile said that pastels were thin things for tepid people. I told her that she was too young to understand or appreciate Mrs. Carberry, and she replied as she turned to leave me that I was much too old.

She made me very angry, but now I know that she was right—partly right,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anyway. It wasn't only that I was too old; it was mainly that I was a man, and I had adored Marcia too long ever to analyze her. If Marcia hadn't done the analyzing for me, I'd still think, I suppose, that Janet Carter was impudent and stupid. Now I am forced to bow before her intelligence, but my opinion of her manners remains unchanged.

It was only two weeks after my conversation with Janet that I called on Marcia and found her in the garden. She was sitting under a striped umbrella, and as I approached I thought for the thousandth time that she was the loveliest woman I had ever seen. And my opinion is worth something, too, if twenty years of travel in every civilized country can teach a not unimpressionable bachelor what loveliness in woman is.

One somehow always took Marcia's beauty for granted. She had always been beautiful; she always would be. One is never surprised by the beauty of a rose, you know. Only an ugly rose would be startling, but occasionally one sees a rose that has something not different but more exquisite: it isn't just beautiful, it has a certain grace, a subtle perfume, a *flair* all its own. Marcia was like that. Her beauty was neither unexpected nor exotic; there was nothing about it to make one exclaim with enthusiasm, but a single blemish would have marred her completely. Had her chestnut hair been less rich and filled with light, if her delicate skin had shown the slightest flaw, if her hands had not proved slenderly sensitive or her small body perfectly formed, the shock would have been great; but Marcia showed no blemish. Her features were quite regular but mobile and expressive, her blue eyes were accentuated by her long black lashes, her small teeth were even and milk-white, her skin was almost translucent, and the shell-pink in her oval cheeks deepened and paled as she talked. There was nothing wrong but nothing extraordinary about her, and yet like the rose she had something all her own—a quality that made her exquisite, rare. Above any American woman that I have ever known, above *any* woman, Marcia had race, a suggestion of fine breeding that set her above beauty.

She turned in her chair as I approached and held out her hand. Her smile was sweet in its welcome and her clear voice warm and friendly. "I *am* glad you came, Cary," she said, pressing my hand gently. "Sit down here under the umbrella with me and help me solve a conundrum. Do you want tea?"

"No, no tea." I put my hat on the grass and leaned on the tiny table that separated us. "What is the conundrum? A new color scheme for the drawing-room or a birthday present for Peter?"

"The drawing-room is going to stay as it is and Peter doesn't have a birthday for six months. No, I'm the conundrum, with Peter as a little accompanying riddle. I suppose one's husband is always an accompanying riddle, but Peter happens to be just now a particular riddle, a sort of human rebus to which I am the key—and I'm a rebus ten times as difficult."

"Not nearly so difficult, I'll wager," I said, "as your way of presenting the conundrum. Marcia, you and Peter haven't——"

"Quarrelled? Can you imagine us quarrelling, Cary?"

"Never. I can't imagine anything more impossible."

She smiled, but her eyes were sad, and her voice was sincere when she spoke. "That," she explained softly, "is the conundrum."

"Marcia," I protested, "I don't understand. You ask me to solve a riddle by speaking in riddles. What do you mean?"

"Listen, Cary," she said earnestly, leaning too on the little table. "You've known me forever and ever. I can't remember anything when you weren't. Why, when I was a little girl I called you Uncle Cary and thought you were the most wonderful man in the world—but awfully old. You were under thirty, I suppose."

"Well, I'm twenty-six years older than you are, my dear; so you can do your own mathematics."

"And I'm thirty," she mused. "Thirty. . . . And Peter is thirty-three. And how little understanding we have found." She gazed out over the Sound for a few moments and then she turned again to me, the vague look gone from her face. "You've known me always, Cary. Explain me to myself."

I was completely taken aback, so sur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prised that I stuttered a little as I repeated her words: "Explain you to yourself! You mean, for me to analyze you? Why, Marcia, I couldn't."

praise of her son, but I was surprised by the coolness in her voice when she murmured: "Yes, Peterkin is perfect—a perfect gentleman at five. There's no hope."

She leaned against a table and waited indolently for me to light her cigarette.—Page 259.

"Why not?" she demanded, bending forward in her eagerness.

"One might as well try to analyze music. I believe I've always thought of you as perfect, Marcia, even when you were a very little girl."

"I suppose you did," she agreed calmly. "And I imagine that you think of Peterkin as perfect too." Peterkin was her small boy, Peter, Junior.

I did think that Peterkin was perfect, and I said so honestly and with vigor.

She nodded when I had finished my

"Please explain, Marcia," I pleaded. "I have never seen you in a mood like this before, and you don't make a practice of speaking in puzzles. What do you mean by saying that there is no hope?"

"One more question and then I'll tell you what I'm getting at." She hesitated a moment and then asked gently: "You've loved a good many women, haven't you, Cary?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I have."

"Too many ever to marry any one of them?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Again I admitted that she was right. She was confusing me more and more. Marcia was the last person in the world to ask a question so intimate, but her next question completely floored me.

"Have you ever been in love with me?"

I simply stared at her. "Answer, Cary," she commanded. "Have you ever been in love with me? You've kissed so many women. Have you ever wanted to kiss me?"

My reply was no reply, just a stammer of embarrassment. She saved me quickly by interrupting. "Don't, Cary!" she cried. "I knew you never had." She leaned her cheek on her hand and stared pensively at the grass. "That's just the trouble," she murmured. "I wonder why Peter ever did. . . ." She turned slightly and looked at me, her blue eyes vague with thought. "You say that I am perfect, Cary, and time and time again you've told me that I was lovely, and yet you've never even thought of kissing me. Do you know why not?"

I shook my head, too puzzled to speak, too dumfounded to dare an explanation.

"Well, I'll tell you because you probably don't know. The reason, you see, is my conundrum. Cary, I'm impaled on the pin of my own culture. I'm like a butterfly stuck on a pin. I want to get off and fly into the sunlight, but my wings are powdered heavy with culture; they are so weighted down that I can't lift myself from the pin. People tell me over and over again how beautiful my wings are, how lovely the coloring, how thick the powder. Perhaps, but the powder holds me on the pin."

"How much you've been thinking about all this!" I exclaimed. "You said that as if you had memorized it."

"I have memorized it," she replied calmly. "It's the result of hours and hours of thought. It wasn't until I found the metaphor of the butterfly and the pin that I understood."

"But I don't understand," I protested.

"I'm going to explain. You had better light a cigarette, because it's a long story." Then when I had lighted my cigarette she told me the story—and at last I understood what the Carter child had meant.

"Cary," she began, "I don't know very much about eugenics or environment or things of that sort, but I do know that I've had all the humanity bred out of me. I'm like flowers that have been too carefully cultivated—you know, they're perfect in a way, delicate, too, and rare—but they haven't any perfume. Well, centuries of breeding have done just that to me."

I protested that she was talking nonsense, as I honestly thought she was, and the next instant I remembered that I had once likened her to a matchless orchid.

"No, I'm not talking nonsense." There was something so positive and definite about the way she settled back in her chair that I protested no more. I remember that a faint memory flicked across my mind just then, the memory of my surprise when Peterkin was born. It had been impossible, somehow, to think of Marcia's bearing a child.

"All this goes back five years," she said slowly, evidently arranging her thoughts in order, "to the year before we went into the war. I don't remember just what started me thinking, a novel probably or some play. Anyhow, I began to realize that I was living in a sort of vacuum, that I wasn't reacting to life the way other people did. Everything was pleasant and lovely, but nothing was quite real. Little things jarred on me often—but there were no big things.

"I wonder if I can make you understand. A graph of my life would show almost a straight line, with little ups and downs in it, perhaps, but no peaks—no climaxes, I mean. Before I was married I had hundreds of beaux but not one lover. Just to show you how honest I mean to be with you, Cary, I'm going to confess that Peter is the only man that ever asked me to marry him."

"What!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean that?"

"I do." Her voice was astonishingly quiet and natural. "Every man I met treated me as if I were something too delicate to touch, an *objet d'art*. You still do; so does Peter. I got to thinking about that, you see, and then I got to thinking about other things—music and books and art—oh, everything—life in general; and then I realized that nothing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Answer, Cary," she commanded. "Have you ever been in love with me?"—Page 262.

had ever been real to me, not even Peter or Peterkin." Suddenly she paused and turned to me and demanded: "How would you like to hear me play in a concert-hall, Cary?"

"Why," I replied, surprised by her question, "I'd much rather hear you in a drawing-room."

Again she leaned back in her chair and again I noted the extraordinary calm in her voice. "I'm not going to ask you why, because you would tell me that my art is too delicate for a large hall—and that isn't the real reason at all, though you don't know it. It took me a long time to figure that out," she said reminiscently, "but now I know. Feinberg taught me. I met him at Sally Belton's. I had heard him play and wondered how he could evoke such music with such ordinary technic, and I was shocked when I met him. He's common, Cary, dreadfully common, really vulgar; but his vulgarity is his salvation. I suppose it's a platitude

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to say that music is elemental, but I never realized it until I met Feinberg. My technic is better than his, far better, but he plays with his emotions—and I play with my mind. Do you see what I mean? All I have is understanding—and he's got poetry.

"It was the same afternoon that I met Norris Perry, the critic, you know. I've wondered often how he could bring such constant enthusiasm to his work, and that afternoon I found out. He comes from some small town in the Middle West and he never went to a real concert until he entered college. Why, music is a thrilling, new experience to him. He can find something fresh and wonderful even in 'Trovatore'—and I was tired of 'Trovatore' by the time I was twelve. He raved over the way the Philharmonic had played the Fifth the night before, and just about all that I had carried away from that concert was a little irritation because one of the second violins had been a little flat. Beethoven tears Perry to pieces—and I knew the Fifth by heart when I was a little girl.

"It's the same with everything. I get a certain pleasure out of art—I suppose I'd be lonely without it; but it never seems new and wonderful. I heard a woman raving recently about the 'Sistine Madonna.' She said that it had made her weep. I think I was about five when I saw it first, and I've seen it every time I've been to Dresden since. I've seen too much. There aren't any surprises left."

"You are being rather absurdly morbid, Marcia," I objected. "You mustn't take some ignorant woman's maudlin tears as a norm. Your more delicate appreciation is worth ten times as much."

"As criticism, yes," she agreed, "but as experience it is worth far less. That woman was thrilled when she saw the picture; I'm just pleased. I tell you, Cary, that I've had all the tears and laughter bred out of me. I don't live; I'm looking at life through painted windows. I don't even understand novels—realistic novels, I mean. They are about human beings, and I'm not human enough to find any relationship between the characters and myself. They just seem crude and in bad taste to me—and rather impossible. I can't believe in them.

"When I discovered that, I made up my mind to find out what people were like—not the people I know, but common, *real* people. I started to do charity work down on the East Side." She paused to smile. "Really, Cary, you should have seen me as a charity worker. Why, those people wouldn't let me get near them. They said 'yes, ma'am,' and 'no, ma'am,' and backed away as if I were something they had never seen before; and I'll be honest—I wanted to back away from them too. I couldn't realize that they were people; they didn't seem any more human to me than the animals in the zoo—and they were just as repellent. I couldn't even sympathize with them. Do you see what I am getting at?"

I thought I did, but I thought too that she was exaggerating the situation grotesquely. I told her that there was no reason why she should feel any relationship with East Siders, since they had nothing in common.

"Nothing," she explained, "but humanity, the thing that Feinberg puts in music. Oh, they go to his concerts and they get far more pleasure from them than I do; they live his music, I just realize it. Oh, I've thought all this out, Cary, and when I found out what the trouble was I decided that I had to find out what the cause was before I could try for a remedy."

"Did you find it?" I was still sceptical but intensely interested. Just then a maid approached with a warm scarf and put it over her shoulders.

"Thanks, Elise," she said, "I was beginning to need it."

The maid was pleased with the appreciation and smiled as she turned to go. Marcia watched the girl until she reached the veranda and then answered me.

"Oh, yes, I found it. It was so obvious that I couldn't fail. Cary, you should see my family tree. It's a rare thing. Some scientist will discover it some day and write a book about it. Do you know what I hunted for in it? A single rotten twig—and I couldn't find one, not in the main line, I mean. I suppose there were some bad boys perching on the side branches, but I confined myself to the main line and it was dreadfully discouraging. I prayed that I would find a *Mayflower* an-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cestor. Then I would have known that we were bourgeois at the root at least, but the first American Wharton didn't come to this country until 1638, and the English Whartons were gentlefolk, impoverished then but with all sorts of distinguished people back of them. That first Wharton—his name was Ezekiel—began to make money almost the day he landed. He sent his sons to Harvard, and that has been the story ever since. We've been rich almost from the first, we've gone to Harvard and Oxford, and we've travelled and had tutors and governesses—and not one Wharton in the main line has ever been anything but what a Wharton should be. Think of it! Not one of them ran away with some beautiful Irish servant girl or a lovely Jewess—no, not one. They all married into families like their own. I'm the result. Century after century of refinement on refinement, culture and more culture—and now me. All the humanity has been refined away; it has been bred out of the tribe."

"The fact that you care about it is proof that you are wrong," I put in rather warmly. "If you were right, you would be a cold-blooded aristocrat and simply proud of your aristocracy."

"I'm much more aristocratic than that," she replied, smiling. "I take my aristocracy for granted. No, you're wrong and I'm right—and you can't argue facts away. Well, when I found out that there was no hope in my ancestry, I turned to Peter's. It was better than mine, more human, I mean. Some of his ancestors had done all sorts of things, especially two Dutchmen, but the last three or four generations proved discouragingly impeccable. It was inevitable, I suppose, that Peter and I should marry."

I admire Peter Carberry. I dislike to use the word gentleman and I never use it lightly, but Peter is a gentleman to the core, one of the few Americans I know who never speaks of *noblesse oblige* and to whom it means everything. I said some words in praise of him to Marcia, and she agreed casually.

"Peter is exactly what he should be," she granted; "he might almost be a Wharton. He went to the right private school, he went to Harvard and belonged to the right clubs, he had a year at Oxford, he is intelligent, he is fine. You needn't praise Peter to me. I've lived with him seven years and I know most of his virtues. It's faults that I'm hunting for, something really basic. I knew there was no hope for me in myself, and so I turned to Peter. I thought I might find something vital in him. Just when I had about given up hope the war came along and, of course, he enlisted at once. I was glad. I was so glad that I hardly thought of the possibility of his getting killed or crippled. We needed sandpapering, both of us, and somehow I was sure that war would sandpaper that fine gloss off of him and leave just male humanity."

I waited for her to go on. I had seen no change in Peter since the war; to me he seemed quite the same, and I wondered if the filth and muck he had waded through for eighteen months had rubbed off on him. Most men that I knew had been sandpapered to something considerably less than mere male humanity by the great white crusade for liberty.

"I watched him every moment when he first got back," she continued, "just waiting for him to say or do something crude, but he never faltered—not until a month ago. He seemed to have walked through that war as if it had been clean water. It hadn't touched him anywhere. He was the same Peter that he had been when he went away. I could see no hope but I went on thinking, simply because I couldn't stop."

"But what happened a month ago?" I demanded. "The war hasn't broken out in Peter at this late date?"

The sun was sinking behind us and a faint chill stole into the air. She drew the scarf closer around her shoulders and turned to me to smile. "That," she replied lightly, "is the tragic climax to the story."

I could understand neither her smile nor the word tragic. If Peter had suddenly turned crude, which I didn't believe, she had reason to rejoice. But she had said that the climax was tragic—and she had smiled. I do not like paradoxes and so I waited with considerable impatience for her to explain. The smile played reminiscently about her mouth for a moment before she spoke, and when she did there was a trace of amusement in her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voice. Her eyes, I happened to notice, were strangely sombre. She seemed amused and distressed at the same time. Who can understand any one so complex?

The faint smile wavered around her mouth like a teasing shadow as she continued: "This is a real climax with passionate drama and an unexpected dénouement and everything. Unfortunately, I can't do it justice; I don't know the words, and I don't suppose I'd dare repeat them if I did."

"Words? What words?" I asked, confused.

"Splendid, rich, obscene words—words with ring and fire to them. But I'm just confusing you. I'll try to tell you just what happened." She relaxed gracefully in the chair, the smile deepening with her thought; then she explained in her cool, sweet voice. "Peter's never cross, you know. He has an astonishingly even disposition, and even when something irritates or offends him, he tries to hide it; but about a month ago our little world went mad. To begin with, he wasn't very well. He woke up with a violent headache and decided not to go to town. Well, for some reason everything went wrong in the kitchen. Peter eats what is put before him, but he does like good coffee—and the coffee that morning was vile. Lunch was no better and neither was dinner. The cook lost her mind or temper or something. He didn't say a word, but I could see that he was really angry." She paused to laugh softly, her voice a ripple of amusement.

"How things did pile up!" she continued. "Almost every person Peter particularly dislikes came in for tea, and for no reason at all Feinberg showed up with Sally. He rasped on Peter like a coarse file—and I think that Peter's suave courtesy angered him. At any rate, he was deliberately and unnecessarily rude to me. Sally insisted that I play for him, and so I tried one of Debussy's little things. When I got through he said, 'Charming,' and his voice simply dripped with contempt. I saw Peter's eyes flash and he said to Feinberg in the gentlest way imaginable: 'Isn't it? So few people are subtle enough to understand Debussy.' Feinberg didn't know how to answer, and I knew that Peter must be furious to come so near rudeness.

"Then just before dinner he discovered that some one had manhandled his precious first of 'Endymion.' A page was torn. I thought he was going to burst forth then and there, but he didn't; he just shut his lips tight and glared at the page. By the time we had finished that abominable dinner he was white with anger. I watched him, fascinated. I had never seen him angry before—and I was just a little afraid. Then, suddenly, I got an inspiration; I saw my chance to get off the pin. If Peter could just be driven out of that terrible calm; if something would only make him angry enough—angry enough, I mean, to make him forget all his courtesy and breeding—maybe his anger would melt all the artificiality about us and make us real. I suppose that's a terribly confused way of saying it, but, you see, I wasn't very clear in my own mind about what I thought would happen. I simply knew that we lived in a world all bound down with thousands of restraints, and I thought that he might get angry enough to break the bonds. We needed a moment of reality, no matter how horrible and vulgar it might be.

"You have no idea how easily it all came about. Betty Corley was giving a dance at the Country Club that night and we had promised to go. I knew that Peter still had his headache and that he wanted me to call the dance off, but I pretended that I wanted to go and so, of course, Peter said nothing. I imagine that his head was splitting by the time we got there, but he said nothing about it and neither did I. Do you know Murray Cawston?"

"Yes," I replied, making no attempt to conceal my dislike. "I know him; at least, I've met him and I've read his book on etchings. The man's a complete rotter."

She laughed softly—a little, bubbling, silvery laugh that startled me. "Peter can express it better," she said lightly; "oh, much better. Well, Murray was there and he decided for some reason that I was to be his light of love that night. Anyway, he beaued me about beautifully, and I danced with him one dance after another. I could see Peter watching me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Anyway, he beaued me about beautifully, and I danced with him one dance after another."—Page 266.

I think that he was just surprised at first that I would have anything to do with Cawston, but after about my fifth dance with him he began to get angry, and by the time we left he was simply trembling.

"It was nearly three when we got home, and Peter followed me into my room. 'I'd like to ask a favor of you, Marcia,' he said in his nice way. 'Please don't have anything more to do with Cawston. He's absolutely rotten.'

"Maybe you won't believe it, Cary, but I deliberately taunted Peter. I asked him if he disapproved of my conduct and if he thought that I had in any way disgraced him. You see, I knew that I wasn't apt to have another chance and I didn't mean to lose the only one that I had had in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seven years. He got more and more courteous and whiter and whiter. Honestly, I was almost afraid that he was going to faint, but I kept on evading him and suggesting that I liked Murray. Suddenly his control went. Cary, it was terrible. I can't tell you. As I said before, I don't know the words, and even if I did I couldn't say them. And it wasn't only what he said either; it was the way he looked. He was ghastly white and those black eyes of his flamed and sparked like black fire. He yelled, Cary, yelled and swore like a madman. I'd never heard the words before. I don't know where he learned them—in the army, maybe; anyhow, they poured out of his mouth in a filthy, nauseating stream. But they were alive, Cary, wonderfully, hideously alive. I was frightened, but I was glad, too. Those terrible obscene words were real; Peter could never go back on them.

"Then suddenly he stopped and stared at me, stared like a man in a dream. 'My God, Marcia,' he said; 'what have I been saying?' And then he began to apologize. I felt anger then, Cary; for the first time in my life I felt anger. Oh, I wish I could make you understand. Peter was turning back into himself; his horror and his shame were going to bind us tighter than we had ever been bound before. I was losing my moment, my only chance. It was ridiculous in a way. The more he apologized, the angrier I got; and the angrier I got, the more he apologized. I didn't say a word; I just stood up and looked at him. Of course, he thought I was outraged by his vulgarity—and I couldn't tell him that I had loved it, that I adored it, that I adored him for it; I couldn't do anything but stand there, feeling that little madness creeping into my brain.

"And in the midst of that madness, Cary, I realized that I was coming alive, that something new was being born in me. I was feeling emotion, real, passionate emotion. How I nursed it! Something had to happen; something awful and real. Somehow I had to make Peter angry again, make him stop apologizing; and somehow I had to keep that madness. It was like a light burning in my head, Cary, a white, purging flame. I wanted it to burn so bright that I would turn into the unthinking, raging creature that Peter had been. I egged myself on. I tried to think of something to say, something that would make Peter turn on me in outraged horror. It had to be something terrible, something cataclysmic. And then it came to me. I had heard it in a play. It took minutes for me to say it after I thought of it. If Peter hadn't gone on abasing himself, if he hadn't turned so completely into the old Peter, I never could have said it. Cary, I can't tell you the effort it took for me to say those words, but at last I said them. I pointed to the door, and I said—oh, Cary, you'll never believe it—I said: 'Get the hell out of here!' "

"What!" I exclaimed. "What! Do you mean that, Marcia?"

"Yes, I did," she asserted proudly. "I did, Cary."

"But what did Peter do? What did he say?"

For a full minute she did not answer, and when she did I turned toward her in dumb astonishment, too nonplussed to say anything. "He stared at me blankly and then—" she hesitated, whether out of shame or for dramatic effect I shall never know—"and then," she said softly, "he laughed. He leaned against my dresser and laughed. He simply roared. For a minute I was angry, far angrier than I had been before. His laughter made me ridiculous. And then I laughed, too, because, you see, it seemed funny to me, just as funny as it did to him."

"Funny?" I broke in indignantly. "What was funny about it?"

"Well, not funny exactly, but rather absurd." She spoke as if she were analyzing a play or a picture. "Peter had been really frightened until I said that. At first he was astonished and then he knew that I wasn't really angry. Do you know the first thing he said when he could finally talk? He said: 'Marcia, you're adorable.' He never believed that I meant it, you see; he couldn't conceive of my meaning it. He thought that I was just acting. I don't know just why I laughed. It did seem rather ridiculous to me—and I didn't know what else to do."

At that moment I knew that Marcia didn't half realize the drama she had related. I wanted to ask her why Peter's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laughter hadn't insulted her far more than his apologies had. I wanted to ask her how she could tell me the story so lightly, but I thought of the Carter girl and I knew the answers. Marcia had been to all, it is a sedative, a sort of narcotic that one can call life."

Again I lied. "It is life, Marcia," I asserted, rising to join her; "it is life refined to an exquisite ideal."

"'My God, Marcia,' he said; 'what have I been saying?'"—Page 268.

an amusing play. How well she understood the play! And how little she felt it. . . .

"I am glad it ended in laughter," I lied pleasantly. "Now you know that you are condemned to be your lovely self, Marcia, and you won't try to shake the beautiful powder off of your wings any more."

"No," she said rising, "I won't try again. I surrender to the powder. After

She looked at me and smiled gently. The sun had set, and its last golden light had softened everything into a luminous blur. A gentle breeze drew Marcia's dress, sapphire-blue, close to her slender body; the scarf was a long splash of blue and gold over her bosom; her face was as white and tender as the petal of a rose. For a moment I stood there, lost once more in her ethereal loveliness. Then I started. She looked exactly like a pastel. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sweet Influence of the Pleiades

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH L. BOYER

HE was not an astrologer,—one of those people who think that our life is controlled by the stars and that a man's destiny can be read in his horoscope. Herschel Wheaton had too much science and too much Yankee common sense to take any interest in such superstitions as that.

But undoubtedly he believed in his plain, practical way,—yes, we may even say he knew by experience,—that the stars have a certain real influence upon our lives through our thoughts and emotions.

"Just as the mountains defend us," he would say, "by the feeling of strength and security they give us when we look at them; just as the ocean attracts and overawes us by its breadth, its mystery, its changeful sameness; so the stars guide us by their beautiful order, their shining obedience to inflexible laws, their steady movement on far roads. It's all in the Bible, you know, this idea of our getting something real from Nature, from the works of God which are as divine as his words. The mountains stand for his righteousness; the sea for his deep, strange judgments. 'The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' What does that mean? Not astrology,—that's nonsense! Sisera was a robber-chief, a wild, lawless man. The sight of the big, calm stars shining over him while he rode on his fierce raid humbled his pride and weakened his nerve. So his courage broke and he lost the fight. I suppose that is how the stars fought against Sisera."

You must not infer from this little sermon on Scripture that Wheaton was a preacher. He was something much more practical and difficult. He was the principal of a great seminary for girls and young women in Brooklyn, and with his wife he conducted the big boarding-house for out-of-town pupils which stood next to the massive gray mid-Victorian building of the Institute.

This double task was by no means an easy, soothing business. It was as full of trials, tribulations, and surprises as a thicket of cat-briers is of thorns. A boarding-house is a natural nursery of the microbes of discontent, jealousy, and gossip. Calling it an Institute does not change its nature. A family of fifty or sixty, all girls, is not a sedative proposition. Nor was it a tranquil job to teach four or five hundred young female minds to shoot in the direction of knowledge and wisdom. They were distracted by the flirtation-complex and the manias of school-politics. They had "crushes" on one another, and romantic "crazes" about certain good-looking boys who used to stroll slowly along the open fence of the big Institute garden on their way home from the Polymathic Academy. There were rivalries, social competitions and conspiracies, and emotional adventures which sometimes threatened danger.

Moreover there was always the alleged conflict between science and religion to make the pathway of an honest teacher, who was also an honest Christian, rough and agitated.

Anxious parents would come to Professor Wheaton with inquiries which were sometimes pathetic and sometimes angry.

"Do you think it's right to destroy my girl's faith in the Bible by letting her study this horrid stuff about Evolution?"

"Well," Wheaton would reply mildly, "you know that the theory which has been incorrectly named after the great Darwin is only a working hypothesis, after all. But all the scientific teachers are using it in their search for the truth about the actual method of creation,—a subject on which the Bible, as I understand it, was not intended to instruct us. You can't get a decent text-book on biology which doesn't make use of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evolutionary theory. If Darwin's idea is false, the only way to find it out is to study it. But if it's true, it can't possibly destroy anybody's faith in God, can it?"

"No matter! We don't want our girl to study Evolution,—not even to look at it. It will poison her mind. Her mother and grandmother were educated ladies and they got on very well without it."

"Quite so. Very well. Then your daughter should give up her course in biology and substitute a course in astronomy. That is a perfectly safe science. Even the Fundamentalists agree that we may believe that the earth is round and that it revolves around the sun, without abandoning our Christianity. Mathematics is a good safe study too. There's nothing more important for us than to know and always remember that two and two make four, not five or three. Do you see any danger to religion in that?"

Thus gently and calmly did Herschel Wheaton deal with the perturbations of fretful parents. In the same spirit he dealt with the ebullitions and occasional explosions of young female minds and with the chronic discontent and acute complaints of boarders. Engaged in a profession which is singularly full of troubles and small irritations, he was in fact the calmest, most tranquil man I ever knew.

Tall, lean, muscular, full of vigorous manhood, at forty he looked somewhat like Lincoln, but less rugged in the face. Physically he was distinctly of the Lincoln type. He had plenty of native humor in reserve, and all the natural passions of a man, which he kept well in hand. I suppose he sometimes went off at a tangent in thought or feeling, but not in conduct. He was devout but not offensively pious,—certainly not pietistic. A convinced Christian of a simple kind, and a steady seeker after the truth of things as they are, his noteworthy qualities were his unfailing energy and his steady poise.

This last trait, I am sure, if not originated, was greatly deepened and developed by his intimate and loving friendship with the stars. This was his ruling passion. He confessed it himself.

"I love them," he said, "not only because they are beautiful, but because they are so steady.

> 'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
> Undistracted by the sights they see,'

they go on their vast ways, rejoicing, I believe, because they are obeying the infinite Wisdom and keeping the everlasting law."

"But what good can they do us? There is no practical use in studying them. They are too far away."

"That makes it all the easier to watch them and follow their motions. They are not too close to us for clear observation, like many things on this planet where we live. They have a long perspective. They are silent to our ears, yet they speak to us. As for 'practical use,' that depends on what you mean by practical. To have larger thoughts and deeper, steadier feelings,—I call that a practical use."

"But doesn't it humble you and crush you to see how many stars there are, and to think how enormous some of them must be?"

"It humbles me certainly, but it doesn't crush me at all. Why should it? We can understand them, at least in part, but there's no reason to suppose they can understand us. You remember Pascal: 'Man is but a reed, the weakest thing in nature, but he is a reed that thinks.' It's a great thing to know that you are a significant part of an immense universe."

"But don't you wonder whether any of those other stars is inhabited like the Earth? Mars, for instance?"

"Mars, my dear, is a planet. Yes, I wonder whether there are Martians. It is possible. But I do not expect we shall ever be able to prove it while we are on the Earth. One thing is sure. If any of the other planets or stars contain life it must be in an outward form absolutely different from what we know as life here. But now let us get on with our study of the Pleiades."

Thus the tranquil teacher on a clear moonless night of October, in his little working observatory, perched on a tower high above the dormant Institute, talked with his favorite pupil, Fanny Brawne. The city slumbered below them: "the very houses seemed asleep." The silence lay around them like a dark-blue sea

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around an island. The vast constellations, the sparkling star-clusters, the long, luminous procession of the Milky Way, wheeled slowly, majestically above them. They were isolated in space. It seemed as if nothing could disturb them, no danger could come near them, lifted up as they were from the small concerns and conflicts of earth.

Yet two perils, two trials of his calm, were coming very close to Wheaton in the stillness of that circular sky-parlor. It was very bare; nothing in it but the astronomical instruments, a small table, and a couple of wooden seats; no openings, except a trap-door in the floor which led to a narrow iron stair spiralling down to the top story of the Institute, and the long aperture in the revolving dome through which the telescope peered at the slow-moving stars. There was no apparent hiding-place in that round room of twenty feet diameter. Yet danger could hide there.

Fanny Brawne was a brilliant girl of nineteen,—brilliant in every way; quick in mind, ardent in temperament, glowing in form. She was born in Louisville; but the model of her was made in Greece in the days when the Venus of Melos was fashioned. Every line of her was a curve of beauty. Every motion of her was full of vital charm. Her hair was warm brown with gold-dust in it; her forehead candid as the dawn; her eyes like star-topaz, if there be such a shining jewel; and her full red lips, innocent of paint, parted and met in her eager talk with an irresistible attraction. When she walked on the street or rode in a 'bus, men and women could not help looking at her. She was "One of Our Conquerors," as George Meredith puts it; a good girl, no doubt, but a born pirate of masculine affections.

When she saw a fine man's head she instinctively wanted his admiration to hang at her belt as a trophy. Herschel Wheaton, her father's former protégé and chum in college, and now her tranquil teacher, was the finest man she had ever met. She admired him intensely, adored him romantically, and was curious to find out whether his calm could be shaken by a personal devotion to her. Beyond this even in her thoughts she did not go, being an honest girl. But this far, being a woman, she went.

The work which these two persons were doing in the observatory, — verifying a diagram of the Pleiades, — brought them close together, Wheaton bending over the table, Fanny leaning above him. He could feel the warmth of her shoulder upon his, catch the fragrance of her dark hair as he breathed. Something that was not altogether calm stirred faintly within him. He got up from the table and went to the telescope.

"Come," he said, "look at these seven sister-stars again, and get them clear in your memory. The biggest and brightest of them is Alcyone. Three hundred and fifteen years it takes for her light to reach us. Some astronomers once thought that she was the centre of the starry universe, the point around which all the other stars are turning, making the revolution in about twenty-two million years. The smallest and dimmest one of the sisters is Merope. She has a luminous cloud about her. You can hardly see her with the naked eye. The Greeks called her 'the lost Pleiad,' because she fell in love with the mortal Sisyphus and so faded away. Fine fancies those old Greeks had!"

Fanny turned from the telescope and came very close to him, laying her hands upon his arms. Her star-like eyes spoke to him, drew him.

"Do you know," she murmured softly, "you are a very wonderful man? You are so strong, you have such big thoughts, you know so much. I care for you more than I can tell you. Wouldn't it be great if we could fly off together to one of those stars,—Alcyone, or even poor Merope? Would you care for me as I care for you?"

Wheaton was silent for a moment. Then he pulled himself up steadily and his kind gray eyes had a smile in them.

"Dear Fanny," he said, "I care for you already very much indeed. You are the daughter of my oldest friend, a beautiful girl, and my best pupil. What would you think of me if I made love to you now? You would like me less, I'm sure, and that would be very unpleasant for me. Let's not talk nonsense about flying off to Alcyone. Even if we went on the wings of light we should be three hundred and fifteen years old when we got to her, and she would burn us up instantly with her flaming fire. Come, it's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A head was coming up through the trap-door. . . . After that came a huge body of a man, almost a giant. —Page 274.

getting late, the astronomy lesson is finished, time for you to go to bed, run along and sleep well."

Was it tears that stood in the girl's eyes for a moment? Then she smiled and held up her face to be kissed.

"Yes," she said, "you are right, my teacher. My lesson is learned. We mustn't spoil a fine thing by foolishness. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

So she went through the trap-door and down the spiral stairway,—Wheaton could hear her heels clicking on the iron steps,—and the first danger was past.

Whether his dreams were pleasant or not, no one knows. He sat for half an hour with his elbows on the table, looking out through the long aperture of the dome towards the Pleiades. But I doubt whether he saw them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then he took up the diagram again and worked on it till midnight. The clock on the city hall was just striking the hour when he heard a slight noise behind him and turned sharply around.

A head was coming up through the trap-door,—a shaggy head of yellow hair streaked with gray. After that came a broad, pallid face with bristling eyebrows and large pale-greenish eyes set close together. After that came a huge body of a man, almost a giant.

"This is Professor Wheaton, I believe," he said, with a slight foreign accent.

"That is my name. May I ask yours?"

"It is not known to you, but I will tell it you. My name *was* Svenson. I was born in Sweden and came to this country when I was a little boy. I have been very sick at the Long Island Hospital. I have been born again. I know now that my real name is John Baptist."

A slight sensation of coldness ran down Wheaton's back. He suspected that this man was probably a religious fanatic. Rather awkward to be shut up with a crazy Hercules at midnight in this lonely observatory. No bell, no telephone, no possible way of calling help. Wheaton felt that he would need to have all his wits about him. If he got excited, lost his head, who could tell what might happen?

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Baptist," he said, holding out his hand. "Won't you take a seat?"

"Not mister," replied the stranger, sitting down heavily, "just plain John,—a messenger of the Lord."

"Well, then, John Baptist, please tell me why you have come here at this late hour. What is it that you want?"

"I will say it in the right time. You wait and listen. I tell you first about me. I was a wild, bad man. I was sorry but could not help it. I went to church, to prayer-meeting, but no good came. The devil was in me. He would not come out. I drank much gin, ran after women, fought men. Then the great sickness came. In hospital I was strapped in bed, very crazy. Then inside me something broke. I was weak, like a baby. Then they unstrapped me. The devil was out of me. I converted. I read the Bible and prayed very much. Then I was born again, a new soul given me. I was plucked from the burning. I knew that I was John Baptist, sent to prepare the way of the Lord. You see?"

"Yes, I see what you mean. But why did you come to me? What brings you here?"

"A messenger from God. Listen. Glad tidings of great joy!"

The man came closer, so that the heat of his vast body was perceptible, and the faint, dead smell of his fetid breath. His pasty face flushed a dark red. The pupils of his eyes contracted and expanded rapidly like winking lights. His upper lip hung and trembled as if he were about to cry. His words tumbled over one another.

"You call yourself Professor Wheaton, but I know who you are. I heard you often pray and speak in prayer-meeting. I followed you about the city, always meek and gentle, always doing good. You are the best man in Brooklyn,—in the world! You are Messiah! You are Christ come back to earth! God sent you to save this wicked city, and I must help you because I am John Baptist. Do you see now?"

His voice was loud and raucous. His yellowish eyes flickered like candles in the wind. Blue flames darted through them and they almost screamed, as a rusty gas-jet screams when it is lighted. It was clear to Wheaton that he was face to face with a maniac approaching the acute stage of his delirium.

What to do? How to gain time for escape?

"Your message is a strange one. Such an idea never entered my mind. Are you sure it's true? How do you know?"

"I tell you it came to me right from Heaven. I did not make it up. It came, and I know it's true."

"But how shall we prove it? How shall you and I set about saving the city?"

"By a miracle,—a miracle! a miracle! We shall push ourselves through that long window. It's narrow, but we can get through. Then we shall throw ourselves from the tower. Then"—(his face took on a look of insane rapture) "then we shall see the angels all around us. We shall feel their soft wings brushing us, their soft hands touching us, bearing us

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up lest our feet dash against the stones. It will be like flying, lovely, beautiful! We shall land safely on the sidewalk. All Brooklyn shall wonder, and convert to you, Messiah!"

"But how will they know about the miracle? The streets are empty now. Look, listen, no one is passing by. The people are asleep."

"The angels will wake them, and tell them, and call them. There will be crowds and crowds, I tell you. When they see us they will believe and shout hallelujah! Messiah has come! The city is saved! Glory!"

Wheaton glanced around the observatory to see if there was any weapon that he could use, any way of escape from this ghastly peril. Nothing! Before he could get to the trap-door the maniac would grab him. The iron crank for turning the telescope was too far away to reach. Without some kind of a weapon he would be helpless against those huge hairy hands like the paws of a bear, those heavy shoulders and long steel-sinewed arms. There would be a short, dreadful struggle on the floor, rolling to and fro, straining and gasping in that horrible clutch. Then the knotted fingers would close on his throat and the light would go out.

But would it? The Pleiades would still be shining. Would they not send their light into his soul, their sweet influence upon him?

"My friend," he said, "what you tell me is very unexpected, so strange that I cannot help being in doubt about it. You remember that chapter in your Bible where Christ was called to cast himself from a pinnacle of the Temple. It was the devil who tempted him, and he refused."

The lunatic sprang up and paced the floor, muttering and grinding his teeth. But his voice was weaker and lower when he spoke.

"That was different. I am no devil. I am the messenger sent before your face. You must not doubt. You must believe me. Christ did. If you are afraid, if you do not obey God's will, then I shall throw you out of that long window. You shall see what happens to the disobedient. There shall be no miracle. The angels shall not come. You shall be dashed in pieces on the stone steps."

"Very well. But will you not grant me a couple of minutes to prepare myself? I want to look once more at that little group of stars up there. I love them. They have been my friends for a long time. Perhaps God will send me another word through them."

"Friends with stars is nonsense. But I give you your way. Look at your stars if you want to."

Swinging the dome of the observatory with a touch,—it moved easily on its cannon-ball bearings,—Wheaton brought the Pleiades again into the telescopic field of vision. Serene, beautiful, dear to his heart as ever, it seemed as if they must have some gift for him, some message of calm wisdom that would be like a golden key to let him out of the prison of peril.

In a moment he knew that they had a message. He knew what it was. The first line of Horatius Bonar's lovely hymn flashed into his mind:

"*Upward where the stars are burning.*"

Upward—that was the key of deliverance.

He turned from the telescope and went over to the lunatic, whose fit of exaltation had abated, leaving him depressed. Wheaton laid a gentle hand upon his arm and spoke with authority.

"My friend, John Baptist," he said, "the second message has come. This is it.

"*The miracle of jumping down from the tower is too small. You and John must go down and jump up. That would be a greater miracle.*"

The crazy man's eyes were bewildered, dim, lack-lustre. With the fragment of reason that was left in him, he was thinking hard, trying to puzzle the matter out.

"Yes,—yes," he said, "that would certainly be a greater miracle. Doubters couldn't say, then, that we used parachutes to come down with. They would be convinced. They would have to believe when they saw us rising to the tower. We shall do it. But not to-night. The street is bare. To-morrow noon. We want crowds and crowds to see our ascension. Come, let's go down now. I know the way."

So the strange pair descended the winding stair, Svenson ahead, and passed through the long, empty, echoing halls from story to story, and came out, at last, on the broad stone steps of the Institute.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the Milky Way

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Author of "The New Heavens," "The Depths of the Universe," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way
Die down and drone and cease."—KIPLING.

THE discovery of spiral nebulæ marked an epoch in astronomical progress. We owe this advance, which initiated research in the depths of space beyond the boundaries of the Milky Way, to the enthusiasm and skill of an English peer, who overcame many difficulties in order to attain his ends.

The great telescope of Lord Rosse was built far in advance of its time. Erected in a country district of Ireland more than eighty years ago, for the most part with local labor, and lacking all the advantages which modern machine tools now afford, it must be regarded as a *tour de force* worthy of the spirit of its author. Its long tube, supported upon a ball-and-socket joint, and slung in chains between two high walls of masonry, peered precariously through the Irish mists. Lord Rosse and his associate astronomers, standing on a platform in the open air at a great height above the ground, could observe objects only when near the meridian and then at the cost of constant effort. In our modern instruments the apparent westward motion of the stars is counteracted by the steady motion of the telescope tube, turned slowly about a polar axis by a powerful driving-clock. Lord Rosse, after the tube had been worked back and forth with a windlass until the tedious task of finding a celestial object had been completed, must then keep it in the field of view by constant recourse to similar primitive contrivances. Even if sensitive plates had been available at that period, he could not have photographed the stars and nebulæ, which must be held absolutely fixed in position upon the plate for hours at a time. Thus it is easy to see why this great telescope could not compete in most classes of work with even a modern 12-inch reflector, properly mounted and equipped with a good driving-clock.

In spite of all mechanical, optical, and climatic difficulties, the Parsonstown reflector is to be credited with one of the capital discoveries of astronomy. In April, 1845, scarcely two months after its completion, the huge instrument was directed to a well-known nebula in the constellation of the Hunting Dogs, near the tail of the Great Bear. As drawn by Sir John Herschel, this nebula appeared like a split ring surrounding a bright nucleus, analogous, in his view, with the structure of the Milky Way. (Fig. 2.) The 6-foot mirror revealed a very different form. (Fig. 3.) The spiral structure then for the first time portrayed in the heavens, abundantly confirmed by modern photography (Fig. 4), has proved to be typical of a great class of nebulæ now numbered by hundreds of thousands.

CELESTIAL OBJECTS

Our immediate neighbors in space are the members of the solar system, comprising a single star, the sun, encircled by the planets with their satellites, by swarms of meteors, and by occasional comets. Apart from these minor attendants of the sun, celestial genera are few in number. They include:

(1) The stars, which are found in all stages of development, from inflated gaseous spheres 400,000,000 million miles in diameter to ancient dwarfs smaller than the sun and with densities as great as 100-000 times that of water. More than a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

billion stars constitute the galaxy, of which the solar system is an insignificant part.

(2) Open clusters of stars, about 200 of which have been catalogued.

(3) Globular star clusters, only about one hundred in all, each containing from 10,000 to more than 50,000 stars.

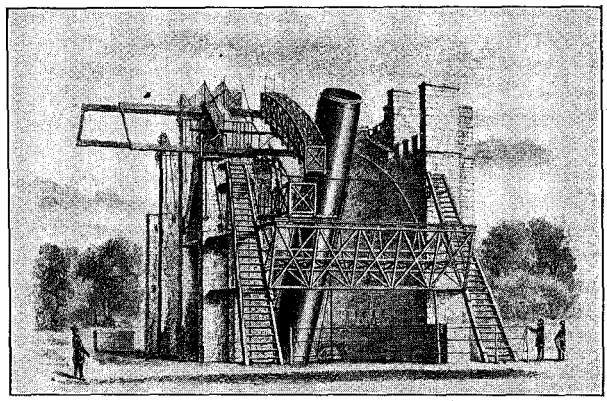
(4) Temporary stars, or "novæ," which appear from time to time, chiefly in the Milky Way.

(5) Galactic nebulæ, planetary and diffuse.

(6) Non-galactic nebulæ, chiefly elliptical and spiral.

(7) The Magellanic Clouds, which seem to be separate stellar systems, about 100,000 light-years away.*

In previous articles many of these objects have been illustrated and Shapley's investigations on the scale of the galaxy have been described.† His conclusions regarding its enormous diameter, which he placed at about 300,000 light-years, were based chiefly on his studies of the globular clusters, which he believes to outline the form and extent of the galactic system. More recent investigations at the Mount Wilson Observatory, by Seares and Kapteyn (continued after the latter's death by Seares and van Rhijn), comprise accurate measures of the brightness of 70,000 stars between magnitudes 13.5 and 18.5. They thus involve the first extensive study of the faint stars, far beyond the range of Herschel's telescope. In general they confirm the conclusions of Herschel and his successors that the galaxy is a watch-shaped aggregation of stars, with the sun at some distance from its centre. The measures "show that the stars thin out with increasing distance from the centre; that at great distances they thin out more rapidly than near the sun; and that this thinning out is most pronounced in the direction of the poles of the Milky Way—results obviously related to the flattened, watch-shaped form of the system." "The importance of the Milky Way as a structural feature of the system is also indicated by



From "A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy," the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

FIG. 1. The Earl of Rosse's six-foot reflecting telescope.

* The light-year is about 6,000,000,000,000 miles.

† See "The New Heavens" and "The Depths of the Universe," Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

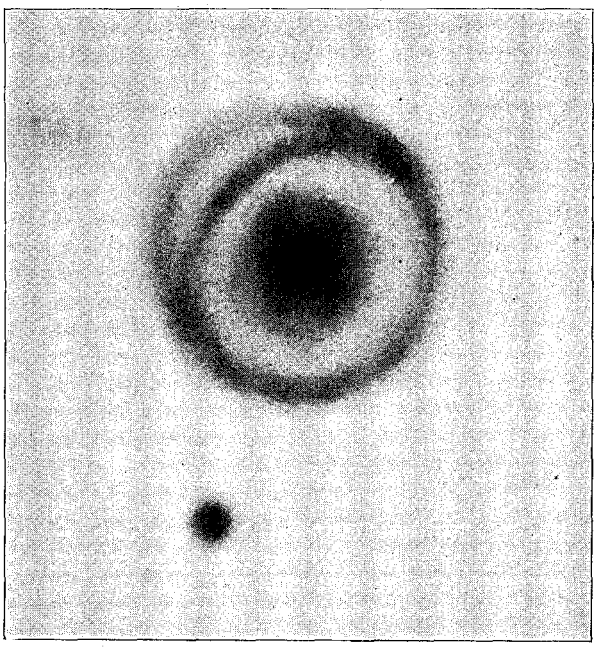


FIG. 2. Sir John Herschel's drawing of the Spiral Nebula M 51 in the constellation of the Hunting Dogs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fact that 95 per cent of all the stars are within 20° of the galactic plane." The total number of stars that can be photographed in the galaxy is about 1,000,000,000, but it undoubtedly comprises countless fainter stars. As the range in intrinsic brightness among the stars is at least 100,000,000 to 1, it is impossible to estimate their distances merely on the basis of their apparent brightness. Nevertheless, Seares concludes from special studies of the intrinsic brightness of the stars in the Milky Way that the diameter of the galaxy almost certainly exceeds 100,000 light-years and may well be ten times as great.

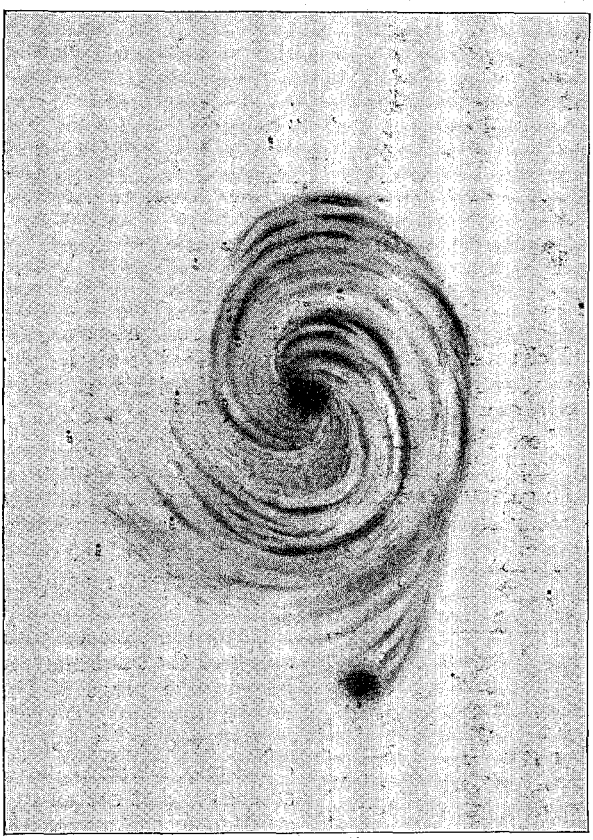


FIG. 3. Lord Rosse's drawing of the Nebula M 51, showing its spiral form for the first time.

We thus regard the sun and all other stars (excepting those in the Magellanic Clouds, in certain clusters, and in the spiral nebulæ) as members of this immense galactic system. The globular clusters seem to outline it, while the planetary and diffuse nebulæ, also among its constituents, are almost all observed in the direction of the Milky Way, not far from the galactic plane. Astronomers are generally agreed as to the composition of the galaxy, though there is still some difference of opinion regarding its dimensions. The outstanding question is the nature and distance of the spiral nebulæ and the part they play in the structure of the universe.

HERSCHEL'S NEBULÆ

The great nebula in Andromeda, so bright in its central part that it was probably detected in very early times by the naked eye, was certainly known to the Persian astronomer Al-Sufi in the tenth century. The Orion nebula, mentioned by Peiresc in 1611, was rediscovered in 1656 by Huygens, who likened it to "an hiatus in the sky, affording a glimpse of a more luminous region beyond." In 1716 Halley knew of six nebulæ, and Lacaille published in 1755 a catalogue of forty-two others, discovered in the southern heavens during his expedition to the Cape of Good Hope. Messier, who devoted himself to the pursuit of comets, was so frequently misled by encounters with nebulæ and clusters that in 1781 he catalogued 103 of them, which are still designated by his name and number.

It remained for the great celestial explorer, Sir William Herschel, to gather the real harvest of nebulæ and clusters with his powerful telescopes. By 1802 he had catalogued 2,500 of them, which he described in vivid terms:

"I have seen double and treble nebulæ, variously arranged; large ones with small, seeming attendants; narrow but much extended, lucid nebulæ or bright dashes; some of the shape of a fan, resembling an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIG. 4. Photograph of the Spiral Nebula M 51, made by Humason with the 100-inch Hooker telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

electric brush, issuing from a lucid point; others of the cometic shape, with a seeming nucleus in the centre; or like cloudy stars, surrounded with a nebulous atmosphere; a different sort again contain a nebulosity of the milky kind, like that wonderful, inexplicable phenomenon about θ Orionis; while others shine with a fainter, mottled kind of light, which denotes their being resolvable into stars." *

At first this question of resolvability led him to think that with sufficiently powerful telescopes all nebulæ could be reduced to stars. But in 1791, after discovering a star "surrounded with a faintly luminous atmosphere," he changed his mind. "When I pursued these researches," he says, "I was in the situation of a natural philosopher who follows the various species of animals and insects from the height of their perfection down to the lowest ebb of life; when, arriving at the vegetable kingdom, he can scarcely point out to us the precise boundary where the animal ceases and the plant begins; and may even go so far as to suspect them not to be essentially different.

* Herschel's *Collected Scientific Papers*, vol. I, p. 160.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But recollecting himself, he compares, for instance, one of the human species to a tree, and all doubt upon the subject vanishes before him. In the same manner we ing the occasion of that remarkable appearance. It seems, therefore, to require a more dissimilar object to set us right again. A glance like that of the natural-

FIG. 5. Bright and dark nebulosity west of the "North America" Nebula, photographed by Duncan with the Hooker telescope.

pass through gentle steps from a coarse cluster of stars, such as the Pleiades, the Præsepe, the Milky Way, the cluster in the Crab . . . without any hesitation, till we find ourselves brought to an object such as the nebula in Orion, where we are still inclined to remain in the once adopted idea, of stars exceedingly remote, and inconceivably crowded, as be- ist, who casts his eye from the perfect animal to the perfect vegetable, is wanting to remove the veil from the mind of the astronomer. The object I have mentioned above is the phenomenon that was wanting for this purpose. View, for instance, the 19th cluster of my 6th class, and afterward cast your eye on this cloudy star, and the result will be no less

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decisive than that of the naturalist we have alluded to. Our judgment, I may venture to say, will be that *the nebulosity about the star is not of a starry nature.*" * objects, and found fully a third of them to be of a gaseous nature. A recent interpretation of such observations, as applied to the Orion nebula, may be found in a

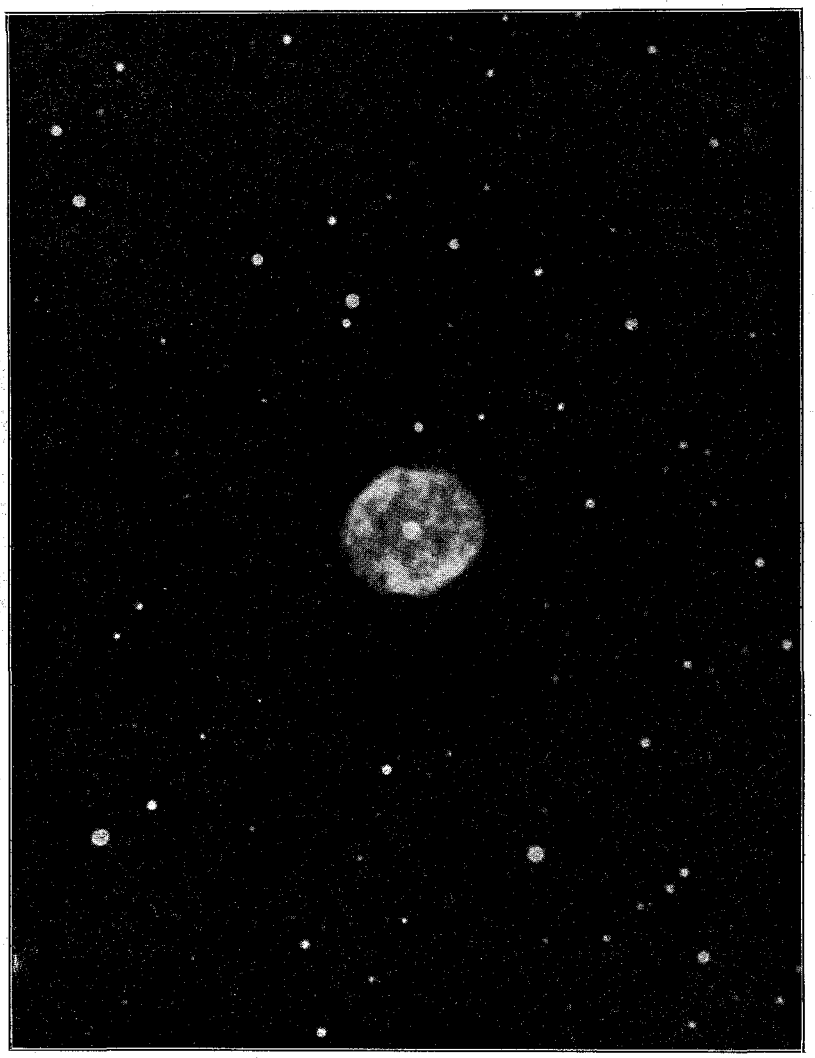


FIG. 6. Planetary Nebula N.G.C. 1,501, photographed by Pease with the 60-inch reflecting telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

This brilliant prediction was verified in 1864 by Sir William Huggins, the great pioneer in astronomical spectroscopy. Analyzing with his prisms the light of a planetary nebula in Draco, he saw at once the bright lines characteristic of glowing gases. Subsequently he extended his researches to scores of these previous article on "Barnard's Dark Nebulæ." †

In spite of Herschel's foresight, the possibility of resolving all nebulæ into stars held the attention of many astronomers down to the time of Huggins. This possibility seemed to be strengthened by the success of Lord Rosse in breaking up

* Herschel's *Collected Scientific Papers*, vol. I, p. 415.

† Reprinted in "The Depths of the Universe."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

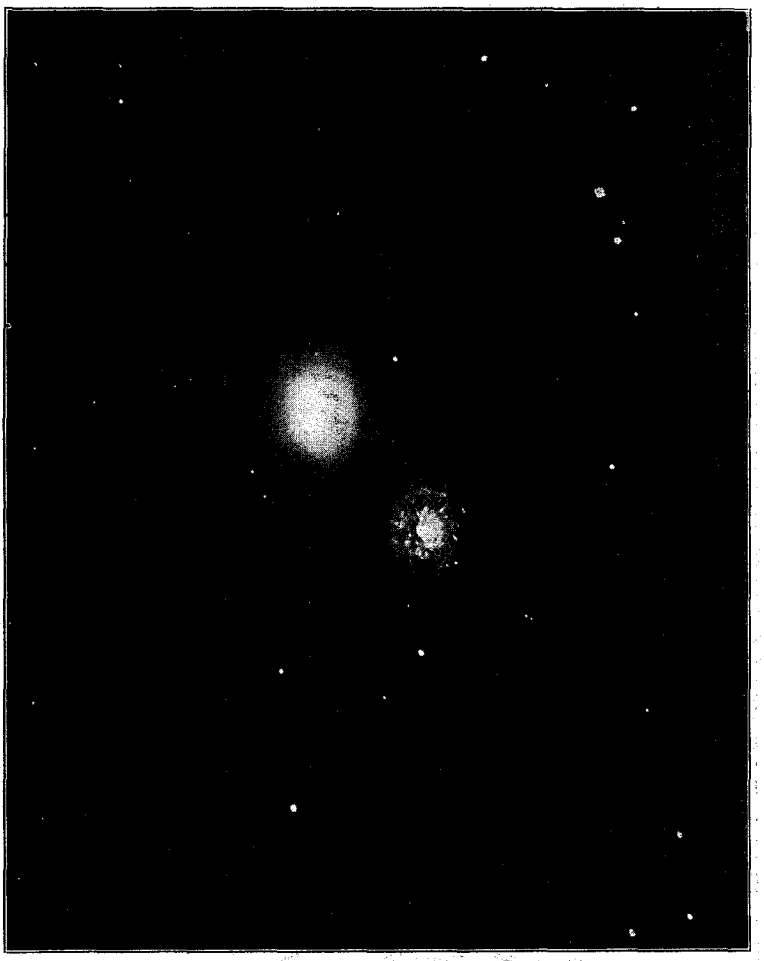


FIG. 7. Globular and spiral nebulæ, photographed by Hubble with the Hooker telescope.

many nebulæ which Herschel's smaller telescopes had failed to resolve. Lord Rosse even believed he had resolved the great nebula in Orion, and Bond thought that both the Orion and the Trifid nebulæ could be separated into stars with the Harvard 15-inch refractor. Thus arose a wide-spread impression that all nebulæ are very remote star clusters. If so, their apparent dimensions would raise them to the dignity of "island universes," vastly distant in space and comparable in scale with the galactic system itself. This is the very conclusion to which Hubble has been led by his recent investigations of certain spirals with the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson, but it certainly does not apply to all nebulæ. Progress has been hindered by the old custom of classing diffuse and spiral nebulæ together, and by the delay in recognizing the comparative nearness of the planetary and diffuse types, most of them partly gaseous in nature and members of our own galactic system.

RECENT STUDIES OF SPIRAL NEBULÆ

The possibilities of research on the nebulæ were completely transformed by the application of photography in 1880, when Henry Draper first succeeded in recording the great nebula in Orion. Common and Roberts soon obtained better results, and in 1888 a three hours' exposure with the 20-inch reflector of Isaac Roberts revealed for the first time the spiral

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nature of the great nebula in Andromeda. (Fig. 8.) The immense advantages of photography in the study of the structure of nebulæ have become more and more different story. Keeler, in his extensive work with the Crossley reflector at the Lick Observatory, estimated from the numerous small spirals on his negatives

FIG. 8. Central part of the Great Nebula in Andromeda, photographed by Duncan with the Hooker telescope.

evident as sensitive plates have improved in quality and telescopes have increased in size and in optical and mechanical perfection.

So faint are the spiral nebulæ that even now the fourteen objects of this class catalogued by Lord Rosse could not be greatly increased in number by visual means. The photographic plate tells a that the entire heavens must contain at least 120,000 of these objects. Perrine, who completed Keeler's original photographic programme, concluded that half a million spirals were within reach of the Crossley reflector, and Curtis subsequently increased this estimate. From a recent examination of many photographs taken on Mount Wilson with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

60-inch reflector, which show stars as faint as magnitude 18.5, Seares is inclined to reduce the number of non-galactic nebulæ to about 300,000, including the true spirals and the structureless elliptical nebulæ which have often been taken for them.

Some of the spirals cover large areas in the heavens. The angular diameter of the great nebula in Andromeda is three degrees, or six times that of the moon, and

Spectroscopic observations of spirals seen on edge fully confirm this impression. Thus a photograph of the spectrum of the spiral N.G.C. 4,594 (Fig. 9), made at Mount Wilson by Pease with an exposure of 80 hours, shows that this nebula is moving away from the sun at the rate of 1,180 kilometres per second and whirling about its nucleus at an amazing velocity. At a distance of two minutes of arc

FIG. 9. Spiral Nebula N.G.C. 4,594, photographed by Pease with the 60-inch telescope.

M 33 is one degree in diameter. They all seem to be thin disks roughly circular in form when seen full face, elliptical when observed at smaller angles with their central plane. One of their chief peculiarities is the great velocity with which they are moving through space, found spectroscopically by Slipher to average about 600 kilometres per second and to attain in one case 1,800 kilometres per second. These great speeds are in striking contrast with those of the stars of the galaxy, which average about 15 kilometres per second, though in a few cases stellar velocities as high as 300 kilometres per second are known. But to the eye the most striking feature of the spirals is the evidence they suggest of rapid whirling motion.

from the nucleus the rotational speed is over 330 kilometres per second. For the great nebula in Andromeda, Pease found a rotational velocity of 58 kilometres per second at a distance of two minutes of arc from the centre, and Slipher has obtained similar results. Unless the great spirals are extremely remote, we should therefore expect photographs taken five or ten years apart to show definite evidence of changes in form due to their rotation.

Such changes have been sought by van Maanen, who has made a long series of comparative measures of the same points in photographs of spirals taken at intervals of several years. The results, which apparently show definite evidence of outward motion along the arms, led him to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

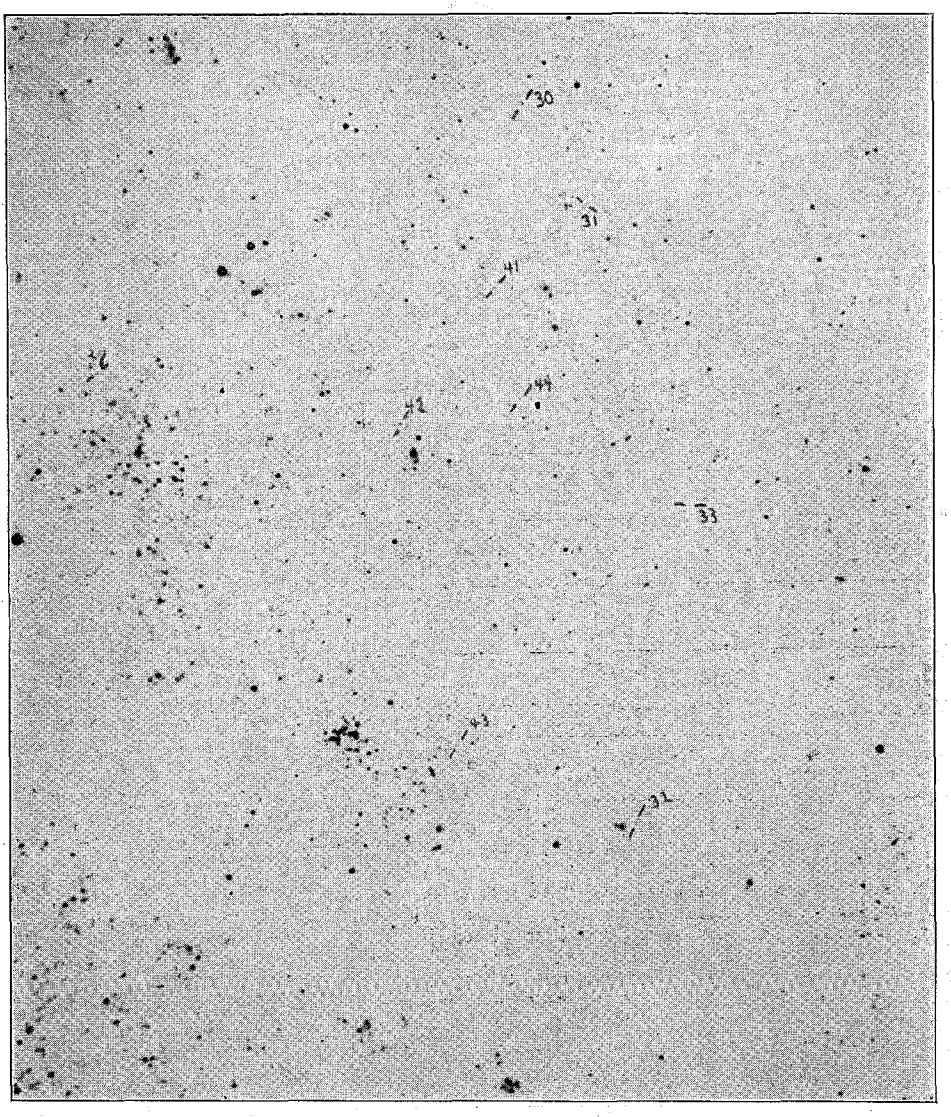


FIG. 10. Resolution of a portion of the Andromeda Nebula into stars, photographed by Hubble with the Hooker telescope. Several of the Cepheid Variables are marked on the (negative) print.

infer that these spirals are at distances of the order of 3,000 to 30,000 light-years, and therefore lie within the galactic system. As van Maanen is unsurpassed in his skill in measurement, there can be no doubt of the existence of some form of displacement. It is difficult to conceive of systematic photographic or instrumental differences between the old and new plates which would always give an outward motion along the arms of a spiral, and the question remains whether the displacements can be accounted for by some other obscure source of error. As matters stand, van Maanen's conclusions as to the distance and dimensions of the spirals are radically different from those of Curtis and Hubble, and much work may be needed to clear up the discrepancy.

THE VIEWS OF CURTIS ON "ISLAND UNIVERSES"

In a debate before the National Academy of Sciences in 1921 with Doctor Har-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low Shapley on the scale of the universe, Doctor Heber D. Curtis summarized the results of an extensive study of spiral nebulæ made at the Lick Observatory.* He strongly favored the "island universe" hypothesis for the following reasons:

1. On this theory we avoid the almost insuperable difficulties involved in an attempt to fit the spirals in any coherent scheme of stellar evolution, either as a point of origin or as an evolutionary product.
2. On this theory it is unnecessary to attempt to co-ordinate the tremendous space velocities of the spirals with those of the average star.
3. The spectrum of the spirals is such as would be expected from a galaxy of stars.
4. A spiral structure has been suggested for our own galaxy, and is not improbable.
5. If island universes, the new stars observed in the spirals seem a natural consequence of their nature as galaxies. Correlations between the novæ in the spirals and those in our galaxy indicate distance ranging from perhaps 500,000 light-years in the case of the nebula of Andromeda to 10,000,000 or more light-years for the more remote spirals.
6. At such distances, these island universes would be of the same order of size as our own galaxy.
7. Very many spirals show evidence of peripheral rings of occulting matter in their equatorial planes. (Fig. 9.) Such a phenomenon in our galaxy, regarded as a spiral, would serve to obliterate the distant spirals in our galactic plane, and would furnish an adequate explanation of the otherwise inexplicable distribution of the spirals.

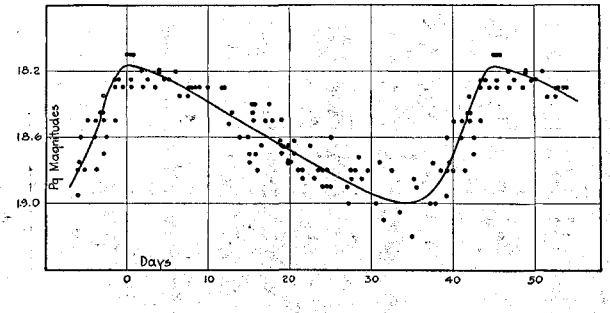


FIG. 11. Characteristic light curve of Hubble's Cepheid Variable Star No. 7 in the Andromeda Nebula.

HUBBLE'S CLASSIFICATION OF NEBULÆ

Hubble's important studies of nebulæ, which were begun at the Yerkes Observatory, have been continued at Mount Wilson since 1919. One of his major tasks has been to devise a rational system of classification, which may be briefly summarized as follows:

I. GALACTIC NEBULÆ, characterized by (1) concentration about the Milky Way, (2) association with stars from which they may derive their luminosity, (3) early-type spectra, with bright or dark lines, corresponding to the spectra of these stars, and (4) smooth and cloudy or wispy structure.

The two distinct types of galactic nebulæ are:

(*a*) *Planetaries*, about 150 in all, of small diameter, symmetrically formed about central stars, with sharply defined edges, and showing bright line spectra.

(*b*) *Diffuse nebulæ*, some hundreds in number, cloud-like objects near the plane of the galaxy, usually associated with early-type stars. Diffuse nebulæ range from luminous to dark and from semi-transparent to opaque. They are subdivided into predominantly luminous, predominantly obscure, and conspicuously mixed.

II. NON-GALACTIC NEBULÆ, generally characterized by (1) avoidance of the Milky Way, (2) no conspicuous association with stars, (3) late-type dark-line spectra, and (4) rotational symmetry about dominating non-stellar nuclei.

Non-galactic nebulæ comprise:

(*a*) *Elliptical nebulæ*, amorphous objects resembling successive stages of an original globular mass flattened by increasing rotation.

(*b*) *Spirals of two kinds, logarithmic and barred*, which appear to develop along parallel lines, the arms unwinding and the granulated structure becoming increasingly conspicuous.

(*c*) *Irregular nebulæ*, including certain non-galactic objects without central nuclei or rotational symmetry.

The planetary and diffuse nebulæ (I*a* and I*b*) do not seem to be physically related, though the planetaries may be late stages in the development of novæ (temporary stars), perhaps caused by the effect of the penetration of a star into a diffuse nebulous cloud. The spirals (II*b*) appear to have developed from elliptical nebulæ (II*a*), while the irregular nebulæ (II*c*) may have been spirals lacking dominating dynamical control.

The galactic and non-galactic nebulæ, as their names imply, differ greatly in distribution. The smallest planetaries are closely associated with the Milky Way, while the larger ones are more uniformly scattered over the sky. It is probable that their distance from the galactic plane is relatively small and that their angular diameters depend upon their distance from the earth. The diffuse nebulæ also belong to the galaxy, some of them associated with the star clouds of the Milky

* Shapley and Curtis, "The Scale of the Universe," *Bulletin of the National Research Council*, vol. II, part 3, no. 11, 1921.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Way, while a second group is connected with the local cluster of stars immediately surrounding the sun. Each group includes both luminous and dark objects,

type, though the spirals are more numerous among the bright objects. They are practically absent from the plane of the galaxy, but begin to appear about 20°

FIG. 12. Spiral Nebula M 33, photographed by Ritchey with the 60-inch telescope.

the luminous diffuse nebulæ in conspicuous association with very hot stars from which they derive their light, either by reflection or by the excitation of discharged particles.

The non-galactic nebulæ, which Seares estimates to be about 300,000 in number (above a certain limiting magnitude), include a great majority of the elliptical

from it, increase rapidly in number from 20° to 35°, then more slowly, showing a great concentration near the north galactic pole. Their distribution in longitude is very irregular.

RESOLUTION OF THE SPIRALS INTO STARS

If spiral nebulæ are distant "island universes," or isolated systems of stars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comparable with our own galaxy, the larger ones may nevertheless be near enough for resolution into stars by the most powerful telescopes. The beautiful photographs published by the Lick Observatory in their superb volumes on the nebulæ and the exquisite plates taken on Mount Wilson with the 60-inch reflector by Ritchey, Pease, van Maanen, Hubble, and Humason show countless minute knots along the spiral arms of some nebulæ and many stars scattered throughout their structure. But how shall we recognize these as true stellar images, or distinguish them with certainty from the many faint stars that belong to the galaxy?

Hubble has recently answered this question in a conclusive way. Concentrating his attention upon the outlying parts of such great spirals as Messier 33 and the Andromeda nebula, rather than upon the amorphous nebulosity of the central regions, he has taken a series of photographs with the 100-inch Hooker telescope for the express purpose of determining their resolvability. These are

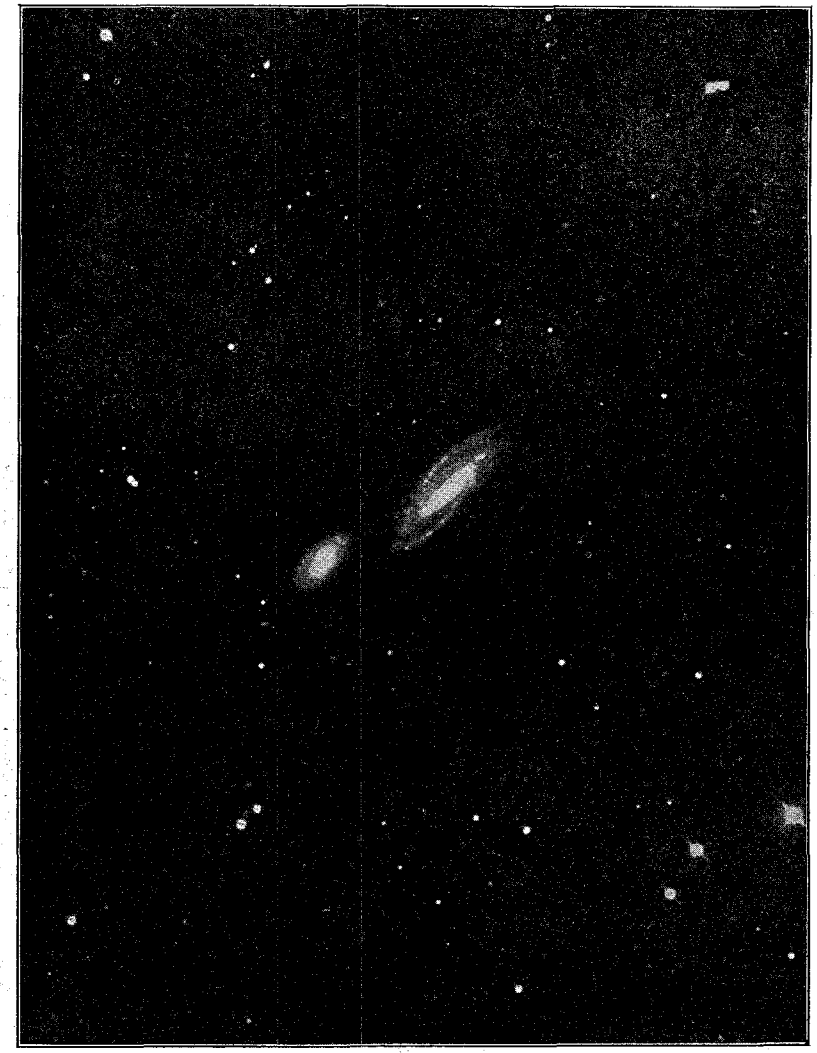


FIG. 13. Two Spiral Nebulæ H II 751–2 Bootis, photographed by Pease with the 60-inch telescope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covered with stellar images, which on a plate of Messier 33 (Fig. 10) are the smallest ever secured—only five or six tenths of a second of arc in diameter. Numerous small groups of stars on photographs of poorer definition or smaller scale merge together, and some of these are accompanied by true nebulosity, generally showing the bright line spectra of gases. Such groups, on the "island-universe" hypothesis, may be analogous to the constellation of Orion in our own stellar system, a group of stars interspersed with gaseous clouds.

Hubble's capital discovery is the detection of Cepheid variable stars in spiral nebulæ. Temporary or "new" stars had previously been observed in the great nebula of Andromeda. The most celebrated of these was the Nova of 1885, which suddenly appeared in the heart of the nebula on August 17 of that year as a star of the ninth magnitude, rose to nearly the seventh magnitude (just beyond the naked eye) by September 1, and faded to the sixteenth magnitude in the following March. Most of the novæ discovered photographically in the Andromeda nebula by Ritchey, Curtis, Humason, Hubble, and others in recent years, sixty in all, were much fainter, ranging from the fifteenth to the nineteenth apparent magnitude. But while these faint temporary stars are so numerous in the nebula that forty of them have been found by Hubble on Mount Wilson during the last three years, no Cepheid had ever been detected until Hubble identified the undeniable light-changes of several of these stars in the great nebula in Andromeda (M 31) and in Messier 33.

Sailors easily recognize lighthouses by the changes in brightness of their revolving lights. Astronomers distinguish the various types of variable stars by measuring their light-fluctuations and plotting their characteristic curves. The great nebula in Andromeda is partially resolved into stars by the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors. Among these Hubble has already found 35 variable stars, 12 of which have the typical light-curve (Fig. 11) of Cepheids. The periods of these Cepheids range from 50 to 18 days, and their corresponding maximum brightness from 18.1 to 19.1 photographic magnitude. These results, as explained in "The Depths of the Universe," should at once give us the distance of these Cepheids, and hence of the great nebula in Andromeda.

This method of measuring distances is easily understood. Cepheid variables in the galactic system (of which the Pole Star is a well-known example) have been proved to be stars of great intrinsic luminosity, which vary in brightness because of periodic increase and decrease in diameter or perhaps because of immense periodic eruptions, resembling the eruptive prominences on the sun. The very fact that such brilliant stars are reduced in the spirals to the eighteenth or nineteenth magnitude—near the limit of observation—means that they must be at an enormous distance. Fortunately, a well-established relationship between their luminosity and light-period, effectively used by Shapley in measuring the dimensions of the galaxy, permits their actual distance to be determined. In the case of the Cepheids in the great nebula in Andromeda this distance comes out about 850,000 light-years—more than four times as far as the most remote globular cluster and well beyond the boundary of the galactic system. Other methods employed by Hubble give the same order of distance. If it is correct, the diameter of the Andromeda nebula is about 45,000 light-years, decidedly smaller than the galaxy, but quite large enough to constitute an "island universe" of very respectable size.

Another great spiral (Fig. 12) has also been found by Hubble to lie in extra-galactic space. In M 33 he has detected thirty-five Cepheids (among forty-five variable stars), and these indicate approximately the same distance as that of M 31. The angular diameter of M 33 is one degree, as compared with three degrees for the Andromeda nebula, and its linear diameter is therefore about 15,000 light-years.

The two large spiral nebulæ thus placed by Hubble beyond the boundaries of our stellar system are not of uniform size, and both of them are smaller than the galaxy. They differ in other respects from our system, notably in the possession of conspicuous and highly concentrated nuclei. But these are details which may depend upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the stage of evolution in each case. Thus M 33 is a later type spiral than M 31, if we may judge from the increased number of condensations and the smaller amount of amorphous nebulosity.

Among the hundreds of thousands of spiral nebulæ shown on our photographs of the heavens, we should be able ultimately to detect every step in the process of their development, as we now study the life history of the stars of our own galactic system. We should also be able to determine their distribution in space. Their wide range in angular diameter, from the three degrees of the great nebula in Andromeda down to the smallest image that betrays its spiral form on photographs taken with the 100-inch telescope, suggests some such picture as Kant long ago sketched:

> If the grandeur of a planetary world in which the earth, as a grain of sand, is scarcely perceived fills the understanding with wonder, with what astonishment are we transported when we behold the infinite multitude of worlds and systems which fill the extension of the Milky Way! But how is this astonishment increased when we become aware of the fact that all these immense orders of star-worlds again form but one of a number whose termination we do not know, and which perhaps, like the former, is a system inconceivably vast—and yet again but one member in a new combination of numbers!

It is a far cry from the facile imaginings of the philosopher to the rigorous demonstrations of exact science, and the true structure of the universe is not yet known. While Hubble's results point to the existence of hundreds of thousands of "island universes" in all stages of development, Jeans believes that "we can definitely rule out an infinite universe and the hyper-super-galaxies which have been suggested."

THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER

One of the greatest problems of science is the constitution of matter and its conversion into radiant energy. The spiral nebulæ, remarkable as they are as "island universes," have suddenly assumed additional interest because of the part they may play in the solution of this problem.

Matter occurs in nature under the widest variety of composition and form. The physicist, who approaches the problem of its constitution by the most direct route, deals chiefly with the chemical elements, and evolves powerful methods of research which enable him to penetrate to the core of the atom, to visualize the electrons swinging in their orbits, and to remove them one by one for detailed study. The chemist, concerned primarily with the union of atoms into molecules, and the combination of molecules of one or more elements, attacks matter of greater complexity, extending all the way from the single atom of hydrogen to compounds containing hundreds of linked atoms of many kinds. The astrophysicist, permitted by his telescopes to push his researches into space, observes matter in the state of luminous gaseous elements, associated in the cooler stars with certain chemical compounds. The cosmic crucibles in his celestial laboratory exhibit conditions of temperature and pressure often transcending those attainable on earth, and thus present for observation experiments on an immense scale, the interpretation of which has already added much to our knowledge of physics and chemistry.

We now know that there are just ninety-two elements in nature, the heaviest of which are spontaneously breaking up into lighter ones. The basic element, hydrogen, exists throughout the universe, accompanied by other elements in varying proportions and states. Certain stable elements can be broken up by artificial means in the laboratory, but no method of combining their constituents has yet been found. In the stars, however, there is strong reason to believe that the heavier elements are actually being built up from lighter ones, under conditions involving phenomena of radiation and absorption of energy as yet unmatched on the earth. A general study of the constitution of matter should therefore be so organized that physics, chemistry, and astrophysics may all play adequate parts.

Such a joint attack, initiated four years ago by the California Institute of Technology and the Mount Wilson Observatory, has already yielded many important results. Chief among these are Millikan's and Bowen's contributions to our knowledge of atomic structure by their researches on stripped atoms;* recent proof

* Robert A. Millikan, "The Stripped Atom," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, May, 1926.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the same authors that a new non-relativistic cause—now thought to be the spinning electron—must be introduced to account for their discoveries in spectroscopy;* Seares's demonstration, in harmony with previous theoretical suggestions, that the masses of the stars decrease progressively with increasing age, indicating the gradual conversion of matter into radiant energy;† Adams's confirmation of Eddington's prediction that the matter which constitutes the companion of Sirius is 50,000 times as dense as water;‡ and Millikan's new proof that cosmic rays, at least a hundred times more penetrating than X-rays, reach us from all parts of space.

SPIRAL NEBULÆ AS POSSIBLE SOURCES OF MILLIKAN'S COSMIC RAYS

The possibility that these remarkable new rays, capable of passing through six feet of lead, may originate in the spiral nebulæ has been discussed by Jeans in *Nature* (December 12, 1925). He had previously shown that stellar radiation is most probably due to the progressive annihilation of stellar matter, each unit (quantum) being produced by the simultaneous destruction of one proton and one electron. Successive scattering by the particles within a star of the excessively short invisible rays thus generated would quickly increase the wave-length until it reached that of ordinary temperature radiation. Thus the stars must emit visible light and but little radiation of extremely high frequency.

Spiral nebulæ, however, must be nearly transparent to ordinary light, as the average optical thickness of the Andromeda nebula has been computed to be only about one gram of matter per square centimetre. This explains why the bright nuclear points, located at the centre of certain spirals, are visible in the telescope. Thus these spirals must be almost completely transparent to newly generated radiation, which escapes into space, with but little scattering and consequent increase of wave-length, in the form of the highly penetrating invisible rays measured at various mountain stations by Millikan.

Jeans also points out that if the spiral nebulæ are the birthplaces of stars, their power of generating radiation should be at least as great per unit mass as that of the younger stars, which is about 500 times that of the sun. But the visible radiation per unit mass of the Andromeda nebula is only about 0.16 times that of the sun. He concludes that only about one-three-thousandth part of the total radiation generated within this nebula is scattered by the nebular matter and transformed into visible light, while the remaining 2,999 parts travel through space as rays of nearly the penetrating power measured by Millikan. He calculates that the Andromeda nebula alone might thus account for about one-half of the observed effect, the balance being due to the combined radiation of the other spirals.

This is a highly interesting suggestion, though the wave-length deduced by Jeans is smaller than that of the shortest waves observed by Millikan, and the proportion of radiation contributed by the Andromeda nebula is apparently too large. It is probable, however, that the general character of the mechanism involved in the production of the new rays has been stated by Jeans, in general harmony with the views expressed by Millikan in his first announcement:§

"But how can nuclear transformation, such, for example, as the formation of helium out of hydrogen or the capture of an electron by a positive nucleus, be going on all through space, the resulting rays coming apparently as much from one direction as from any other, and certainly not a whit more plentifully from the direction of the sun than from that diametrically opposite to it, as evidenced by the entire equality of our midday and midnight observations? The difficulty is not so insuperable, in view of the transparency even of large amounts of matter for these hard rays, combined with Hubble's recent proof at the Mount Wilson Observatory that some of the spiral nebulæ are at least a million light-years away. The centres at which these nuclear changes are taking place would then only have to occur at extraordinarily widely scattered intervals to produce the intensity of the radiation observed at Muir Lake."

* Millikan and Bowen, *Philosophical Magazine*, May, 1925.

† See "Heat from the Stars," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, January, 1926.

‡ Both Seares's and Adams's results are given in the same article.

§ *Scientific Monthly*, December, 1925, p. 663. Given more fully in *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, January, 1926.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men Only

BY ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING
State Industrial Inspector, Missouri

PRECEDING the 1920 election, I did organization work in fifty-four Missouri counties and made three hundred and forty-three political speeches. Much of the time I financed my work by raising money as I went along. This money was secured in small amounts from individual men and women of the town in which I was to speak that evening or the next day, depending on whether the meeting had been advertised. If it had, then my activities were confined to raising money and inviting people to attend the meeting. If it had not been planned for, then a part of my job was to secure a place, get out the hand-bills, have them distributed, and probably postpone the meeting till the next day; necessarily till the afternoon, because of a possible engagement in the next town for the evening. This gave me a longer time to collect money in the one place, but a shorter time in the next, and in case an evening meeting did not materialize, I had an opportunity to drop into bed at seven o'clock and sleep, dead to the world, till the next morning at six, when the deadly routine was again resumed.

Every Saturday night, after deducting my expenses and paying my wage for the week, I sent a detailed report to the treasurer of the State Committee, with a money-order for the balance. Always there was a balance.

Does anybody imagine that I was drudging like that for the fun of it? It wasn't funny. For the money, then? My salary just about paid for the shoes I wore out. For glory? I didn't see any. Then what? What was it that sent me out to endure hardships that few women could endure and that few men would?

It was an ideal. When I was ten years old I began to ask why my mother didn't vote the same as my father. No satisfactory reason was given me, and deciding that something was wrong somewhere, I then and there declared that some day, somehow, I was going to help make it right. I did not know that women already were fighting to "make it right," and had been doing so for years. I was reared on a homestead in the Ozark hills, to which my father and mother had pioneered after the Civil War. News travelled to us slowly, and if anybody knew of the suffrage fight, nobody told me. My symptoms therefore were not diagnosed until years afterward, when I learned for myself that I was a suffragist and had had pronounced signs of it in my childhood.

From these heights of determination to do something about it when I grew up, there were plunges to the depths of hopelessness. For instance, that same summer when our board of school directors knocked all the props from under me. It was early morning. A heavy rain had made the ground too wet for work in the fields, and just as the teacher had rung the bell, all three of them came riding up to visit the school, hear us recite, and to make a speech or two for our well-being.

We took our spelling those days standing. There was a long row of us, and if the boy or girl above us missed a word as the teacher pronounced, we had a chance to "turn him down." That is, if we could spell the word, we passed above him, and were that much nearer the head of the class, while he was passed down toward the foot. The pupil who stood at the head of the last spelling-class of the day had won a "headmark."

I managed somehow to go through the drill in mental arithmetic that morning. Figures were awful things, especially mental problems, but I got by without actually disgracing myself before the directors. Then the spelling-class was called and I was in my element. We were studying words in eight syllables, and I marvel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now as I recall how we stood up and rolled off such words as "incomprehensibility" without blinking. Not only did I spell every word that came to me, but I "turned down" a boy just above me. He was older than I by two years, but I was a better speller. And all before the directors.

Then the speeches began. Johnny Wise tried it first, but Johnny was a man of few words on his feet. The second man stood up for a minute or two. And then my uncle Thaddeus. It was Uncle Thaddeus that laid down the law with gospel authority. Uncle Thaddeus was also our Sunday-school teacher when we came to that same little schoolhouse on Sundays.

Uncle Thaddeus was eloquent that morning. He usually was. He told us some interesting stories of his own childhood and of the schools he attended, and made us see how much better off were we than the children of his day. I accepted all he said, but with reservations. It was hard to think of Uncle Thaddeus as ever having been a child. At that period I found it very difficult, indeed, to believe that any of the grown-ups I was acquainted with had ever been children. I had my own private conviction that they had always been grown men and women. I didn't reason about it. I just knew that it was so.

But what was this that Uncle Thaddeus was saying?

"And you boys," he said—"why, boys, there isn't anything you can't be. You don't know what this very school may be doing for you. Learn all you can. The world is waiting for you. The country needs you. It is yours."

Not one word about the girls. They weren't even listed as among those present. Not a word. I fled to the woods in my agony. I was shamed, humiliated. And I had just turned down Jimmy Southard, two years older than I. Uncle Thaddeus saw me do it, and still I didn't count for anything. Wasn't this my country, too? And didn't it need me?

I had heard speeches like that before that hadn't sunk in, hadn't registered. But I was in a receptive mood these days. I had just been asking why women didn't vote and condemning the law excluding them. And now Uncle Thaddeus had told about the country's need of the boys. No wonder the law did not permit women to vote. They were of no moment. The country didn't need them.

There was a mossy bank under a hickory-tree where my chum, Emmy, and I had built a playhouse, and here, face downward, I shed some of the lonesomest tears of my short existence. The world was all wrong. I would never go to school another day—I wouldn't even go home. I would stay there and die because the country didn't need girls.

When the teacher came out and found me, she didn't scold because I had slipped away without permission. She was a girl of understanding, and let me cry it out on her shoulder. Finally, when there was a lull, she said: "Honey, don't cry. Work. It will all come right some day."

"You don't know," I said bitterly. "You're just a girl yourself." But I was fond of that teacher and was comforted as she talked. I can see her as I write. I remember her slenderness, her delicate appearance, and how she carried a pair of rubbers with her wherever she went, lest it should rain and her feet would be soaked in the thick grass of the country roads. And she didn't have any regular place to stay. She was paid the munificent sum of ten dollars a month and "boarded round." That meant that she spent the nights at the homes of the different patrons of the school, just as she was invited.

"Once," said she quietly, "I was in the city. I saw a sign on the windows of a building 'For Men Only,' and I wondered whether the world was back there. Back of that sign."

She had forgotten for the moment that she was talking to a child, one of her pupils. I was flattered, and I felt that I knew something of what she was thinking. A young man no older than she was getting twenty dollars a month in a neighboring district. His school was not so large as ours, and he had not had nearly so much schooling as our teacher. But he was a man. He had a regular boarding-place.

I grew up, still with my wish to make things right. I got married, as girls do, and then before I could realize what had happened, I found myself alone with two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little children looking to me for support, and not a penny in my purse. I was pitched headlong into the world of business, and stayed there while the babies were growing, going to school, and leaving me for ventures of their own. With my children grown, I began to see opportunities to work for my beloved, chosen cause, woman suffrage. And how I did work. It was as if I wished to make time, somehow, for all the years that had passed since my uncle Thaddeus had pictured the tragedy of being a girl by making his speech to the boys.

I made "soap-box" speeches, talked on street-corners, from automobiles, from anywhere and everywhere in the hope that a few wayfarers might stop to listen. I wrote the lessons and organized the first suffrage schools in my State. After trying out the plan in St. Louis, it was carried to the smaller towns with varying degrees of success.

I wrote suffrage articles for magazines and newspapers and furnished material for suffrage columns. I carried the message to the highways and byways, walking, riding horseback, travelling in freight-wagons, fording the streams and always organizing, organizing.

And then a great thing happened. It came. The suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States was passed by Congress and our Missouri governor called a special session of the State legislature for its ratification or rejection. The session was called for July 2, 1919, but because of the death of a State senator it was postponed until the following day.

We were all there, waiting, hoping, praying. . . . Lobbying a little. . . . The hour arrived. . . . The roll was called. They were voting. One by one the names were read aloud for an answer.

Yes—yes—yes. And occasionally a "no." . . . But the ayes had it. . . . It was done. . . .

A moment of silence followed. A moment of unbelief. Then wonder. Then realization. Then applause. A subdued applause. What was the matter? Weren't we glad now that it had happened? Mary Blakely was near me. Her hair had grown white in the cause. Why was she so quiet? Wasn't she glad?

I turned to look at her and found that I could not see. Something was wrong with my eyes. I put up my hand. My face was wet. I was crying and didn't know it. And I hadn't applauded. Neither had Mary Blakely. Neither had any of those who had fought the battles. We were silent, awed, and still almost unbelieving. . . .

That was the summer of 1919. The national campaign of the next year was already more than a distant rumble, and after the first shock of the realization that we would vote in the next election, we, who had worked together all those years without thought of political beliefs, began to enlist in the parties.

It was a shock to find that some of the women I loved most were Democrats, because this meant a parting of the ways. I began to scan anxiously the ranks of my own party and was happy to find others of my good friends in the Republican fold. There were those who, alarmed at these divisions, refused to join with any party. Some have not done so even yet. Without attempting to discuss the necessity for parties and my grounded belief that we can be of more service in them than out of them, I like to remember that I was among the first women in my State to offer my services to my party.

And I couldn't wait till money had been raised for campaign expenses. I must go at once with my message to those women to whom I had preached the gospel of woman suffrage. At last our country had recognized its need of us. Now we were a part of it.

I found myself working with the same enthusiasm I had felt when working for the vote, with this difference: Then my ideal was of the future. Now it was of the present. I was living it. I was sensing my government through my party; my country through my government. Of course. Was it not through the parties that we selected the governing officials of our great country? And I was serving just as I had dreamed I should. Always that was one of the heartbreaks in the old days of women's unenfranchisement. I was denied this privilege of service.

Travel was becoming easier with each year, but the Ozark hills were yet formidable in spots, and again I travelled by pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carious methods, taking a deep joy in their hardships.

Finally the campaign plans were completed. It was found that the committee would spend a certain amount on the women's work, and my last five months were provided for. My expenses were paid, my routes planned and dated from headquarters. I had gained party recognition. I was a party worker, a member of the speakers' bureau. I had arrived.

Toward the end of the campaign a seasoned old-timer asked me what I wanted. I didn't know what he meant. "What are you going to ask for if we win?" he elaborated. "Ask for?" I repeated blankly. "Sure," said he, "there'll be patronage to distribute. What job will you ask for?"

"Job?" I again asked blankly.

"That's what I said." He was losing patience. "Of course you've had this in mind all the time. If not, why have you worked like the devil all these months?"

"I love my party," I said. "And my country. I want to serve."

"Well, that's rich," he laughed scornfully.

"Isn't that why men work for their parties?" I asked.

"Not on your tintype," he said. "Usually, they know what they're going to get out of it before they move a peg or turn a wheel. That's politics. Say!" he laughed again, "ain't that like a darn fool woman?"

I suppose I had been green, but that was the first intimation I had had of that kind as to reasons for men's interest in politics. I was reared in a remote section. I had married young. My babies had come close together. My business experience had not brought me close to political people. My suffrage work had been writing, speaking, organizing. Some one else had come in contact with the men termed "politicians." I accepted all persons in high positions as men of superior talents, men actuated by high motives, men who served their country regardless of personal inconvenience and hardship. I told him something of this.

"Well," he said grudgingly, "there has been such men, I reckon, and I don't say there ain't any now, but don't bank on it too big. Not too big."

Well, we did elect a Republican governor in 1920, the second time such a thing had happened in Missouri since Civil War days. This governor wished to show his appreciation of the work the new voters had done by recognizing some one who had worked in the campaign, and in looking over the situation some one mentioned me.

Years ago, at least thirty, an Illinois governor had put a woman at the head of a State department as its executive and member of his cabinet, before women voted. It was fitting that a sister State, divided merely by a thread of water, should bestow such an honor upon women, now that they were voters. There were persons, mostly men, who held up their hands in horror at the idea of a woman at the head of a State department. They declared that it was "no place for a woman." (The words had a familiar sound.) But Missouri's governor had a mind of his own.

I was down on the farm when the message was telephoned out to me from the county-seat, to which it had been transmitted from the nearest telegraph-station. I was weeding the tomato-patch when I went in to answer the telephone, and the first emotion I experienced as the telegram was read to me was a feeling of thankfulness that I had done my political work from a sense of duty and the joy of service without ever a thought of reward.

As the head of a department I have had to learn what people usually mean by politics and politicians. A large volume could be written on these two words, the fine original meaning of them as compared to their present-day interpretation. It is my belief that women will help, gradually, to restore them to their old high standard. "Politics," the science of government, and "politician," a student of this noble science.

My department, Industrial Inspection, is a sort of buffer between the employer and employee, between capital and labor. It was interesting to see with what dubiousness I was looked upon at first—a woman head of a State department.

Among my first callers was a representative of union labor and an attorney representing large business. Each wished to know what my policies were going to be toward those he represented, and I said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to each that the legislature of my State had settled that problem for me. The lawmaking body of Missouri had given certain laws to the department for their enforcement, and that the enforcement of these laws with absolute fairness to everybody concerned was the only policy I had. As to whether I was able to live up to this was best answered in 1925, when both labor and capital asked our new and third Republican governor since the Civil War that I be appointed to succeed myself in another four years' term.

But all this is merely a prelude to the real story. Here is the thing I started out to tell: In 1924, with all of this experience back of me, I was asked to make a try for Congress. I had letters from women living in every section of the State, and finally those of my own district decided I must make the beginning. Somebody, they argued, must start it, and I was no better than any one else. I had to be the goat. They would help me all they could.

And then as I had opportunity I saw certain men of my district, those looked upon as party leaders. The women had expressed their sentiments, and I wished now to know what the men thought of my candidacy. I experienced no fear of them, however. They all knew how hard I had worked. They had not forgotten, I was sure, how I had dragged in voters to get them all elected. They would remember it. They were appreciative. I had a picture in my mind's eye of the welcome they would extend me, how they would rally round and work for me and discourage other possible primary candidates. I was almost sure to have a clear field.

The Democrats up in another district had defeated a woman in 1922, but that was because they were Democrats. My party would never treat me like that. These good friends of mine would be right back of me. They had been very appreciative.

Yes, they had. But that was when I was working for them or their candidates. This was different. A woman was asking for something they wanted for a man.

I had the shock of my life. From suave, appreciative office-seekers, these men suddenly became cruel, cold politicians in the sense of the present-day understanding of the word.

One of these was big, red-headed Dave Roberts, the jolliest, best fellow in the world—when things were going his way. There was a sneer on his big face when I called on him.

"Taking yourself mighty serious, ain't you? Funny about women that way. Plumb serious. But let me tell you something: You won't get 500 votes in this entire district of eleven counties." His laugh was ugly.

"But," I said, when I could find my voice, "what a strange way to treat me. Why?"

"We don't want a woman. That's why."

"Isn't that rather short-sighted? How can you expect women to take an interest in politics," I asked him, "if you men are going to treat us like this?"

"Damn their interest," he roared. "Who's asking 'em to be interested? Why, woman," he said, "you're wasting your time and your money. And it'll ruin you, absolutely ruin you. You'll be out of politics forever after."

"But it doesn't ruin men to try for office and fail," I argued, and I mentioned the most beloved man in our district who had once tried for Congress and had failed in the primaries. "It hasn't hurt him," I said.

"It's different with women," declared Dave, with his arrogant, knowing air. "You'll be stone-dead, and, as I just said, you won't get 500 votes. Even the women won't vote for you—if they vote."

"Your wife won't, probably," I told him, "but maybe all men are not like you. Somebody ought to write you up. The truth ought to be told about you."

"Maybe you better try it yourself," he stormed, "and just see how far you'll get."

I talked with a woman of Dave's county. "The men are lovely to us," she said, "just before a campaign and while it is on. Their solicitation is overwhelming. We are the darlingest things that ever happened. Then when it is all over, Dave and his crowd arise, pull down their vests and the corners of their mouths and say: 'Thank you, ladies, thank you. We greatly appreciate your hard work. And now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just go way back and sit down till we need you again.'"

Over in another county was Bondy Samuel. Bondy is very temperamental, which is another name for temper. In fact, Bondy seems so peeved most of the time that one wonders how it is going to be possible to keep from hurting his feelings.

Bondy was sentimental that day. He loved the ladies, God bless 'em. If he could, he would shield every single one of them from the chill of this unfriendly world. It wasn't the place for women, politics wasn't. Oh, maybe in a hundred years it would be different, but the time was not yet ripe. He called on Bill to back him up in this opinion, which Bill did. Bill was over in Bondy's county on business and was mighty glad to meet me. But Bondy was right.

A woman in Bill's county said something I had heard other women say. "Sure as the world," she declared sorrowfully, "it's all going to force women into an organization together. I don't want to see it, but when it does happen, the men will have nobody but themselves to blame."

And there was Kay Ralls—Kay with the eyes of a child and the mouth of a cynic. Kay gave me a long dissertation on the rottenness of the political parties. He told me where the country was going and what the world was coming to. Our party didn't have a ghost of a show this year, anyhow, he said, and it was a bad time for me to try. "Even a man cannot be elected this time," he assured me. "He will merely martyr himself for the sake of the ticket."

"Let me be the martyr," I begged. "The women want me to make the try, and I am willing to do so, opportunity or no opportunity, and if there is no chance for a Republican in our district this year, why bring out a man to oppose me?"

He shook his head. "No. We don't want a woman even to try. This is a man's game."

"Tell me something," I replied. "Is that your only objection? Do you think me unqualified?"

"No. We all know you are qualified. We just don't want a woman. That's our only objection."

"How long," I asked, "do you suppose you will be able to make that objection serve your purpose?"

"If you want the brutal truth," he replied, "it will be forever. We don't want you."

And Farry Jackson. Farry told me they wouldn't be in any hurry about bringing out somebody against me. They didn't need to. It wouldn't be hard to find a man that could beat a woman, and they aimed "fer to beat" me. He ended with the information that nobody would vote for a woman, not even the women. "This is something," he said, "that is fer men only."

It was a woman in Farry's county that had some decided ideas on women in politics and their problem of election to worth-while places. "It will be," said she, "when men leaders will join together in the support of a woman candidate with the same enthusiasm that women support men. A woman will work herself to a shadow for a man candidate, but let this same woman ask for something and note the actions of the men." She paused a moment, sighing, and continued: "You're going to get some men's votes. A good many of them. Even some of the leaders are big and just; but mostly the men who vote for you will be the substantial citizens who are not looking for political favors and cannot be bossed by those that do."

Our State convention was held that year in Springfield, and the man they had selected "fer to beat" me sent in his "consent to run" on that occasion.

It was interesting to watch the proceedings. The man who brought the news was followed by the district crowd (men) to a room somewhere. I chanced to be where I could see them. I knew them all and could read the countenance of each as he passed. There was great glee. They had selected their man.

I was entitled, as a State official, to sit on the platform at this convention, but I didn't dare leave my district delegation. Even as it was, Dave, under the pretext of talking about something else, managed to stand up and make a speech against me. It wasn't the time or the place, but that didn't seem to count. And again he assured me that I would be a political ruin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when it was all over. (I have not seen Dave since my reappointment by our present governor.)

At the last moment, fearing that maybe there was a shadow of an opportunity for me and deciding that no chances should be taken, the old trick of a third candidate was hit upon. The third candidate was from my own county. Of course. What could be better than to divide the vote of my home county? Also this third candidate was a farmer; so was I. Fine! That would divide the farm vote in the other ten counties. The third candidate also was dry. Good! This would divide the dry vote, and although he is said to have declared that he wasn't quite so dry as the woman candidate, when seeking votes in the wet spots, still it was generally understood that he was a dry candidate.

Well, the campaign was on. The primaries were held in August and I took my vacation in July. A member of my family drove for me. Henry (that's our "car") is, for his kind, peculiarly constructed. We removed the front seat, and by swinging the back one to the front, there was a nice space left for a camping outfit. At night we let down the back of the tonneau and rolled out the mattress. We always contrived to stop beside a convenient stump, plentiful in the Ozarks, and when all was ready we completely covered the whole with a large canvas. This gave us privacy, and the stump held up the outer side of the canvas into a dressing-room.

Although Dave and Bondy and the rest of them told everybody all the time how easy it was going to be to defeat a woman, just because she was a woman, they continued to suffer considerable uneasiness. Even the third candidate might not suffice. A delegation called upon the then governor and urged him to "call her off." They should have known that I had talked with the governor about it before announcing, but they didn't seem to. Anyhow, they wanted me "called off." But I wasn't. Others of this former governor's administration were trying for different offices. He couldn't select me out from the others. That scheme, therefore, didn't work. But there were other schemes. For instance, there were district men employed as deputies by the various State departments, who were stationed near their homes. All these deputies, as they travelled about over the district, at the State's expense, went armed to the teeth with propaganda against a woman for Congress. I wrote each of them and suggested that it didn't look well for members of the administration to go armed against another member of the administration without a better reason than theirs. A deputy of my own department worked in that territory, but I kept him out of it during my campaign. Nobody should have it to say that I used any of the State's forces to further my own ends.

The State child-labor laws come under my jurisdiction. There was an organization in St. Louis that opposed me because of my strict enforcement of these laws and their fear that I might support the national child-labor amendment if elected. Consequently this organization sent down two paid workers to campaign against me.

I wonder that I got any votes at all. Here was this great armed and organized force, paid campaigners, State deputies, political leaders, all arrayed against one woman who couldn't at best secure more than 500 votes, merely because she was a woman and refused to apologize for it. Not once did I ask anybody to vote for me because of it. All I asked was that nobody vote against me because of it.

But it was like hitting my head against a stone wall. The covert sneers, the open antagonisms, the cold replies all told the story. I was into it, however, and if I didn't get more than 500 votes, I would, at least, know that I had made a clean campaign and it would help some other woman at some other time.

My district lies just south of St. Louis, and extends in one place within one county of the Arkansas line. In one of the counties nearest the city there are a great many well-to-do German farmers, but, with all their advantages, some of them still have Old World ideas about women. A young man of their county-seat who was married the autumn before had a protest from one of them.

"Boy," he said, "for vy you gets married in the fall? Vait till sphring. A woman can earn her keep in the summer-time, but in the winter she's a dead expense."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And that, Mrs. Wing," said the young man as he told me the story, "is what some of the voters in this county think of women. Do you imagine that they will vote for a woman?"

"But about their women?" I questioned.

"Most of them," he said, "are not interested. Their men see to it that they are not."

That same evening we went into camp near a road that ran by a farm owned by a man who had inherited it from his father, who in turn had inherited it from his father, who had pioneered to Missouri from Virginia long before the Civil War. There were three grown sons and the father and mother, five voters, all Republicans. There was no Old World influence in their background. "Here," I said, "are the kind of people I can depend upon." And when we had had our supper we went over to sit on the porch and visit.

"No," said the head of the family. "We shore ain't goin' to vote fer ye, but I cain't tell you why without hurtin' your feelin's."

"You can't hurt my feelings," I said. "They're past hurting, and I should like to know."

"I shore hate to say it," he said again, "but if you're bound to know, I'll tell ye: It's my opinion, my candid and honest opinion, that women jist ain't gotter nuff sense."

I followed his wife to the garden when she went to gather lettuce for the sandwiches I was buying of her. "If I was to go to the 'lection," she remarked, "I'd vote as I please."

"You'll go, won't you?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "We ain't got a horse on the place that is broke for a woman to ride, and the road to the schoolhouse is too bad for the car."

"But you have wagons?" I suggested.

"Yes, but him and the boys will want to go horseback, and it's too far for me to walk."

"But," I said, unbelieving, "don't your men-folks provide a way for you to go?"

"Men-folks don't fix a way for women to go no place where they don't want 'em," she said.

I heard a good deal of talk as I went about, against the system that permits a candidate to make a try without the consent of leaders and would-be leaders. The primary, they said, was all wrong. What they wanted was the good old days when a select few could get together and make a slate, hand it to the parties and the populace, and say: "Here it is. Swaller it."

"But," I ventured to say once, "where would women come into it if it were done that way?"

"They wouldn't come into it. We could get rid of 'em if it wasn't for this primary business, or we could put in women that nobody would want, which would amount to the same thing."

This was very illuminating.

An interesting opinion was registered by a hanger-on about the court-house of a county-seat I visited. The official was out, but this man sat in his chair with his feet on the desk. Brownish juice of the native home-cured product ran down the corners of his mouth. I handed him my campaign card.

"Sometimes I'm with your party," he said, "and sometimes I ain't. Depends on who thinks my vote is worth the most to 'em."

Also illuminating.

He turned to gaze meditatively out through the window. "And now with women——"

He half turned, aimed a mouthful at a pattern in the streaked paper on the wall, and tried again: "Women," he said savagely, "is like a free nigger. You've got to keep 'em in their place."

More illumination.

Well, finally, it was all over and the votes counted. My number went up to more than 32,000; the third candidate, the man from my county, secured 35,000, while the man who won secured 48,000. Two-thirds of the third candidate's votes would have come to me if he had stayed out. But, of course, he didn't stay out. It was a well-laid plan and it worked exactly as it was expected to work.

Well, the next thing on the programme was to see how the defeated woman candidate would take it. Everybody knew that women were bad losers. All the men said so, and some of the women, hearing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the men say so, knew that it must be true. And so, at the district meeting following the primary, it was noised all about that this defeated woman was there to throw cold water on the campaign of the party's candidate for Congress. Wasn't that just like a woman?

"Just like a woman" is one of those jewelled sayings started in cave days and handed down throughout the ages. "Woman is woman's worst enemy" is another. When the male found that he could wield the biggest club and hit the hardest blows, he laid the groundwork for his own reputation.

Discerning the fact that human nature is much the same regardless of sex, the males got together in convention, made up a slate of slogans, and dished them out to their world in troughfuls.

"Just like a woman." "Woman is woman's worst enemy." They grunted their satisfaction, added the mother-in-law joke, and rested. They had beat the women to it; their own reputations were secure. They would add other slogans from time to time and say them, over and over, till the world accepted them. The women, deluded, would help.

Thus have the unlovely characteristics of both men and women been fastened upon women. And now a new slogan has been added: "Women won't vote for women."

I began to think they weren't going to call on me for a speech at this district meeting, but finally the scared chairman, taking his life in his hands, asked if I would say a few words. I did. Dave and Farry and Kay and Bondy and Bill were all there, all waiting to dodge the bombshell they expected. Hadn't they been in politics all their lives? Didn't they know all about the antics of defeated candidates? They had been defeated candidates themselves, and a woman——

But what was this! Could they believe their ears? Here was this defeated candidate—a woman—offering her services as a campaign speaker and saying that she wished to help elect the man that had won the nomination.

Whoever heard of such a thing! They got their heads together, nodding sagely. What was she after, anyhow? Nobody ever heard of anybody offering to help elect anybody else at any time whatsoever that didn't have his hand out for something or everything.

Just a good loser? Impossible. There wasn't any such thing.

Unselfish service? No, sir! No such thing as that, either.

You couldn't tell them! They knew.

Circumferences

BY MARK VAN DOREN

SWALLOW'S wings
In the day are swift—
And the hawk's drop,
And the lark's lift,

And mice's feet
That run to cover,
And the sidewise look
Of a jealous lover;

Light is racing
Round the seas;
And thought can distance
All of these.

But faster yet—
And what beyond?—
Is the curving edge
Of a quiet pond,

Or any arc
As soon as drawn,
That seems to sleep—
And plunges on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harold Hires a Band

BY BYRON DEXTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THERE was a far-away look in Harold's eyes. I became uneasy immediately. Before Harold was married that look used to be there often, a wistful focussing of blue eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles upon some distant and breathless image. When Harold contemplated the great intangibles something happened, something cataclysmic, always and suddenly.

We were sitting on one of the stone benches in the little park at 59th Street, before the Plaza, listening to the fountain, and promising ourselves that as soon as this cigarette was finished we would go back to the office. Harold was curled up in his favorite position, his heels under his hips, and his elbows on his knees, the picture of demure repose. The old Irishman whose job it is to keep the little robber-barons of the adjacent East Side from walking away with parts of the Plaza Square would never suspect, I told myself, that this young man beside me, this very studious-looking young man, is planning blithe anarchy.

Opposite us, roosted upon a wisp of steel six stories above Fifth Avenue, like a bird on a wire, a man was plucking glowing rivets out of the air with a bucket. His mate, standing upon another narrow girder thirty feet away, threw them with a pair of tongs. Tossing and catching, they leaned out on empty air as if the law of gravitation had been amended to permit the erection of large hotels.

Harold watched the mad game with quiet approval. Suddenly he untwined himself, and stamped upon his cigarette.

"Luther," he began (unfortunately, that is my name. My mother gave it to me, you see. Mothers do that sort of thing more than they should.) "Luther," and his voice was casual, yet definite, as if he were about to ask for a match, "I want a German band."

"Harold, you promised Helen that you would not get drunk for a year. And you have only been married eight months. Besides, I have work to do this afternoon."

He seemed a trifle hurt.

"Who said anything about wanting to get drunk? I said I wanted a German band."

"It amounts to the same thing," I observed, remembering Harold's surprising past.

"It does not. I want a German band, and nothing but that. Will I have to go look for it alone?"

"Don't be nasty," I told him. "My job has been risked so often for your sake that it is used to it. But if you can hold yourself back for five minutes, I shall be glad to listen politely while you give me an explanation, some fairly sane explanation, of what you intend to do with your band."

He disposed of me briefly.

"Bill Brierly was married in Butte, Montana, last month, and I want the band for him."

"That makes it perfectly clear," I told him courteously; "you wish to send him a German band, to play at his house-warming. How charming! But are you sure that even a resident of Butte, Montana, will not be somewhat surprised when the express company unloads its consignment of musical Germans upon his front lawn? Or has Mr. Brierly asked you to furnish the music for the party? If that is the case, I regret that I do not know so original and ambitious a Westerner."

"You're an awful jackass, Luther," was Harold's only reply.

"I admit that under your influence I frequently feel that I have a somewhat slack grip on my sanity. Your sense of comedy bewilders me. And now let's walk down the Avenue in the direction of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those blue-prints for our mutual friend Joseph Clary's new house." It was a brave attempt at whistling in a graveyard, for a moment ago I had seen Harold observe infinity.

He studied me as if the color of my necktie pained him.

"How do you think you'll ever be an architect, Luther? You have no imagination." He seemed quite cut up about it.

"Never mind," I soothed him. "I'll go back to the office and work hard, and perhaps I can learn to be a good draftsman."

"Bill Brierly," he declared, "was a buddy in the 9th Infantry, a first loot. We were on the Rhine together for six months after the armistice. Every night we used to go to one of those German beer-gardens and listen to the music."

"Is that all you did?" I put in.

"We drank beer, dark beer, in steins. There was a little girl who used to bring it to us. She had curly brown hair."

"Just the color of the beer," I breathed lyrically.

"She was all right," he declared warmly.

"I'm sure she was. So was the music, after the first six steins."

"The music? Oh, yes. Good music, too. Bill liked the German bands even more than I did. He used to get them to play special pieces for him."

"What were they?" I asked, hoping for a clew to Bill.

"Just band music. I've forgotten their names."

"You were busy with the beer?" I suggested.

"Well, perhaps. That was before I met Helen, you know, and it was wonderful beer, wonderful."

"Not quite so much enthusiasm, Harold. My mouth is dry from cigarettes."

"A month ago Bill got married, out in Butte. He wanted me to come out, and I wanted to go like the deuce. I haven't seen him since we landed in New York. But I couldn't stand the tax. I wrote him, though, to let me know when he hit the city again, and I told him I'd welcome him with a German band. Well, he gets in to-night, and for heaven's sake come along and help me find one. It's almost three o'clock now." He rose to go.

I made one last effort to discourage him.

"There's no use in my telling you that you're crazy, my son, but is it necessary to assume that your friend Mr. Brierly is? Or that he has a crazy wife? In short, that he expects to be met with a band?"

"Oh, he doesn't expect it. It'll be a surprise."

"Harold, your insight is amazing," I replied weakly.

In the last eight months I had forgotten a bit how his mental processes worked when he had that far-away look.

"Now that it's all settled that we must have the Germans upon us again, have you any idea where in this great American city you are going to find a properly furnished beer-garden to ravish?"

"How little you know of your native home," he said, pitying me. "Haven't you ever been on Second Avenue? Haven't you ever heard the bands that play there, on the corners? We'll cruise around and find one." He stopped a taxi, and we climbed in. From now on, I knew, Harold was steering the ship. My only excuse for existence was to be ready to heave an anchor when the breakers sounded. They would.

Harold directed the driver with great simplicity.

"Drive up Second Avenue until you come to a German band."

Perhaps I was the demented one, after all, for the driver accepted the command with as little consternation as if he had been told to go to the Grand Central Terminal.

At 63d Street the red traffic light flared just as we cleared the cross-walk. Our driver, true to the traditions of his fraternity, stepped on the gas. A police whistle obtruded persuasively, and a large Hibernian policeman was at our running-board. The Hibernian had lunched with indifferent success, I think. Perhaps his wife had scolded him. None of the soul-stirring oratory with which policemen are wont to enrich the monotony of such enforced halts was forthcoming. Outraged blue eyes, red jaw, and white mustache flung themselves at our driver like a banner.

"Where's y'r license?" No doubt about it, this policeman meant business.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How I loved him!

An hour or so in a precinct station-house would be just the thing to split Harold's dream into manageable fragments, and the unusual and unexpected beauty of the thing was that somebody else was being arrested. I leaned back restfully while the driver fumbled in his pockets.

Alas for optimism! Harold opened the door, stepped out, and smiled in the friendly fashion he has.

"Officer," he said, "have you seen a German band?"

Six feet of law wavered, closed ranks, and charged.

Presently. "No, officer, I deny that I am anything of the sort," said Harold firmly. "I am asking you a serious question." And he repeated it. Harold would be an excellent man for the job of picking out old newspapers from under the third rail of the subway.

"And I'm givin' you a serious answer. Gettehell in that cab." He addressed the driver concisely. "There's a station-house around the corner."

I stepped in front of the indignant Harold, and saluted respectfully. "I'm sorry that we're blocking traffic this way, officer," I began with sincerity.

"Come on, get in," he ordered.

"As one gentleman to another, officer," I said earnestly; "do you smell anything on our breaths?"

He sniffed, and was lost.

"My friend wasn't disrespectful," I continued, "we really want to find—er—what he asked you about. You see, it's this way. My friend here is engaged to a girl." The Hibernian softened. "You know what women are, officer." The white mustache lifted above a grin. "Well, this girl is going to have a party to-night, and she told my friend to hire a band to play for the guests. That's all there is to it. You wouldn't disappoint her, would you?"

Our policeman's indigestion was much improved after his vigorous workout.

"Why didn't you say so before?"

He became confidential. "I've never seen any Dutch band down around here, but try up around the breweries in the Bronnix." He admonished our driver gently. "Watch the red light, after this, see." And a blast from the whistle sent us off.

We discovered a German band when we were three blocks away from it. How I missed hearing it on the other side of Central Park, when the wind was from the east, I cannot explain. Probably I had translated it in terms of building construction.

Our driver sliced through the hive of children in the street, and we slid overboard into the most brutal waves of sound that have ever beaten upon my head. Four musicians there were. Beside them a regimental band would have been a violin solo. One was a great mountain of a cornettist, with a blue visored cap, a coat with four brass buttons, and a pair of striped gray trousers that stopped abruptly half-way down his shins, leaving his white socks naked before the world. Another man had a trombone. He was battered, like his instrument, with little watery eyes that screwed up when he blew hard. The top of his head dropped like a precipice into the back of his collar. The man with the saxophone was evidently an accident. He was neither a German nor a bandsman. His attitude was deplorably unmartial. He hung his head, and tapped a broken patent-leather shoe on the tarry pavement. But the fourth member of the organization made good his shortcomings. Perhaps he was five feet high. Over and about him, surrounding him on all four sides like a shiny serpent, was a monstrous horn. No conventional, union-rate instrument this, but the real thing—a genuine, imported, inimitable oompah, a horn among horns, grotesque, gigantic, inescapable. The man's small, square head topped the awesome mouth of the thing by a scant three inches. His cheeks ballooned vastly; he tipped forward on his toes, getting his whole body behind the punch. Not for him were the little urchins of the East Side making their mocking gestures. His soul was in his art. Heedless of his surroundings, of the tempo of the piece, of the tune, he concentrated his five feet of Teutonic seriousness on blowing into that oompah. He was successful. He was the band.

Harold's eyes were shining. The clouds had opened at last, and his vision was plain before him. An atmosphere of beatific peace was about him even as the giant horn was about the little man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the last note had gone up to mingle with the sweet song of the elevated railway, Harold accosted the cornettist, who was circulating the cap with the blue visor among the unresponsive children. Half a dollar in the cap brought the man to attention.

"Danke schön."

Harold made the modest gesture of an accustomed patron of the arts.

"Is this your band?" said he.

The man acknowledged them—dilapidated trombone, alien saxophone, magnificent oompah—with a wave.

"Ja!" he answered proudly.

"I want you to play for me to-night. Two dollars apiece for the evening. All right?"

"Ach; ja wohl," the leader agreed with cordiality.

"Can you be on the corner of Broadway and 69th Street, at half past six?" The cornettist looked puzzled.

"He's never been on Broadway, Harold. You're corrupting him," I suggested.

"Do you know how to get to Broadway and 69th Street?" Harold asked him.

"Yeh," said saxophone, "I know."

"Fine. Stand on the corner, and when you see me, play some music."

"What we play?" said the cornettist.

"Anything you want to—but play it good and loud."

I drew him up the street before he could give any more encouragement.

"It's a real German band," he confided to me ecstatically. "Did you hear it?"

I slapped the side of my head to stop the ringing in my ears, the way we used to do in the army after the big ones went off. "I am almost positive that I did," I replied. "But you seemed to have changed your plans. I thought you were going to meet Mr. Brierly with the band when he arrived. Why did you tell your musicians to go to the corner of Broadway and 69th?"

"He's staying at the St. Katherine, up there. It will be more of a surprise if I postpone it."

"You're going to serenade him? What a fine old-fashioned thought! I rather wish you would touch off your dynamite at the Pennsylvania Station, though. One can do things in a railroad-station that are more difficult on Broadway. Kiss a girl, for example."

"I object to the association of ideas," he said primly. "You have a low mind, Luther. This isn't going to be that kind of a party at all. I'm married."

"Marriage has made you so unimaginative," I complained.

But Harold was silent, staring ahead with that same contemplative expression that had warned me down in the park. Abruptly he stopped, and seized my arm.

"We really ought to have just one, Luther," he declared wistfully. "Don't you think we really ought? It's your first German band, isn't it?" His voice was eager and hopeful. "I know a good place over on Madison Avenue. I think we ought to celebrate finding the band."

I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock.

"The evening is starting well," I told the little old woman who was guarding the news-stand on the corner.

"Evening papies," she replied politely.

II

By five o'clock the evening had gained considerable momentum. By five-thirty it was tearing past. At six Harold and I left Madison Avenue in a taxi.

"Harold, you are perfectly sober, aren't you?" I asked as the car dived into the Fifth Avenue traffic.

"'S damn shame I am," he responded. "'S even worse that you are. Your first German band, too," he added reproachfully.

Whether he upbraided me further for my sobriety I am not sure. I was busy applauding our driver, who had executed a masterly nose dive over the front fender of a bus, had cleared the windshield of a limousine in his stride, and come to earth with a crash as traffic halted.

We paused at Harold's apartment long enough to pick up Helen. Helen is unusually sensible for so lovely a girl. But I had some small misgivings when I saw her already dressed, and prettily too, in a silver dancing-frock. It was quite apparent that she had planned one kind of an evening. It was equally plain that Harold had prepared another.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by R. M. Brinkerhoff.

The man acknowledged them—dilapidated trombone, alien saxophone, magnificent oompah—with a wave.—Page 304.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harold was characteristically enigmatic.

"Ev'thing's all right, Helen—absolutely all right. Luther says so," he announced, as Helen opened the door.

She looked at me doubtfully. "Luther should know," she replied after a moment. I had an uneasy feeling that she hadn't finished the sentence. Some wives are not realists when they have been married only eight months. The imaginative among them are sometimes given to projecting their husbands' peculiarities upon the husbands' bachelor friends.

I shied off a step, and intimated as gracefully as possible that I thought my presence no longer necessary. Harold gathered me firmly under one arm, and Helen under the other.

"Luther's coming with us," he said, as he pushed us into the elevator. "We've got to hurry."

Dear fellow—he didn't want me to miss the beautiful music.

As the taxi headed for Broadway, he addressed Helen confidentially.

"I've got a surprise for you, Helen, wonnerful surprise. Luther helped get it," he added with touching loyalty.

"You are too modest, Harold," I said determinedly. "All the credit is yours." I liked Helen and there was no use in my being suicidal.

"Another surprise like this one?" she retorted meaningly.

Harold was well fortified against sarcasm.

"Just wait," he said.

I thought of the oompah, and wilted against the side of the taxi.

It was 6.20 when we stopped in front of the St. Katherine. No band was in sight. Heaven grant they have lost their way, I prayed as we entered the spacious and dignified lobby. But remembering the enthusiasm of the cornettist when Harold dropped the half-dollar into the blue cap, and the unmistakable subway manner of the un-Germanic saxophonist, I was of little faith.

I found myself meeting Mr. Brierly, a tall, strongly built young man whose trim sack suit, starched collar, and dark tie strengthened the impression that a crisp, definite voice and gray eyes made upon me.

"Thirty-seven hundred dollars, F. O. B., Detroit," I decided. "Come to New York for the convention. Only the star salesmen get invited."

He shook my hand in a large, friendly grip. In my relief I liked him tremendously. The worst of my forebodings—that Bill and Harold should entertain ghastly different ideas of what was desirable in German music—vanished. After all, it was possible, I thought, that Harold and he had strayed into some Bavarian bierstübe where they had found music of the cyclonic proportions of our noble bandsmen, and that both of them, insulated by Rhenish spirits, had liked it.

Harold flung his arms about him with a splendid continental enthusiasm. Bill patted his shoulder.

"I'm glad to see you, Harold." The crisp voice was convincing.

Harold was too overpowered to observe the amenities, but Bill introduced Helen and me to his wife.

Mrs. Brierly was a surprise. She was one of the kind you don't realize aren't pretty until long after it is necessary for them to be. She responded to my greeting with a small nod, not offering to shake hands. Her voice had the inflection that sells fifteen-cent packages of cigarettes for a dollar at the Charity Ball.

Black hair waved back into a knot low on her neck, and her dress stopped happily a very brief interval below her knees. Mrs. Carolyn Brierly of a certainty fitted not at all into the Star Salesmen's Get-Together Picture.

I turned from her to study Bill with increased appreciation, but Harold, prancing with eagerness to be off, gave me small chance.

"We've got to go out to dinner, right away," he declared.

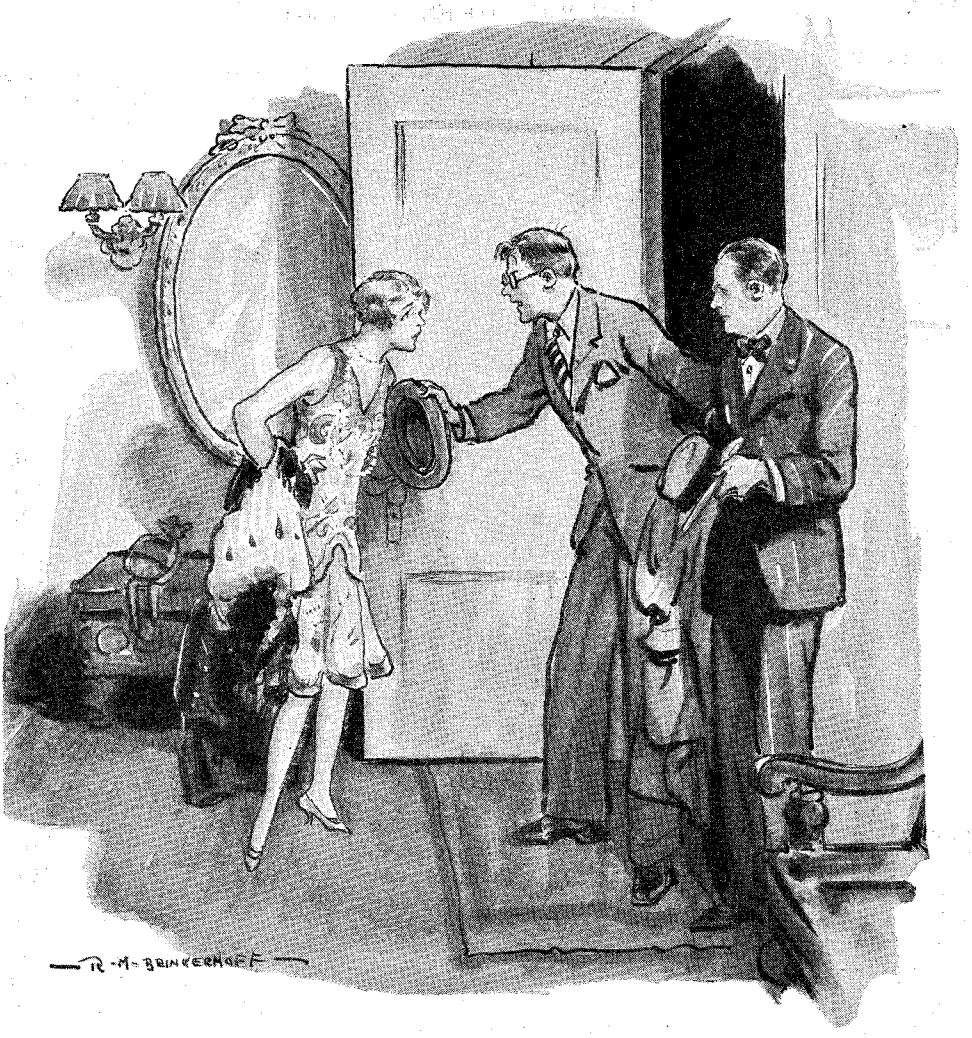
"What are you up to, old son?" said Bill, amused.

"He has a great surprise," said Helen. "Some idea that he and Luther worked out this afternoon." She was getting over *her* surprise splendidly.

"Lead on," said Bill, and we started for the street. I insisted on being polite, and left the elevator last. I knew what was coming.

It came. Oompah was there on the curb, flanked by the powerful cornettist and the worn but undefeated trombone. The saxophone yawned under the elbow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Ev'thing's all right, Helen—absolutely all right. Luther says so," he announced, as Helen opened the door. —Page 306.

of the blue jacket. Harold waved his hat, and the flood-gates of melody opened wide. I had my eye on Bill. Perhaps he swayed a trifle before the first crash, and who wouldn't? But he held bravely. Helen and Carolyn Brierly reeled back to the door of the hotel. I lost sight of them immediately, for all Broadway converged upon the spot. It takes possibly two minutes of staring at the top of a building to collect a sizable crowd in New York. Three minutes of Harold's German band, and traffic came to a dead stop at 69th Street. Clerks on their way home, family parties on their way to the movies, taxicabs, trolleys, venders of imitation pearls and silk socks, casual pedestrians, sailors from the dance-hall around the corner, Harold, the German band, and two policemen were milling around in a frenzied and happy riot. And triumphant above the clamor rose the wumpf, wumpf, wumpf of the valiant oompah.

The police stopped the party at length, and the throng departed as suddenly as it had come. I got to the curb as the majesty of the law was about to descend upon Harold's bewildered bandsmen.

"If you can't show me no permit I'll run you in," a sergeant of police was telling the cornettist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I promised you I would welcome you with a band—a real one,

Harold countered with a violent staccato passage.

"You will not. There's no law against music in New York. The band was giving a concert. I paid them for it. What's the matter with that?"

"There's a heluva lot the matter with it. Playing without a permit—holding a street meeting—obstructing traffic—and if you don't shut your mouth—resisting arrest."

Genius is always worth cultivating, I philosophized, but it would be so much nicer if Harold's undoubted talent could be devoted to some other purpose than getting himself and his associates into jail.

But Bill was a man of action. A psychologist too—all Grade A salesmen are.

"You are right, officer," he said. "You've got a perfect case against us. I'm Mr. Brierly." The sergeant was impressed. "The band isn't responsible, of course, because we ordered them to play here. This gentleman did, that is." Bill's voice was intimate, a bank president giving the inside information to the general manager. The officer was expanding magnificently. "The fact of the matter is, and I say it knowing that you will understand, that this gentleman was not quite himself when he gave the order. He meant to tell them to go inside the hotel."

"You mean he's drunk?" asked the sergeant, relenting appreciably.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," said Bill in the same confidential tone. "We're going to take him into his apartment in the hotel, as soon as we send away the band—if it's all right with you, officer."

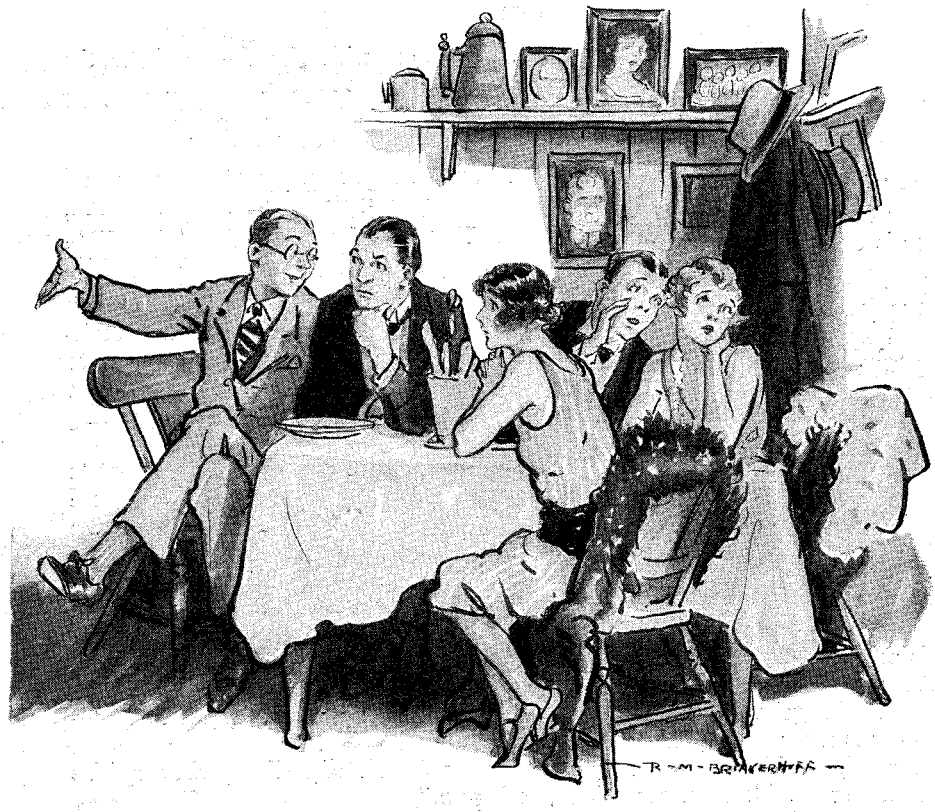
I made myself useful at last.

"Have a cigar, sergeant?" I suggested.

He accepted it, and thrust it into an inner pocket.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Take your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the kind we used to hear in Germany."—Page 310.

friend up to bed and it'll be all right. Come along, Tom," to the other policeman.

Bill wished him a pleasant good-night, and we retreated with Harold to the door of the St. Katherine.

Harold was very unhappy. His emotions were all twisted up. He wasn't sure whether he was angry, sad, disappointed, drunk, or hungry. Bill, the girls, and I emphasized the desirability of food over more music, and he finally decided that we were right. I named Callahan's as a destination, partly because Callahan's steaks are built along the lines of Bill's robust manhood, and partly because I realized how far Harold could go on the good running start that he had. Callahan and Harold were old admirers. It would be best to keep him among friends.

Harold paid his bandsmen, parting from them with a pretty tenderness. He shook hands all around, murmured kind words, lingered beside them as the rest of us piled into a taxi, and was separated from them only by the amazingly efficient Bill.

The visitor from Butte comforted him all the way to Callahan's. He agreed that German band music was incomparably the zenith of æsthetic pleasure, that New York policemen were sorry fellows not to know it, that Harold's bandsmen were nature's own noblemen and the equals, if not the superiors, of any Teuton musicians on the Rhine. An amiable and convincing liar was Bill. Indeed, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Brierly, sitting there with an air of aloof disinterestedness as plain about her as her cloak, I might have believed that he wasn't kidding Harold at all. Perhaps he liked the band. The Butte Rotary Club—and Bill belonged, of course—gets a trifle informal about noise, at moments. But Mrs. Carolyn Brierly and Ladies' Night at the Rotary Club? It didn't click.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

CALLAHAN'S is composed of a low-ceilinged room, five tables, and three doors. One door leads to the street; it has three large brass bolts and a double-snap lock; one door leads to the steaks; one door is on swinging hinges. Harold pushed through it at once—to see Callahan, he said.

"Perhaps, Mr. Brierly, you would like to meet Callahan?" I offered.

Bill smiled pleasantly.

"I'd rather eat," he said.

"Then let's order without waiting for Harold," I replied. "He and Callahan are old friends, and he may want to talk to him awhile."

"I think I'll go out and get him," Helen said, definitely. "He's had enough to drink now."

"Oh, let him enjoy himself," was Mrs. Brierly's advice.

"But he may produce another band," Helen objected sagely.

"Nothing is more likely," I agreed.

Bill laughed, but his expression for the tip of a minute was odd. Almost panicky, I thought. But impossible! Not the Bill Brierly whose Wall Street front had so impressed the sergeant of police.

I determined to kill the doubt that had been buzzing at my head all afternoon—the uncertainty as to whether it was music that Bill had heard and liked in Germany, or whether it was Harold's particular brand of symphonic hallelujah. Harold, of course, in his contemplative moods, knew not Wagner from "Ach Du Lieber Augustin." But Bill?

"Mr. Brierly," I began, "now that you've heard the band——"

Harold's sudden reappearance silenced my question. He flung himself down beside Bill.

"It's all right, Bill," he whispered dreamily. The table was silent with a sudden awful premonition.

I looked up to meet Helen's tragic gaze, conscious that Callahan had entered the room with Harold and was even now at the street door. The bolts rattled; a snap lock clicked. In came the band.

"Bill, I got them for you, and when they couldn't play up by the hotel, I told them to come here." Harold was tremulous with pride. "I promised you I would welcome you with a band—a real one, the kind we used to hear in Germany. What would you like to have them play?"

The band stood by, real as death.

Bill looked at his wife. There was no doubt of his pain now.

"They can't play in here, Harold," protested Helen. "We'll all be arrested."

"Not on your life," replied her dauntless mate, "I've fixed it with Callahan."

It was true. That genial host registered approval from one large red ear to the other. The few dinner guests were equally amused, glad of the impending and gratuitous diversion.

Carolyn Brierly made a brave effort to avert the tragedy. "The only piece I like," she said, "is Bach's Melody for the G string."

Harold winced. He turned upon her a look of hurt surprise. "But this isn't —" he began.

The little man leaned out of his horn. His great moment had come. His cropped head inclined majestically toward Mrs. Brierly:

"Bach? *Gnädige Frau, dass spielen wir gern.*"

And they played. Whether it was Bach or not, who can tell? They played while we carved up Callahan's steaks. They rested momentarily, and played again. The sound volleyed from wall to wall in the small, low-ceilinged room like a tennis-ball in a squash court. The room was constructed to allow no unwelcome guest from without to get in and no noise from within to get out. The builder had been nobly successful. Not a detonation escaped. I shut my eyes on a vision of Helen and Carolyn Brierly suffering rigidly, their fingers in their ears, while Harold waved on the band with one hand, and with the other embraced the stricken Bill.

Then abruptly, alarmingly, the carnage ceased. It seemed impossible that there should be quiet, but there was. The band had stopped. I opened my eyes. Harold had gone to sleep.

A man possessed, Bill drove us out of the place. The band was paid once more, and departed out of our shaken lives. Harold and Helen left in a taxi—Harold slumbering with cherubic innocence, while Helen guarded him with an expression slightly strained, and yet maternal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is something irresistible about Harold, even in his most contemplative moods.

Immediately Harold was safely on his way, Bill plunged up the street with never a word. His broad shoulders slanted against the night as a locomotive driving into the darkness. In a dozen steps, so it seemed, he was half a block away.

It was the final impossibility, and I was inclined to resent it. Harold, helpless in the clutch of a passionate and misdirected imagination, I had been able only to deplore. But the gesture of this efficient and obviously sane husband, abandoning his wife to a stranger with never an if-I-may, was consciously and intentionally upstage.

I felt that this fact ought to be pointed out to Mrs. Brierly. She might not thank me. But it would get home to Mr. Brierly much more poignantly than if I spoke to him directly. Even a bachelor comes to learn how these little matters go.

"Your husband does not like German band music, I'm afraid," I began pleasantly when we had entered a taxi.

"Do *you?*" she asked coldly.

"Confidentially, I do not," I replied. "Not possessing temperament, however, I am forced to observe a certain restraint in expressing my distaste. I am glad to see that Mr. Brierly is less inhibited."

"So am I," she said, with the refreshing directness one expects in Montana conversation.

"Mr. Brierly has the artistic flair, of course," I suggested amiably. "That would explain his success in business—the automobile business, I believe?"

She did not contradict me.

"The motor-car is the embodiment of the artistic spirit of the twentieth century, is it not?" I continued, glad to show my good-will. "It possesses such power, such simplicity, such——"

She interrupted me, with pity in her voice.

"Mr. Brierly has come to New York to be first violinist with the City Symphony Orchestra," she told me.

Prelude to Supper

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

Author of "Tides"

Illustrations by S. Ivanowski

THEY had been married three years and three months to the day; she reminded him of it by placing her hand over the calendar and asking him what had happened three years and three months ago. He stood, short, dark, and very grave, by the white kitchen table.

"I don't know," he said simply. "What?"

"Oh, you're impossible," she laughed and patted his arm. "Why, Everett knows, don't you, Everett?" She turned her pretty, dark, Spanish face toward their week-end guest, her old friend from home.

Everett Stone, tall, smooth-haired, with slanting eyes and long fingers, smiled wisely to himself. If he guessed correctly she would be pleased, if he guessed incorrectly there would be no situation—which he loathed. He waved the cigarette smoke aside as if to see better. "Why, you were married, Evadne. I can never forget that day!"

"There!" she sang, dancing toward Tom. "No imagination, no sentiment, nothing but nice old Tom. You don't even remember that day!" And, in her characteristically emotional manner that went so well with her Spanish face, she kissed him. "Stolid boy, I love you just the same."

Tom Richardson smiled briefly; then, turning to the stove, he said in a quiet voice: "Don't forget the sausages. They'll burn."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

It was very still—only the surge of the sea, the gray, tide-driven sea, that hurried past.—Page 315.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everett strolled leisurely to the window. Stupid old Tom; how did she ever marry him? The spruce-trees were tall and straight against the orange of a Maine sunset. Evadne was too spirited to waste on Tom, unemotional, matter-of-fact Tom; and maybe Evadne knew it. . . .

"What a sunset—gorgeous!" exclaimed Everett. "Look at that subtle lavender, so delicate."

"Oh, Everett!" Evadne stepped up beside him. "Beautiful—it makes me feel so—so like dying—like crying. Look, Tom; come here!"

Tom, mixing the batter for the pancakes, glanced at them; then he walked reluctantly to the window.

"Isn't it divine?" Evadne glowed—like the sunset.

"Yes, it's very pretty," said Tom. Then, wiping his hands on a dish-towel: "The griddle is hot, Evadne."

She turned quickly and for a moment stared blankly at Tom, her eyes cold, distant. "Excuse me, Everett, the griddle is hot."

Quite as capably as enjoying the sunset, Evadne greased the griddle, tested a spoonful of yellow, smooth batter.

"Did you put in the baking-powder?" Tom asked.

"Yes, dear." Evadne reached quickly, irritatedly, for the pancake-turner.

"There's not enough flour," Tom said, now standing over Evadne's shoulder, peering at the griddle. "Better put in more."

"All right, dear, but I put in all it said I should."

"You shouldn't go by the book, it's never right. Here, let me show you." Tom stepped closer.

Everett, standing with his back to them, smiled. Tom took the bowl quietly, always quietly, from Evadne's pretty hands. Stolidly he sifted in more flour. Slowly he added a pinch of salt.

"But, Tom," Evadne cried, her voice higher, "the book——"

"Yes, dear, I know—the book said one pinch of salt. I say two."

Evadne walked stiffly away. "I wish you wouldn't interfere. You always do on Annie's day out. I can get supper as well as she can. I didn't ask you to help me."

Tom mixed the batter again. "I think this will be better," and his voice was very pleasant.

Everett exclaimed: "Oh, look! The evening star in that pale, pale yellow."

Evadne started toward him, but as she reached the little white table she stopped and looked back at Tom, still puttering over the yellow mixing-bowl. She wished he would stop it. Why couldn't he let her do it herself? She was just as good at cooking as she was at acting. She wanted to show Everett how she had changed, how domestic she had become; because he once said she never could.

"Please, Tom, let me," she pleaded, but firmly.

Tom relinquished the bowl. He stood back watching, his eyes sharper, a red flush spreading from his neck up.

Everett stood by the window; he had turned and was watching without smiling, but his eyes were brighter, as if the thought of food was stimulating, or maybe, not food. . . .

Energetically Evadne stirred the batter. It was lumpy; bits of dough, like bubbles, would break, exploding dry flour. The batter was stiffer. She dropped the spoon and ran across the room to the cook-book; the pages were soiled by Annie's greasy fingers.

Tom watched her, his hands pushed into the pockets of his gray coat. Then he laughed.

Like a wildcat Evadne sprung at him. "Stop, stop, you drive me crazy! Go—go out—let me alone!"

"Why, Evadne, what's the matter?" Tom asked, now amazed.

"Get out, you—you always interfere. Leave me alone!"

Everett saw Tom, slow, stolid Tom, walk quietly to the door, open it, and go out. It closed a little too softly. He never said a word. The kitchen clock ticked, the griddle spluttered with burning grease, and Evadne turned the pages of the book. It was upside down.

He closed the door softly only because his gray coat caught in it. "I hate her," he said aloud to the tall, dark spruce-trees; and then: "She'll look for me here, by the cliff, where I always sit—I'll hide there, under that tree."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

Energetically Evadne stirred the batter. It was lumpy.—Page 313.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He walked swiftly, like a thief, along the dark path; past the gulch, where the waves broke in cruel, gray foam and sucking noises; past the white birch, and finally, ten feet from the cliff, he slunk into the shadows.

Across the tide-waters of Schoodic Bay the cape was black, like a charcoal line; the sky above was a soft, deep blue, arc-shaped against the pink, a million miles away. "That's the shadow of the world," he said and smiled. "How very perfect is that indefinite line that divides the pink from the blue."

The kitchen door slammed shut and he heard Everett's voice calling to him, but not loudly. "What an ass, a silly, sly ass. Evadne ought to be ashamed of herself leading him on." He didn't answer Everett's call. Then he heard Evadne's light, quick steps as she ran down the path. "Poor little Evadne, so incapable, so uncontrolled, so wonderful."

She called to him and muttered under her breath between sobs: "Oh, I'm sick—sick of it all. The fool!"

Tom, feeling the sob in her voice, wanted to call her to him—to hold her in his arms and say: "Dearest—dearest—Evadne, I love you, I love you and I'm sorry. I only laughed at us both, so helpless, so hopeless." Instead, he closed his jaw firmly and got madder. She sent him out of his own kitchen—out of his own house! She was wrong to show her temper, she was wrong to play Everett against him—slimy Everett—ugh! . . .

Evadne walked past him, sobbing. He could have touched that tan sport skirt so easily. She called again. And the silence after her voice was empty. Then she walked back, her skirt almost brushing his shoulder.

He didn't hear the door slam. It was very still—only the surge of the sea, the gray, tide-driven sea, that hurried past the cliff. Evadne! He wanted to call. He could hear Everett moving about the kitchen. She wasn't there. Evadne! He must go and see. But she couldn't have. . . . She was too sensible, and yet—wild, romantic Evadne—the same one he had found bathing, naked and white, in a California stream. The same Evadne, emotional and uncontrolled, he had fought for, won, and captured. But she couldn't have. . . . Awful! . . . Her white face under that gray water . . . her tan skirt bulging here and there with air pockets . . . her lifeless body, once so young, so quivering—now so still—moved only by the slow in and out of those waves. . . . Hideous! Impossible! . . . Then picking her up gently—God!—so tenderly! And her head would sway to one side, her lips falling away from her teeth, her white breasts cold and puckered, her legs awkwardly dragging—Evadne!

"Evadne," he called and ran to the cliff. She was gone. Her body was sucked away by the tide. "Evadne!" He climbed down the sharp, spray-wet rocks. Down until he felt the cold water touch his foot. Then he looked—she was gone! "Oh, Evadne, forgive me, forgive me. . . ." A night-bird flew overhead, its short squawk echoing his words.

He climbed up, and slowly walking back to the kitchen, he wondered why he felt that way.

Through the window he saw Everett standing over the stove and Evadne tasting a cake.

He came in. "If I wasn't hungry," he said gravely, "I wouldn't come back so soon. But I'm sorry, Evadne." And he kissed her lips, which were warm and tasted of syrup.

Everett looked at them and smiled. Stupid, unimaginative Tom and happy, captured Evadne.

Evadne laughed. "Nice old Tom, the cakes are great."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sifting Power of Cities

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "West of the Pacific," etc.

CITIES are a sign of energy, ability, wealth, and civilization. They are a result of these conditions, and likewise a cause of them. The first essential for the growth of a big city, or even of a small town, is people of special talents. In primitive societies such people may be petty chiefs who gather some of the abler people from the surrounding population and thus start little towns. They may be traders, artisans, artists, medicine-men, priests, and the like, who settle at the crossroads, where people can easily find them. In modern cities similar conditions prevail. One of the most essential features of a city is the special abilities and training of its people and their special adaptation to a great variety of occupations. The competent people gather around themselves a great number of others of less ability who work at their behest.

But does not the growth of cities depend primarily on the excellence of their harbors and transportation systems, and on the density of the population which they serve? This idea is common, but wrong. The harbors and lines of transportation determine the exact spot where cities shall be located; they also determine which of the cities in a given region shall grow fastest. But if a country is inhabited only by savages, or stupid peasants who neither buy nor sell, and who have no desire for improvement, the very best of harbors and the easiest lines of communication will never make a great city.

As to density of population, look at Java. On that tropical island 35,000,000 people—almost as many as in France—are packed into an area no bigger than Iowa and less than a quarter as large as France. The average square mile contains about 700 people, chiefly agricultural; and many sections contain far more. Yet Java's largest city, Batavia, has only 300,000 people, and the next, Soerabaya, barely 200,000. Now look at Australia. That continent has only two people per square mile; it contains only a sixth as many people as Java. Yet Sydney and Melbourne are cities of nearly a million people, while Brisbane and Adelaide rival the two greatest cities of Java. Australia is wealthy and progressive, Java poor and backward.

In the same way, South Carolina, with fifty-five people per square mile, has no city larger than Charleston with about 70,000 people; only 18 per cent of its people live in towns of over 2,500. California, on the contrary, with only twenty-two people per square mile at the last census, contains two of the world's great cities; almost 70 per cent of its people live in towns of at least 2,500. In Russia only about 16 per cent of the population is found in urban communities; in England 80 per cent. Turkey is far less urban than Germany, and China than Japan. Scores of similar comparisons might be made. In practically every case, if large units are used, the regions with small or few cities contain a large percentage of backward, inefficient people like the inert peasants of Russia, Turkey, and China, and the negroes who form over half the population of South Carolina. The places with a large proportion of city-dwellers contain an unusually large proportion of bright, energetic, progressive people.

The contrast between regions with few and many cities is as noticeable in different periods as in different regions. For example, European Russia contains only five cities of over 300,000 population. Five similar cities, with an almost identical population, are found in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland, although those States are only an eighth as popu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lous as Russia. In 1914 the Russian cities averaged much larger than the American. Russia's recent decline in wealth and culture and the extermination or banishment of a large proportion of the leaders have caused the great Russian cities to decline by about 35 per cent, which far exceeds the corresponding rural decline. That seems to be what usually happens when civilization decays. At first, to be sure, the cities may be flooded with country people, but soon they decline, as in Greece, Rome, Mesopotamia, and almost every other place where civilization has notably gone backward.

Does not this indicate that cities are a primary cause of civilization? Not at all. If such were the case, why should the greatest decline in civilization usually follow the greatest concentration in cities? Civilization is the result of human activity and intelligence, and cities are another result of the same cause. But let there be no misunderstanding. As soon as cities are established, they become secondary causes whereby civilization is urged forward with still greater rapidity. They are like tools. In fact, that is just what they are—the greatest tools of civilization. With them in his hand man can accomplish all sorts of things that would otherwise be impossible. But the tool is merely the means, not the cause, of the accomplishment.

If cities are such important tools, it is worth while to understand how they are formed and sharpened, and how they wear out. In a nutshell the general process, as almost every one knows, is this: Cities attract three main types of people; first, the bright, energetic type which possesses special talents; second, a multitude of the duller sort of laborers—the kind who feed automatic machines; and, third, the vicious and criminal elements. Fortunately, the attraction of bright minds appears to outweigh that of the dull. Unfortunately, however, the cities lower the birth-rate and raise the death-rate. This might be highly advantageous if the changes in both rates affected the intelligent people only a little and the unintelligent and vicious a great deal. But the fine types are the ones whose birth-rate is especially lowered, while their death-rate is probably raised almost as much as is that of the lower classes. And why not? Do they not keep late hours, live indoors, get little sun and fresh air, and spend a great deal of nervous energy on obviously useless things as well as on lowering the death-rate of the most worthless people around them? The net result is that the better classes in the cities tend to die out. The poorer classes either continue to increase, or more probably die out at a slower rate than do those of greater social value. Even in our own day cities are self-destructive, and in the past they have doubtless been far more so.

Let us look more closely at the process by which the brighter type of people are attracted to the cities. Let us also see what effect this has on the rural districts. "Who's Who in America" contains the best available record of the migrations of competent persons in the United States. The percentage of such persons is commonly supposed to increase according to the size of the towns in which they live. This is only half true. In the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota the number of persons in "Who's Who" per hundred thousand in communities of various sizes is as follows:

Rural population	3
Villages of 2,500 to 5,000	29
Towns of 5,000 to 10,000	28
Small cities of 10,000 to 25,000	25
Cities of 25,000 to 100,000	28
Cities of 100,000 to 300,000	30
Cities above 300,000	40

Similar figures prevail in other parts of the country. They indicate that the increase in competent people according to the size of the communities is not regular, but by steps, as it were. First there is a sudden jump from the rural population to the urban population, and second from the small or medium-sized cities to the large ones.

Let us see what the first jump means. It suggests that even when the urban quality is merely such as prevails in little towns of only three or four thousand people, it gives those towns a pronounced advantage. All over the United States, the truly rural population contains only a handful of eminent leaders, while in the larger villages the proportion is essentially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as great as in all except the largest cities. This sharp distinction between rural and urban appears to hold good almost everywhere and at all periods. Even the rigid caste system of India appears unable wholly to prevent it. In China it seems to be especially strong because famines promote active migration. Our easy transportation and communication and our many efforts to make farm life more attractive seem only to accelerate the drift from the country to the city.

This wide-spread cityward tendency throws light on many great problems of history. For example, it helps to explain why farmers are so often treated with contempt, why rural populations often play practically no part in history, why the farmers of the United States are chronically in a state of unrest, and why democracy succeeds in some countries and not in others.

The words peasant, boor, rustic, and even farmer convey a certain implication of inferiority. Many farmers are of a very high type; but the average farmer in most parts of the world is crude and rude compared with the average person in a centre of population. He possesses these qualities partly because he lives apart and has little opportunity to become polished, and partly because he and his ancestors have usually had relatively little of the versatility, energy, restlessness, or special talents which cause people to move away from the farms.

The constant sifting of the farm population by the cities seems to be one of the main reasons why old rural communities tend to be especially conservative, and hence play only a negative part in history. They show this in politics, in religion, in their ways of working, in education, and in all sorts of social practices. It is the country people of the United States among whom the literal, fundamentalist interpretation of the Bible is strongest. They are the backbone of the movement against the teaching of evolution, and against the entry of the United States into the League of Nations. It is these same rural people, especially the farmers who have been established for many generations, who are slowest to adopt the methods of modern industry and business.

The persistent loss of leaders and the resultant slowness and conservatism of the rural population go far toward explaining why the farmers are continually sacrificed on the altar of commerce and manufacturing. Our American farmers of the Middle West vie with the laborers in their insistent cry for special legislation. The manufacturers, merchants, professional people, and others who compose the bulk of the townspeople aside from the laboring classes, make no such constant clamor about legislation in their behalf, and about the discriminations against them. They do indeed want many privileges, but when the desire arises, they set to work and get them. But the farmers, like the laborers, are generally in difficulty, and rarely seem to get what they want.

One of the most important features of the loss of leaders by the rural districts is its bearing on democracy. We of the United States have supposed that we believe in democracy. But can true democracy flourish where large numbers of farmers, laborers, or any other group fail to think for themselves and to produce outstanding leaders? Such depletion has probably taken place on a large scale in almost every old country where the people have long been on the soil. That is presumably one reason why social classes have become so strongly intrenched in such countries, and why democracy is a farce in countries like Turkey and Russia. Even if the peasants are still capable of producing leaders in as large numbers as are the townspeople, those leaders do not stay on the farms even in Asia; they insist on becoming wanderers, caravan men, traders, artisans, pilgrims, scholars, and the like. Most of them become affiliated with the people in the towns and die out in a few generations. But democracy can permanently succeed only where there is relative equality among all the great groups of society.

What has just been said as to the effect of cityward migration does not apply to the farmers in all regions. Three distinct stages are recognizable, depending largely upon how long a region has been settled. Except under special circumstances, the migrant who settles in a new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home tends to be vigorous and progressive in comparison with the people among whom he has lived hitherto. It requires more initiative to settle on a pioneer farm than to go to the city. Thus in its first stages an agricultural population is relatively active, aggressive, and competent. Such farmers stand up against other occupations, they ask no special favors, and they get what they want. That stage is represented in the United States by California. There the farming population contains a large number of unusually competent people. It has organized itself into strong fruit-growers' co-operative societies and other well-managed organizations which meet the great commercial and industrial corporations on equal terms. This is possible, as I see it, because the California farmers have not yet been drained of their best men. Even if the leaders live in the towns, as most of them do, they are still identified with farming. That is partly because farming in the irrigated lands of California is especially pleasant and profitable. But the main point is that the California farmers are a picked lot, and have not yet suffered degeneration through the weeding out of their able people by the cities.

The second type of farmers consists of those who have been on the land several generations. The cityward migration of their abler elements has not yet taken away practically all the leaders, but enough have gone so that the average ability has been much lessened. Those who remain still struggle valiantly, and make a strong bid for public aid. They are still vocal through a few vigorous and able leaders who have not been seduced by the city, or by some other class of society. This seems to be the condition among the great farming States of the Mississippi Valley. Something of the pioneer condition still survives, there is much energy and real ability. Nevertheless, genuine farm leaders with a clear-cut programme and with the capacity to bring the farmers together are scarce. The men who might have been rural leaders are factory-managers, engineers, scientists, lawyers, and the like. They live in villages, towns, and cities; their interests are urban. Whenever a leader of any kind arises among the rural population the chances are nine out of ten—and perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred—that he will be weaned away from purely rural interests and become identified with something urban. That is the great tragedy of farming.

The third type of farmer is represented in New England. There the process of draining away the stronger elements has gone so far that only in rare cases does one find many strong forceful farmers like John Coolidge, father of the President. The sons go forth to be merchants in the villages, manufacturers and lawyers in the cities, and presidents of colleges and countries. Thus rural New England is voiceless and discouraged. Its native sons who remain on the farms cannot compete with the energetic foreign-born immigrants who are pushing in among them. Those native sons inherit farms from their fathers, they know the language and customs of the country, they have every advantage of an early start, but they do not hold their own. Their farms, according to the census of 1920, have an average value of only about $6,000; while their British-born neighbors own farms worth $10,700 on an average; their Irish-born neighbors, $10,000; the French, Dutch, and Swiss, $7,800. Even the immigrant farmers who were born in Scandinavia, Germany, Russia, and Italy excel the native-born Americans in the value of their farms. The only reasonable explanation seems to be that the abler native-born farmers have left the farms in such numbers for several generations that those who remain have been reduced in some places almost to the condition of negligible and inarticulate peasants. The cities have sifted out the men who would have made the farms valuable, and likewise those who might have spoken for the rural districts and the rural occupations.

One or another of these three stages is found in almost every part of the world. In New Zealand, for example, the farmers are a picked lot. They are in the vigorous pioneer stage where they know what they want and get it. New Zealand is almost a farmers' paradise. In China a similar pioneer stage appears among the vigorous, aggressive farmers who have had sufficient initiative to get away from their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old homes and migrate to Manchuria. There they not only prosper but are "European" in their activity. Not infrequently they employ Europeans, mainly Russians. But back in China itself, people of precisely the same stock who have been living on the land for many generations provide most pitiful examples of the abject type of peasants. By the constant elimination of the stronger elements, as I have explained in "The Character of Races," they seem to have been reduced to a stage where they are little more than animals, mere morons in many cases, who expect to be half starved practically all the time. Hope is dead within them; they starve and die, unheard, unmourned.

The Russian peasants represent the same sort of thing, but the process of weeding out the aggressive, intelligent elements has not gone quite so far. Yet their patient submissiveness and their dearth of leaders have been their undoing. Could the farmers of New Zealand, Saskatchewan, or California be *trained* to submit to the heartless exploitation of Czardom and the Soviet Committees as the Russian peasants are now submitting? It seems scarcely possible that any system of training, no matter how rigorous, could permanently reduce a vast body of energetic, ambitious men like the California farmers to a state of abject submission such as has long prevailed in Russia. If the material for leadership were there, would it not manifest itself? May not part of the secret of Russia's misfortunes lie in a long steady process whereby the abler peasants have been drawn away to the towns? They have gone as retainers of the aristocrats, as servants of the government, as students, carpenters, merchants, and in a hundred other positions.

Thus far we have considered only the number of gifted people in cities compared with country districts. Let us next see what difference there is in the kind of leaders. In the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas the rural population, that is the population outside of places having at least 2,500 people, amounts to practically thirteen and a half million, or about half of the total. But instead of containing half of the persons in "Who's Who" from those States, the rural population contains only the following percentages:

Medicine	3 per cent
Law	3 per cent
Engineering	4 per cent
Music	5 per cent
Business	5 per cent
Journalism	6 per cent
Science	6 per cent
Art	8 per cent
Religion	8 per cent
Philanthropy	9 per cent
Literature	9 per cent
Education	11 per cent
Government	15 per cent
Agriculture	20 per cent

In other words, at least nine-tenths of all the doctors, lawyers, engineers, musicians, and business men who are needed by the rural districts, if those districts are to hold their own, are found in the cities instead of the country. At least four-fifths of the rural districts' fair share of the journalists, scientists, artists, religious leaders, philanthropists, and literary people are also in the cities. The only occupations where the rural districts retain even as much as a fifth of the leaders that their population would seem to demand are educators, government officials, and agriculturists. Even among government officials the rural districts have only three leaders where their proportion would be ten. Moreover, it is doubtful whether those three average as high in ability as do the other types of people in "Who's Who." Many are included merely because of their official positions, not because they have done anything that would otherwise distinguish them.

Among the agriculturists, at least, it would seem as if the rural districts ought to have more than their share in proportion to the population. But actually they have no more than do the great cities of over a hundred thousand people—only two where they ought to have five on the basis of population, and not a fourth as many proportionally as have the towns and cities with from 2,500 to 100,000 people. The majority of the agricultural leaders are not farmers at all, but agronomists, animal husbandmen, dairy experts, and the like. Most of these men were ostensibly trained for the purpose of building up the profession of farming,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but they have become scientists. They live in towns where there are agricultural experiment stations and colleges of agriculture. Most of them are interested in farming as a biological science rather than as a business. The meetings that they love to attend are those of the Society of Plant Pathologists or the Ecological Society. The bacterial cause of foot-and-mouth disease interests them at least as much as does the price of corn. A few of them are indeed real farmers, but most of those few are specialists who perhaps own large greenhouses or fancy dairies close to the great cities. And anyhow in the States under discussion the farmers form only two-thirds of 1 per cent of all the persons in "Who's Who." They are only a tenth as numerous as the doctors and a thirtieth as numerous as the educators. Probably a good many more ought to be included, but it is very doubtful whether all the farmers together can furnish as many real leaders as can the journalists, although the farmers are 200 times as numerous. But anyhow, it is our habit to leave out the farmers. Is it any wonder that the rural districts are backward, that boys want to get away from the farms, and that the farmers always get the little end of the horn? Leaders are the first essential of success, but the greedy cities remorselessly snatch the leaders from the half of our people who live in the country districts.

Is the drawing power of the cities wholly responsible for the poverty of the rural districts in leaders? We cannot tell what is happening now, for no one knows what the children of to-day will amount to. Nor can we know to what extent an unfavorable environment prevents the development of talent among persons born in the rural districts. But it is easy to find what kinds of people and how many were born in places of various sizes. This time we will take persons born in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. As a matter of fact, only the first 2,000 names of such persons in "Who's Who" have been used, but the whole 10,000 would give essentially the same result. We will divide our 2,000 people into three groups. The first consists of all those born in cities having less than 10,000 people in 1920. This means that when the people in the 1924–5 edition of "Who's Who" were born, practically all of these towns contained less than 3,000 people and were distinctly rural. The next group consists of cities which in 1920 had from 10,000 to 300,000 people. When the people in "Who's Who" were born these cities had from 1,000 to 50,000 people as a rule. The third group consists of the twelve cities having a population of approximately 300,000 or more in 1920. These cities ranged from about 30,000 upward when the "Who's Who" people were born.

Two out of three of the people in "Who's Who" were born between 1855 and 1875. The median year of birth, that is the year having an equal number of births before it and after it, is 1868. Accordingly, if we take the population in 1860 and 1870, but give double weight to 1870, we get a fairly close estimate of the average population when our eminent persons were born. On this basis the rural communities of our first group produced 48 eminent persons per hundred thousand people, the small cities 107, and the large cities 90.

It is not enough to know that the rural communities produced far fewer leaders than the cities. We need also to know whether they produced the same kind. In other words, do the competent children born of parents who remain in the rural districts turn to the same occupations as do the children of those who are sifted out to inhabit the cities? The answer is found in the following table showing the

	Born in Rural Districts	Born in Large Villages and Small Cities	Born in Larger Cities	Number of Persons
Agriculture	74%	26%	0%	19
Education	66	21	13	357
Religion	62	22	16	157
Science	59½	18½	22	197
Philanthropy	59	23	18	39
Government	56	20	24	208
Medicine	48	19	33	151
Journalism	47½	20½	32	97
Law	46½	23½	30	161
Literature	44	20	36	185
Music	41	20	39	39
Engineering	40	23½	36½	106
Business	36	24	40	194
Art	31	16	53	98

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

percentage of persons of each occupation born in the rural districts, in the large villages and small cities, and in the large cities respectively. Among the nineteen farmers or agriculturists, for example, fourteen, or 74 per cent, were born in the rural districts and none in the large cities. Among 357 educators, 66 per cent were born in the rural districts, and 13 per cent in the large cities, leaving 21 per cent for the towns of intermediate size.

This little table is extremely significant. It epitomizes the rise and fall of civilization. The percentages in the rural column on the left decline steadily because they are arranged that way. The percentages for large cities (on the right) rise almost equally steadily, while those for large villages and small cities are of about the same size for all occupations. The most obvious fact about the table is that the rural districts produce people who achieve eminence in one set of occupations and the large cities in quite another, while the intermediate places produce a well-balanced set of men who enter all sorts of occupations. This suggests that the sifting power of the cities is bad for rural districts and large cities, but good for the small cities. To put it another way, a rural country where the towns are small is handicapped by having too many people in one set of occupations, an urban country having a great proportion of large cities is handicapped by an excessive development of another set of occupations. It is also handicapped by the fact that its rural population is likely to be so drained of its able people and to become so dull and backward that it furnishes few leaders for the occupations in which the cities themselves are weak.

Why are the types of leaders in the country and city so different? It is easy to see why three-fourths of the agricultural leaders are born in the rural districts. But why should 66 per cent of the educators be born there, while only 21 per cent are born in the medium-sized cities, and 13 per cent in the great cities? Is it because the people who dwelt in the American rural districts from 1855 to 1885 inherited a type of mind which made them turn naturally to education? Is it because a country boy can become an educator more easily than he can become a business man or engineer? Or is it because the rural training emphasizes the importance of education, while the urban training emphasizes the importance of money? Would the men of rural birth who are now educators have become literary men, engineers, and business men if they had happened to be born in the great cities? To all of these questions the answer is: "Nobody knows." But somebody ought to know, and it is the world's business to find out as soon as possible. Similar questions and the same answer apply to religious leaders, scientists, philanthropists, and even government officials. Scientists are mainly engaged in education, while the philanthropists are chiefly social workers, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and the like, so that they are closely affiliated with religion.

Music, engineering, business, and art, on the other hand, are primarily city occupations. But why? Do people who are born in cities become artists simply because they have a chance to get special training? Or is artistic genius naturally more prevalent in cities than in rural districts because highly artistic people have for many generations been attracted cityward? Is there any real difference between the type of mind which becomes an engineer and the type which becomes a teacher of science or a scientific investigator?

Doubtless both environment and heredity play a large part in determining a young person's choice of an occupation. Sometimes one and sometimes the other may be dominant. Moreover, each, as it were, creates the other. A musical city, for example, discovers among its children many able musicians who might have become social workers, teachers, or farmers in the rural districts. But that same city attracts musicians because it is a pleasant place for them and the opportunities to practise their profession are lucrative. The children of the musicians are sure to possess much more than the average amount of musical aptitude. Thus environment and heredity co-operate in making the city musical. Similar reasoning applies to every other profession.

Perhaps the most significant of all the features of our last table is that the occupations are arranged in essentially the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order in which they have come to the front again and again during the rise and fall of nations. In fact, the three columns of the table seem to represent three great stages in the evolution of civilization. The first stage has already been discussed in respect to the farmers. It begins with the pioneer period when a country has been newly settled. It may last many generations as perhaps in England, or come to an end speedily as seems to be happening in Australia. During this stage most of the people live in the rural districts. The largest towns are not much more than overgrown villages, and the drift toward the urban centres is slight. In such a region the farmers are not only numerous but influential. The successful farmer may be a squire as in England, a plantation-owner as in our South, or simply a prosperous farmer as in early New England. Almost unconsciously but quite effectively he sees to it that the farmers have their share of influence in the public councils, and that legislation is favorable to their interests. In such a community education is highly honored, and many of the brightest young men become teachers. The same is true of religion, science, and philanthropy. Government officials are respected and esteemed, and their occupation attracts persons of a relatively high type. Medicine, journalism, law, and literature receive some attention, but are secondary. Music, engineering, business, and art are not well developed. In fact, they are often treated with scorn as being trivial or mercenary. Such conditions appear to have prevailed in early China and early Rome, in England almost down to the manufacturing period, in the United States until the great cityward migration was stimulated by the advent of steam-power, in New Zealand until to-day. They are typical of a sturdy, rigorous, and narrow type of civilization, to which people are apt to look back as "the good old days." This is the stage of moral fervor, religious zeal, and high political ideals.

Suppose now that the towns in such a community begin to grow, but have not yet become dominant. That brings the golden age, the time when the older professions and the older type of high moral ideals are still vigorous, but when music, art, engineering, and business also enjoy a healthy development. Opinions differ as to just when this stage begins and ends in a country like Egypt, Rome, or China, but few would question that such a stage is part of the normal course of human progress. Perhaps the United States, England, France, Germany, and Japan are still in this stage. Let us hope so, but the extreme devotion of France and Japan to art, and of the other three to engineering and business, may be signs that the best days are past. That, however, is a matter where one man's guess is still as good as another's.

The third stage often seems so glorious that people are dazzled into thinking that it is the culmination of its predecessor. The material and æsthetic aspects of civilization forge to the front. Great buildings, monumental engineering works, huge business corporations, fine pictures, and entrancing music dazzle the imagination. But the rural people are likely to have become dull, sodden, and ultraconservative. Intellectual pursuits, pure science, the discovery of abstract truth, and the practice of pure and undefiled religion are forced to the wall by commercial journalism, applied engineering, applied science, and overorganized philanthropy. Education becomes perfunctory, religion loses its fervor, and corruption in government becomes rife, and the feverish pursuit of wealth makes men think that money and the power which it brings are the chief ends of human existence. The extreme of this stage of ultraurban development is found when art runs wild and the artistic temperament is used as an excuse for every sort of self-indulgence and moral weakness. Fifty years ago, according to the indications of our table, the rural districts and smaller towns of the United States were still not far removed from the first of our three stages. To-day in our larger cities the third stage seems almost to have been reached. Does the second stage still predominate in our villages and smaller cities?

A concrete example will clarify our picture of the three stages. In old New England, for instance, a country minister of the highest type, both intellectually and morally, stayed fifty years in his first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and only parish, even though it was a mere village. His equally able son settled in a village a few miles away, and a grandson came back to the old pulpit when his grandfather stepped out. That might have continued indefinitely, but the cityward drift began. The able grandson was called to a large church in a small city. His son, growing up there, felt the call of science. He became a professor of chemistry in a big university in a town of a hundred thousand people. His son, in turn, grew up as a city boy, became an engineer, entered business, made a great success, moved to New York, and is a valued leader. Thus a man who in the rural stage of social organization was a moral leader has now become a material leader. He may be just as able as his grandfather, he may do wonderful work in the organization of huge enterprises for commerce, manufacturing, and transportation, and his brother may produce marvellous pictures, dramas, or symphonies. But their efforts are not directed toward the improvement of human character to any such degree as were those of their grandfathers. If other grandsons of the country minister were keeping up the old standards of moral and religious leadership and of education and science, no harm would be done. In fact, the world would be much better off, because all types of progress would be well developed. But the cityward drift causes a decline in the relative number of able men, and it is the ethical professions which suffer most from this. Where the old minister of the village church had six children who survived to adult life, his chemist son has only four, and his engineer grandson only two. But somebody has to take the lead. If there are not enough young men of the high moral type descended from the country minister, the leadership will pass to men of baser descent, whose training has been along lines of selfishness instead of altruism.

But all this is neither here nor there for the moment. What we are interested in is the general law which seems to be so clearly epitomized in our little table from "Who's Who." Does this indicate that the processes of the rise and fall of civilization are going on with such rapidity that in three generations we have passed from the pioneer stage to the end of the golden era? Does the sifting power of cities serve as one of the great means whereby the objectives and achievements of a country change from generation to generation? Will a study of this sifting power and of modern migrations to the city enable us to understand history more clearly and change our course to avoid the pitfalls that seem so imminent?

Four Walls

BY STRUTHERS BURT

THE four walls of loveliness have never shut me in,
For where the four walls would have closed one has empty been,
A north wall of horizons turretless and thin.

The edifice I sought to build has never held me guest,
For when I turned toward the east I felt the blowing west,
And the tramping white of mountains broke the sunrise with unrest.

Never I carved me doors so stout, hid and blind of keys,
But the hand of spray made a fumbling like the knocking of the trees,
And the east wall went crashing down with the memory of seas.

I have kissed my love in the courtyard in the dim hour of the moth,
And over her shoulder my southern wall sank as I touched her mouth,
And my heart was heavy for something sweet in the hot and fierce south.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise

BY J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

WHEN those evangelists of Northern civilization, ever since known as carpet-baggers, came South in the middle sixties, one of their first moves in the direction of transplanting New England culture was to establish among the newly freed negroes branches of the Union League, the well-known secret society established in 1862 to foster Union sentiment in the North. Long ago it became clearly apparent that the purity of their motives was open to question—to phrase it euphemistically—and the immediate results of their activity were anything but good. Yet, at long range, they builded better than they knew. Moved by selfish political considerations as they were, they laid the foundations, nevertheless, of a social institution of immeasurable importance for the good of the negro. Upon it they erected a rotten, flimsy, and evilly designed structure which soon collapsed. But the foundation remained, and on it to-day rests that rather imposing social edifice, The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

For then and there began a movement which has never stopped, but, gathering speed like a snowball—no play on words intended—rolling down a steep incline, it has, like the snowball, increased mightily as it rolled. And while the league has providentially perished, like old John Brown (who did so much to cause its foundation), its "soul goes marching on." To-day in the South the most significant social influence among the negroes is the system of secret fraternal orders, the lodges, which furnish satisfaction to almost innumerable urgent needs of the colored population and which remind the observer of a bunch of lilies which found their origin in dark, miry, and evil-looking soil.

Not that there is any organic connection between the present-day lodges and the Union League of detested memory. But a real connection, nevertheless, exists. It was the Union League which made every Afro-American a potential "joiner," for at that time there was in existence in the South no other secret society for negroes, and those in charge sought to make its membership coincide exactly with the adult male negro population, and did not fall far short of success. Auxiliaries were also often established for women. The idea thus planted took firm root and thus paved the way for the interesting development which the intervening years have witnessed.

To the casual observer, or to the humorously inclined, the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise may seem founded on the same basis on which rest lodges innumerable of white Americans—that submerged, subconscious desire to overcome an inferiority complex, to scratch an itch for glory, for public honors, however cheap and common, for titles high-sounding enough to reduce to the commonplace the most gaudy of those attached to ruling potentates of the Old World, and for loud raiment. Not so is the case of Afro-American fraternal orders. They rest primarily on a solid foundation of definite and practical social and economic need. Such frills as uniforms, titles, and fraternal grandiloquence are not ignored, of course; on the contrary, they are valued highly by dark-skinned Babbitts, and they are used for all they are worth. It must be said in fairness that the negro, on the whole, gets away with this sort of thing much better than do the whites. Somehow, it fits him better. But they are, after all,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only the frills of the system, vanity ticklers, hyacinths for the soul, as it were. It could scarcely be otherwise. The negro, when left to his own devices, is a rather materialistic and practical person. His view of the relative importance of æsthetics is well expressed in the version of "Violets" ascribed to him, for which, of course, he is in no wise responsible.

"Every morn I send thee chicken,
Which at twilight I have stole,
And at eve I send thee parsley
From the ice-box good and cole.
On the table I put violets,
For to make them things smell sweet.
Flowers is all right to look at,
But the chicken's there to eat."

And with fraternal orders his mind is set primarily on the chicken.

But he likes the frills. Joyfully he dresses up to parade before his fellows in all the surpassing glory of lodge regalia, he delights in such a share as falls to him of the numerous titles and offices with which the organization abounds, and he makes always a mournfully joyous occasion of a funeral calling out the lodge in full panoply. It doesn't help his inferiority complex, because he does not possess one—only a simple sense of inferiority; but whether he takes lodge doings with simple or pompous gravity, or whether he babbles with childlike delight at the full-dress parade, he feels better, more of a man, more important in the little world in which he moves. No; he doesn't overlook this sort of thing.

There is another frill which pleases him. The secrecy of the lodge is a source of endless delight. It makes him feel so important, to be on the inside looking out, so vastly superior to those who, standing outside, cannot even look in. He loves the high-sounding ritual with all its sonorous phrases which fill delightfully the mouths of those entitled to speak them, and this is equally the case when he understands them and when he does not. Somehow, too, the whole secret work satisfies a soul-longing, makes not unpleasing chills and thrills chase each other up and down his back-bone while goose-flesh breaks out all over him, until he tingles all over and feels in every way "fearfully good from his head to his heels." Frills all right they are, but highly satisfactory to Afro-American joiners as well as to those of fairer complexion. Indeed, they are probably more so, for the average negro has no self-consciousness to make him feel as absurd as now and then a white person feels as he participates either as neophyte or as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe in the secret work of the Imperial Order of Wah Hoo Wahs, Yahoos, or some similar organization. In spite of this, let it be said to the eternal credit of the negro that as yet no Kling Kleagles of an Afro-American Klu Klux Klan have assembled, garbed in nightshirts, in Klouncils, Klonklaves, or Klonventions, for God, for Country, and for—Klale, which, it is fair to assume, is the proper K. K. K. version. So far that has been reserved to the superior race.

But *revenons à nos poulets*.* What purposes and needs do the lodges serve that are practical and material? What is it that makes them so popular? What are the sources of their influence?

So far as I can discover, there are four of primary importance to be distinguished among the perfect welter of services which the lodges render. They are centres of friendly and colorful social intercourse for a population which normally leads at best a drab and dull existence. They are

*Afro-American equivalent of *moutons*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

benevolent orders and do a vast relief work in sickness and distress among a class where illness, poverty, and want are common and other organized relief is rare and inadequate. They carry on a considerable insurance business, paying death benefits in varying amounts, but in large bulk. And, finally, they are all "coffin clubs," even if not exactly of the type conducted by the Reverend Baltimore Criddle and Vergil Custard as immortalized by Harris Dickson.

Because on the whole they fulfil these purposes excellently, the lodges rest on a very solid basis in negro life. As an institution they probably rank as the most important social factor in the negro community, exerting greater influence in most cases than home, school, and church. In the main organized, managed, and directed by negroes, they are for the most part completely racialized and have for that reason an appeal that is lacking in other organizations.

They have had, too, an important educational influence, giving to many negroes invaluable training in management. A considerable portion of organized business among the negroes grew out of fraternal organizations. On the whole they have been managed well, and the rather numerous cases of graft and corruption in connection with the lodges do not alter the importance of what has been achieved. Nor do the quarrels, often resulting in the splitting off of new orders, as is evidenced by the similarity of the names of a number of the better-known societies, lessen greatly the credit due the race for the successful conduct of fraternal affairs.

As might be expected, the financial potentialities of such organizations have at times kindled the imagination of acquisitive white men, who have in this way once more exploited the race, without, however, personally appearing in the matter. In one such case, as outlined to me, the order proved for years a veritable gold-mine for its promoter. But such cases, nowadays, are relatively rare.

A lodge meeting to the average negro is one of the big events of the week. It breaks the monotony of negro life in a small Southern town, where agencies for recreation are few. It is a place of friendly, care-free companionship with one's most congenial friends. It is at the heart of negro social intercourse and in this respect is more important not only than church, school, or home, but than dances, festivals, and ordinary visiting. Taken very seriously, it is none the less an occasion of happy relaxation.

Relief work is an important feature of lodge life. This takes two forms. Members who are sick or in distress are visited by the other members and a great deal is done in the way of nursing and of financial and other material aid. This obligation of membership, general among the orders, is very scrupulously observed. The other form is that undertaken to smooth the path of brothers and sisters who are strangers. Once they are able to connect with the local lodges of the orders to which they belong, they are received with cordiality, are treated well and hospitably, and if in trouble they are aided in every way.

The negroes, like primitive people everywhere, are greatly interested in having a proper funeral when they pass on. The lodge encourages thrift and forethought concerning this important question, and assures to every member in good standing protection from the dire reproach of being a "saucer-buried nigger." The appeal of this fact to a people naturally improvident, most of whom under the most favorable circumstances are separated from absolute poverty by only the narrowest of margins, is of course tremendous and is one of the explanations of the wide popularity of fraternal benevolent societies. Many of them, particularly the local ones, are little more than "coffin clubs," which in healthy seasons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

furnish bountiful returns to those who organize and manage them, but when a "mortality," as the insurance people phrase it, occurs, are liable, as the negro depositor said of the bank, to "bust right spang in the face" of candidates for "first-class funerals." Of course this is never the case with the national orders, which are well organized and entirely solvent.

Care that every deceased member shall have a suitable funeral is, therefore, one of the chief responsibilities of the lodge, and that it is well fulfilled any undertaker will testify. Sometimes, however, though not often, a grasping family or a single heir will try to cheat the deceased of his rightful due in funeral paraphernalia, but this calls forth such violent protests and results in such unpopularity and virtual ostracism that the plan usually fails. Such a case came to my attention a few years ago. The father of a deceased adult was paid three hundred dollars for expenses. He purchased a twenty-five dollar coffin and planned to use his own wagon for a hearse. Protests from the lodge proved unavailing, so they took matters in their own hands and raising the money by subscription they bought another coffin and made the substitution in the night in secrecy and haste. Social pressure later overcame avarice and the subscribers were paid back by the father. They had been influenced in part by friendship, in part by lodge pride. In addition, they were aware that the rivals of the lodge would use the "poor funeral" argument against them. When the departed is a member of more than one lodge, however, it is not necessary to spend all the insurance money on the funeral. But in such a case, each lodge performs over him its funeral ritual to the excessive prolongation of the proceedings and to the corresponding satisfaction of those who are left behind.

The sixty-odd national fraternal organizations may be roughly divided into two classes: the old-line societies, such as the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and the Elks, all having organizations completely separated from those of the same name for white people; and the benevolent secret societies, such as the True Reformers, the Grand United Order of Galilean Fishermen, the Royal Knights of King David, and the National Order of Mosaic Templars. They have a total membership of more than two and a half millions, which the scores of more or less local societies bring up close to the three-million mark. In bulk they collect annually vast sums of money as assessments and dues. For example, in 1906 the thirty-four orders in Mississippi collected more than half a million dollars, while thirty-five in North Carolina, in 1924, had a total income of considerably more than a million and a quarter, more than a million of which came from dues and assessments. The disbursements amounted to more than a million. Sick and death benefits take generally a large proportion of income, but often a considerable surplus is left, and some of the older orders are well-to-do. The Knights of Pythias have collected over $1,500,000 for endowment. There is over $100,000 in the Grand Lodge treasury. A considerable part of the money collected by the orders has been permanently invested. It is estimated that the Masons have about $1,300,000 worth of property; the Odd Fellows, $2,000,000; and the Pythians, $2,000,000. It is probable that altogether the negro secret societies in the United States own over $20,000,000 worth of property. The Odd Fellows have in New Orleans a building that cost $36,000, and in Atlanta and Philadelphia buildings that have cost $100,000 each. In Indianapolis, New Orleans, and Chicago, Knights of Pythias own buildings each worth from $30,000 to $100,000.

In names the fraternal orders bear witness to considerable imagination and originality among their founders. Biblical influence is, of course, very apparent. Besides the ones already mentioned the following are characteristic: American Knights Ethiopian, Aronic Templars of the World, Grand United Order of Abraham, Independent Order Sons and Daughters of Jacob, Independent Order Sons and Daughters of Charity, Knights and Ladies of Honor of the World, Lone Star of Race Pride, Knights of Canaan, Grand United Order of Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity, Independent Order J. R. Giddings and Jollifee Union, Grand United Order Queen of the Orient. Local lodge names show infinite variety.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Howard W. Odum, in his "Social and Mental Traits of the Negro," gives a list of lodges of the Knights of Pythias in Mississippi, which, excluding those named after persons and places, contains the following:

Eureka, Beacon Light, New Light, Evergreen, Rising Star, Beulah Star, Morning Star, Damon, Bright Crown, Pride of South, Pride of Natchez, Bell of Delta, Pride of the East, New Moon, Forest Home, Eminence, Carolina Star, New Hope, Queen Esther, Crescent, Lily of Valley, Vestal, Progress, Climax, Friendly Brother, Golden Ridge, Dionysius, Rose Bud, Golden Leaf, Avondale, Pilgrims' Rest, Pride of Delta, Rose of Sharon, St. Elmo, High Grade, Sweet Home, Queen of Valley, Silver Lake, Rose Hill, Traveller's Rest, Utopia, Mizpah, Sunlight, Silver Shield, Lily White, Pride of Onward, Blue Banner, Excelsior, Pride of West, Rising Sun, Pilgrims' Rest, Weeping Willow, King of Night, Light Wilderness, Rosedale Star, Triumphant, Pride of Life, Golden Grain, Seven Star, Melodia, Bear Garden, Good Water, Good Tidings, Rose Bank, Cora Esther, Southern Beauty, Fidelity, Monitor, Bonhomie, Corner Stone, Farmers' Rest, Golden Gem, Sharon, Golden Crown, Bold Pilgrim, Center Beauty, Hill of Zion, Canon, Acme, Victor, Mt. Nebo, Dominion, Annette, Banner, Waveland, Gold Wreath, Swan, Eclipse, Grand View, Sunflower Bell, Hickory Tree, White Oak, American Beauty, Free Will, White Cloud, Golden Rule, Beatrice, Aurora, Rose Bud, Nugent, Progress, Black Bayou, Waterloo, Isola, Soul Chappel, Silver Globe, Honita, Dralloo, Sweet Home, Golden Gate, Silver Ring, Welcome, Clearfield, Leaf Rivers, Arborvitae, Saving Farmers, Light of Meadville, Pacific Banner, Marvel Rock, White Cedar, Zion Traveller, Prosperity, Purity, O K, Single Star, Good Will, Sweet Pink, Sprangle Star, Lone Star, Gloomy Rose, Prince, Paradise.

Four types of order, judged by membership, are to be found. Some are limited to men, but these usually have an affiliated order for women, as the Royal Knights of King David and the Lady Knights. There are also independent orders for women. Another group, as for example, the True Reformers, admits both sexes to membership. And there are juvenile orders, usually affiliated with adult orders into which the children will be admitted on reaching the proper age.

The best illustration of the working of the system is to be found in the small towns of the South. In central North Carolina is such a community with a total negro population of about 1,400. Here are found fourteen lodges. They are the Masons, and their auxiliary, the Order of the Eastern Star; the Knights of Pythias, and the Women's branch order, the Grand Court of Calanthe, known locally as "the Colts" of Calanthe, with a juvenile under the latter, called "the Little Colts"; the Royal Knights of King David, and the Lady Knights; the Odd Fellows, and the Household of Ruth; the Elks, for men; and the True Reformers, the Knights of King Solomon, the Knights of Gideon, and the Mosaic Templars of America, all of which admit both men and women.

In North Carolina the total lodge membership is upward of 130,000. The total membership in the town described, including duplications, is over 500. Duplications, however, are common, many belonging to three, four, five, or even six orders. One man belongs to nine and another to ten. Since there are only twelve lodges and four of these are women's orders, and one a juvenile, this may seem impossible. It did to me, but I was soon shown the light. Every woman's lodge has from six to nine male members. A question concerning the reason for this queer custom brought a patient but surprised explanation: "Why, who would handle the body? Of course they have to have men members." Why, of course! How had I overlooked so obvious a necessity?

The dues seem to be fixed to a regular standard of fifty cents a month, which carries also a $300 death benefit. In addition each lodge, upon the death of a member in good standing, pays his estate twenty-five dollars.

Meetings are held by all the lodges ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cept one in the Masonic hall or the Elks' hall. Expense is thus saved and the lodges owning the halls make considerable revenue out of them. One lodge meets in the schoolhouse. Meetings are in general well attended, absence without excuse being punished by a fine of fifteen cents. Sickness, a death in the family, and absence from home are about the only excuses accepted. The meetings are devoted to business affairs of the lodge, but there is apparently considerable pleasant intercourse and discussion often humorous and amusing. Members who, like Wilson Carey of Reconstruction fame, desire to "expatiate" and have what they say "recorded in the archives of gravity," have abundant opportunity for the gratification of their wishes. Now and then there is a formal supper, and "feeds" are quite frequent.

Initiation nights furnish great joy, and lurid tales are told the neophytes in advance of what horrors they may expect. Sometimes they take the information too seriously, and for this reason they are carefully searched for arms before the ceremonies begin. Some years ago a woman who was to be initiated concealed a knife in her hair, for use if the horrifying predictions proved true, and this escaped attention when she was searched. Fortunately she received no treatment which seemed to require its use.

All thoughtful negroes who are lodge members feel that the societies accomplish much good through their encouragement of order, good personal behavior, and kindness to others. They do not talk about it a great deal—negroes seldom talk to white people about the things close to their racial life—but the amount of relief work they do is remarkable. Every member of a lodge has to visit a sick brother or sister at least once a week and carry some money as a gift. It may be but a few cents, but the sum total is a considerable sum and accomplishes no end of good. And always when trouble of any sort comes, the members of the lodge are on hand at once to aid with help that is spontaneous and generous.

In some parts of the South there is considerable suspicion on the part of the white people of the negro secret societies. Much of this is a hang-over from the evil days when the only negro lodge was the Union League, which had as its chief activity the hatching of deviltry of the worst sort. The day of that type of negro lodge has apparently passed. What might be the case in the stress of a crisis is, of course, open to question. Certainly in the little town mentioned there is nothing of the kind. White and black know that the lodges stand for obedience to law and are not a shield for the criminal. Years ago, so rumor goes, the members of a lodge took a brother accused of crime and lowered him into a well, where he remained for five days until the hue and cry had passed. Then they pulled him up and carried him away safely. To-day that could scarcely happen. No lodge would tolerate such conduct, and the average member would rather take his chances above ground.

The lodges, as has been said, with the church and home constitute the heart of negro social and intellectual life in the small towns of the South. Because of their secrecy they are perhaps more thoroughly racial in character than either church or home, in both of which outside influences enter. In the lodges, too, the negro is for once perfectly natural, for there he takes off the mask he wears whenever there is possible contact with white people. And so the lodge has become a sort of racial holy of holies into which no racial outsider can ever enter. It may well be that there is his ark of the covenant.

How much of all this does the white public see and know? Not much, beyond what is open and obvious. It is aware of the lodge system chiefly when it views a funeral procession passing by with a plenitude of fraternal emblems and lines of lodge brethren and sisters in full and gorgeous regalia. It smiles, perhaps, and turns away to other matters. It fails to see the true inwardness of the spectacle, the spiritual significance of the scene. It does not see that it is the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, who, after nursing the sick, caring for the dead, the widow, and the fatherless, furnishing funds for embalmer, for coffin and hearse, for all the accepted trappings of a "first class" funeral, are marching in formal procession to church and grave, filled with importance and covered with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solemnity sufficiently enveloping almost to conceal the exceeding great joy that is theirs, not only over a funeral—most intriguing of all functions to the negro—but over a duty well done. Even less does an observant public see and comprehend the very human, very pitiful, and very real joy, most complete of all, perhaps, over the ever-recurring symbol and promise of the satisfying dignity, the pomp and ceremony, with which each in turn will some day participate for the last time, and at the head of the procession, in such a ceremony.

How to Deal with the Doctor

BY HARRISON RHODES
Author of "How to Be Ill"

AT the very opening of a famous novel Smollett places a letter to his medical man at home from a testy gentleman then on a trip "to the Wells," who I fear somewhat resembles me who now write.

"Doctor," it begins, "the pills are good for nothing; I might as well swallow snowballs. . . . Prithee send me another prescription. I am as lame and as much tortured in all my limbs as if I was broken on the wheel. . . . Forgive all this trouble from

Your affectionate
M. B."

That, of course, is one way to deal with the doctor. It cannot altogether be recommended—but undoubtedly it *is* a way. A philosopher, too, might note how, after all, the irascible writer signs himself as if he were really fond of his medical man.

Many doctors need to be bullied, though possibly more patients. It is certain that doctor-baiting is a favorite sport with many ill people when they feel up to it and have the courage. And yet there is a thing which very seriously makes it a less amusing sport—it is not quite fair. Bad temper and bad nerves are exactly what the doctor expects from those in his charge. Generally, though not always of course, he forces himself to take from them what must seem unreasonable as merely their privilege, their perquisite. In such cases the foaming and puffing invalid is perhaps not showing quite so much courage as he thinks. Indeed, the pleasures of proving yourself a man in a good fight are much lessened by any suspicion that your adversary is, with his own knowledge and consent, handicapped.

I remember once being very proud that although too feeble to raise my head in bed I was still strong enough to wave my hand at an excellent young assistant doctor who had come in to see me, and, closing my eyes as if to sleep, to call firmly: "Get out." Since then I have not been so sure that it was admirable bravery, and have sometimes been in danger of being ashamed of myself. Also I have not been so sure that he paid any attention to my grand air, taking it all possibly as merely part of his day's work. Is this not a good chance, since he is so far away that he may very likely never see this article, for me to offer my apologies?

And yet I realize that such ill-considered displays of bravado may be merely signs that something of the great curative forces of our mother nature is stirring and showing itself in a rather feeble boisterousness of doubtful good manners.

Of course it does not very often come to pitched battles between doctor and patient such as have been hinted at. But those who call him in might sometimes to advantage search their own hearts and make out exactly how far they feel that, as they can afford and expect to pay for his visits, they should be allowed to make them as disagreeable to him as they can. We know there are invalids who lose much-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needed sleep because they try to stay awake and, by working the night nurse hard, get the worth of their money in the wages they pay her. And it is quite possible that many a fretful invalid rests easier because it has been possible, by telephone or otherwise, to call to the sick-room the doctor from a sound sleep in a comfortable bed. Of course there is always the danger that one may cry "wolf" once too often and that some night the doctor may merely roll over and go to sleep again. But, on the whole, the tribute must be laid at medical men's feet that some ideal of duty always stirs them and that they are ready to answer our calls and bear with our unfairnesses.

Doctors often know that they are not infallible; in fact, it may be guessed that sometimes in their hearts they believe themselves pretty ignorant. But we wretched creatures who call them in are so apt to insist that they shall know everything! They may, of course, well believe that the patient will be all the better for having absolute confidence in the all-knowledge and all-power of his attendant. We all of us know that one of the greatest and most legitimate reasons for having the doctor in is to have him tell us that there is nothing the matter with us. There is where expert professional judgment is so much more satisfactory to most of us than our own trembling and rather timorous opinion. The doctor does not know much, it is true, but he probably knows more than we do. And it must be admitted frankly that there are a great many physicians quite inclined to assume the robes of authority and to pontificate. All that one can in justice ask is that people should consider how often as invalids they are themselves ready to lay down the law whenever they feel strong enough to do so. Possibly, just possibly, the best thing every one can do is to make the doctor seem to all a creature of strange character and powers. A famous quack who practised many forms of chicanery besides medicine had a servant who had the right idea. Some one asked him: "Is it true that your master is three hundred years old?" "I do not know," he answered, "I have only been with him two hundred years."

There is of course an immense deal that is funny in all the stories of the tranquillizing of a perfectly well patient, as in the classic anecdote of administering bread pills. To-day *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* may be seen or read for the advantage and amusement of Molière's account of the young lady who could not speak because she would not. The invalid who has to consult physicians often can only be too thankful when he can see that in any way there is anything that is comic about it.

Here one, often sufficiently invalid to call in the doctor and ask his aid, may as well clear the ground at once by confessing that there is to him nothing very funny about being seriously ill. And to try to make it seem so would appear to him in not quite the best taste. When you are dangerously ill it is undoubtedly pleasanter, if one can speak of pleasure in such a case, and doubtless wiser, to believe that the doctor or somebody knows it all. At these moments life, if it lasts, should be made more tolerable for the invalid by every flattery, every sacrifice, every lie if necessary—the world owes him at least that. For these times there is no advice to be given here to either doctor or patient. Each of them must find somehow what hope and what poor gallantry he can to face the world which threatens to disappear into a misty dim future.

When the sunrise of convalescence or of the realization of having really never been very badly comes, the charm of invalidism reappears. Indeed, it has its own charm. The relation between doctor and patient is often high comedy, with interludes of tenderness and of real feeling. Once the danger is not acute there is a great deal of matter for discussion and consultation which is really agreeable. England, which, in the last century at least, had carried comfort—not luxury—to its highest possible point, realized how important it is that there should be plenty of agreeable and harmless things for patients and doctors to talk about. The advantages of gravel over clay soil as a house site is always a charming subject. And in really good hands nothing is better or more engrossing than the varying quality of the air in different places. A watering-place on the Kentish coast to which a dear and famous old gentleman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my acquaintance had retired to spend what proved the remaining years of his life had, two miles away with exactly the same exposure toward the sea, another resort a little less fashionable. The air there was invariably said to be a great deal too "strong." Old novels are full of delightful examples of this kind of feeling. Mr. Woodhouse in Miss Austen's "Emma" had a very good and very long talk with Mr. Perry, his medical consultant, who, as you remember, soon set up a carriage, upon the relative advantages for his daughter and her children of Southsea, to which they had gone, and Cromer, to which Mr. Perry had inclined. Although the stay had improved his grandchildren's health, Mr. Woodhouse finally concluded he had never known the sea to do any one any good and that he believed it would all have been better if they had merely paid him a visit in their native Surrey. Mr. Woodhouse's fear of the damp and of colds is very endearing—he would have been enraptured by our modern invention of rubbers. As it was, his feeling that Miss Emma should be well "tucked" in by her governess, Miss Taylor, is very ingratiating. He was what in those happy days was called a valetudinarian; he never grew much worse or much better, but was sufficiently well and sufficiently rich to command every care and every attention and to call in the doctor whenever he wanted him.

To those who have a taste for it there is nothing like sending for the doctor. It is unsuitable to speak of physicians as mere creatures of pleasure, but there is a possible point of view of an invalid's life, being so wholly deprived of the pleasanter, lighter things, that, if he can get any pleasure from seeing the doctor, the doctor ought to be quite willing to be seen. If a female patient can fall in love with her doctor, that will undoubtedly give her great satisfaction and may be strongly advised. That he should fall in love with her is of more uncertain utility; in fact, it may be doubted whether he will function any better or indeed quite as well. But perhaps she will function better. Perhaps some inner glow, some magic secret metabolism, may transform her to a well woman. Or if not, flowers may bloom along her dolorous way. And for that I at least would sacrifice all the doctors in the world upon Venus's altar. And, although I gladly concede that the race is of great integrity and that doctors' wives are always of great charm and well calculated to hold their husbands, I sometimes imagine by the well-known and justly famous "bedside manner" that the physician himself is willing to try anything to effect a cure, even some therapy of love. Perhaps it would be well to give doctors credit for a deeper knowledge of that art of healing than is ordinarily done. In reference to the curing of male patients and the effect upon it of the tenderer emotions, something here perhaps might, but shall not, be said of the functions matrimonial and otherwise of the trained nurse.

Naturally, in the course of much illness, physicians come to seem merely a part of the furniture of the sick-room. But it is bad to be bored with the furniture. So it is better for the invalid to feel that the doctor is a breath of outer air, a fairly inspiriting companion when most others are forbidden.

Indeed, to be perhaps more serious, people who are ill will do well either to renounce medical attendance altogether or to recognize in simple justice how often the man who stands by their bedside has come there by some sacrifice to a duty toward humanity.

The general practitioner, becoming rarer every year, should be crowned before he passes in a cloud of specialists and odd and slightly illegitimate physicians of all kinds. For many years by night and by day, in good weather or in bad, in the country sometimes over almost impassable roads, he was faithfully at our service, often a real hero of obscurity whose rewards were not material but indeed of the soul. I had the good fortune once in my life to know a general practitioner of the old-fashioned kind, a country doctor. An unromantic figure, even a snuffy old gentleman, yet he lingers in my memory with something of the faint perfume of lavender that clings about such people as the Vicar of Wakefield and others that I learned to know and love in books so long ago. An agreeable crispness of mind tempered his kindness and made it the more refreshing. "I don't know whether this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pain is better," I remember saying once, "or whether I am getting used to it." There was a twinkle in his eyes. "The best thing you can do," he responded, "is to get used to it." I did so and it was.

Gradually I came to guess at the story of his simple annals. A youth of some brilliancy crowned with college honors, bright hopes of a young man for study at home and abroad and for distinction in his chosen profession. All this renounced for family duty and for health. Then the plodding way of the country doctor, lightened occasionally, I hope, by a sense of the gratitude of rustic patients around him. So is the physician's career sometimes dull but glorious.

People who are ill should for their own sakes try to learn what kind of a doctor they are dealing with. There are those who are not much good for minor or chronic ailments but are constant, expert, and faithful if you are in danger. Be thankful for this, but try not to be in danger, and with cheerfulness call in his assistant, if he has one. Sometimes your man is, either by long experience or by the strange, almost clairvoyant, power which doctors often have, a great diagnostician, and knows almost at sight of you that your trouble is with the glands in the lobe of the left ear. Let him examine you and you will find that probably he may be quite glad to call in somebody else to finish the job.

There are doctors good for the body and, if one may venture upon a rather high-flown phrase, doctors good for the soul. Indeed, the points of resemblance between the physician and the priest in some of his various forms are so many and form a matter so delicate and so difficult of treatment that they can be no more than hinted at here. One may, however, say that if the sick man is wise he will see that the opportunity has come to him to make a friend.

The invalid's charm is, on the whole, not often potent in gaining for him new friends. And when people come to see him they generally attempt to distract his mind from the things which really interest him more deeply than anything else in the world. But the doctor's duty and interest and often his wish is to talk about the deeper, more serious, more passionately interesting things which preoccupy his patient, to hang out with him, as it were, one instant over the chasm of eternity and with him to look down and then to look above, perhaps to blue sky. If in this way, at such moments as these, a sick man may gain a friend, all that can be said is that it is unlikely that he would have gained one in any other way, and that perhaps even at the cost of facing the worst the acquisition of a friend is worth while. Sometimes the invalid may suspect that the garrulousness which seems in his condition to accompany any attempt on his part to form, to consolidate, any new relationship, or to deepen any old one, may make him a troublesome and tiresome creature. But he has a perfect right to consider that the doctor expects this, indeed probably is going to be paid for it, and may have easy standards of agreeableness. The sick man who can be treated by a doctor and a friend at once has perhaps a double chance of recovery. So often two heads are better than one.

The physician is not an infallible creature whom you have sent for to perform a miracle, he should be only some one who has come to work with you on effecting a cure. If you have any knowledge of your body or of your mind, any expertness of diagnosis or of curative power, share them freely with him. Broadly speaking, your objects are the same. Even those who feel the darkest suspicions as to the motives of the race ought to admit that the doctor wants you to recover if only that you may be ill again and again his patient.

So with him probably honesty is the best policy. Unquestionably the best manners. Nothing is more unfair or more irritating to a regular practitioner than to find that his patient is being secretly treated by any of the professedly heretical healers. Probably nothing more unwise. Your neighbors are probably all quite ready to prescribe for you, but it is rather of a risk to allow it. And it is perhaps foolish, to go no farther, to believe entirely in the newspaper advertisements or the signs on the trees. Because a woman in Colorado has been completely cured, it is not sure that you will be.

There is, in truth, as we all know, no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sure road back to health, if indeed the patient ever really had it. He might to advantage in justice remember that the doctor is often hampered by the past in working on his job. But the doctor's and patient's attempt to make the sick man well should not be considered a gloomy and discouraging thing. It is a matter in which they are both deeply interested, and though they both know that inevitably some day they must fail, that is no reason why they should not hope. And hope, and harmony, and confidence in good intentions, and friendship, while you and doctor are at your work, will at any rate make life pleasanter—perhaps will make whatever comes after life pleasanter, who knows! At any rate, it often really passes the time agreeably to have the doctor in. And it is probable that in the end one does not lose much by cheerfulness.

It often happens that both the patient and his doctor are uncertain what answer to make consistent with rigid veracity and a suitable optimism to those inquiring how the sick man is. I once heard a gray-haired and bent invalid in a green grove overhanging a blue sea answer in what seems to me a perfect way: "How am I? Oh, better like this than worse." In fact, is all life not so?

Songs of a City

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

INSATIATE

I WANT a little house
With windows warm as eyes,
And something very old within
For daily, dear surprise.

I want two pigeons blue,
On the path as I come in;
A stepstone, magic to my shoe,
By fondling rain left green.

I want a shadowed chair,
Ignored by laughter shy;
A book too old to nag or care
If I should let it lie;

A purse that need not fear
The stoutest winging stork;
And I want my little house set down
In the middle of New York.

II

PERVERSE

WHEN I am in the city
With canyon floods of noise,
And crossed is every tangent
That from my soul deploys;

Hastening, breathless, tardy;
So crowded and alone,
Mid disarray of angels
Who cannot find the throne;

I dream then of the country;
Broad sky, and valley plain;
And draw against my bosom
Wide hills that swell with rain.

From ridges crushed and scented
Forgotten odors creep;
And silence spreads a pillow
Where wounds and wishes sleep.

When I am in the country,
Where Time with Space connives,
I dream then of the city,
Warm with so many lives.

So many flames upburning
From fame's ambitious cup,
Horizons all are lighted
Even where sorrows sup.

With madnesses for beauty,
With wrecks on passion's shoal,
With wrestlings to high waters
As inland as the soul,

The city dims my valley,
And dims the hill-breast wide,
And gathers all its longings
To a river in my side.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

A USE FOR TOWERS

I CLIMBED the shining tower
That's nearest to the bay,
And nearest, too, to heaven,
But did not climb to pray.

I sought the silver tower
Because the street was gray,
And anxious men of burdens
Tramped sullen as the day.

When I my world had lifted
I lost it in the air;
My heart was like a feather
Without a world to bear.

Then Time denied the city,
And where it late had lain,
Showed me, yet wild and laughing,
An island, ages green.

Then hid his ancient picture
With centuries yet to come;
And I saw a blue sea piling
Red dunes above man's home.

And now, said Time, content you;
And look you back and fore;
And know the greatest city
Is briefer than its shore.

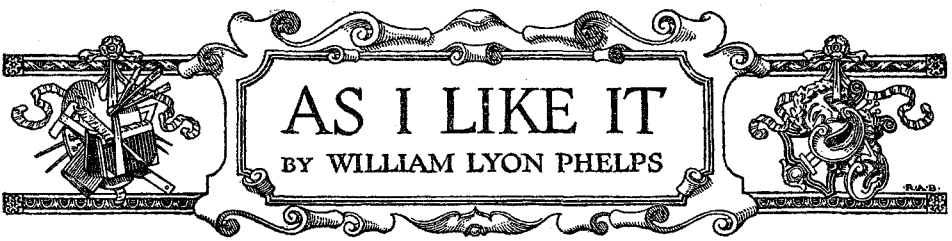
Then stood the Lord beside us,
And said, "Companions, see
That line of light far reaching
Through my eternity?

"And where its glow is brightest
Is not where sand waves mass,
Nor where the sunlight tangles
In centuries of grass;

"No, not in wild, green ages,
Nor where the dune waves play;
But where man's joy has built him
A city for a day."

I left the silvered tower,
And walked the city street;
And every man I met there
Had bells upon his feet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



I SUPPOSE there is something plebeian, not only in my enjoyment of the routine of daily living, but in the excitement with which I regard men, women, ideas, and even things. I live with more gusto than in the days of my youth. Instead of having artificially to stimulate this emotion, I find it necessary to repress it. If I acted on impulse, I should often walk up to a stranger and say: "Look here, my dear sir, you interest me enormously, you are an amazing person!"—it wouldn't do, would it? I am appalled by the thought of what might happen. It is shameful to live with such enthusiasm; here I am, over sixty years old, and it is high time I settled down, but I very well know that I shall never settle down.

When I read the works of that patrician philosopher George Santayana, and find him saying with impeccable elegance that an infallible sign of high intelligence is a lack of this very gusto which is my chief characteristic—but why paraphrase such a writer? Here are his own words:

> Nothing can be meaner than the anxiety to live on, to live on anyhow and in any shape; a spirit with any honour is not willing to live except in its own way, and a spirit with any wisdom is not overeager to live at all.

I can only stand still and vaguely wonder at the intellectual austerity of such bleak isolation. It is too wonderful for me; I cannot attain unto it. Human beings differ widely in their proportionate love of life. I used to carry on an epistolary friendship years before I saw him with a civil engineer in England. One day he wrote me on the subject of immortality and he said: "I not only do not believe in the future life, I have not the slightest desire for it." Except in weeks of black depression, I have never been in any frame of mind where I did not *want to live*. I should like to live in New Haven, Conn., for the next five hundred years, with the privilege of renewal, and so far as the activities of the next world are concerned, I already have enough work blocked out to keep me busy for two or three trillion aeons, and at the end of that period of time it is probable that something new would turn up.

I could never be a Buddhist, for the goal seems unsatisfying. To suit my vulgar taste, Nirvana would require some upholstery. Nature does not abhor a vacuum any more than I do. Nirvana takes the edge off zeal. When I was in college there was one instructor who marked you zero if you said "I don't know." But if you gave the wrong answer he marked you *minus*, for he said such a response was worse than nothing. One day a wholesome-looking athlete inquired as to the state of his marks, and the teacher informed him that he was minus sixty. "Gosh," said the boy earnestly, "I'll take a big brace and hope by the end of the term to raise my mark up to zero."

I am quite sure that if I ever became a Stoic or a Buddhist or succeeded in reconciling myself to nothing-at-all, I could not *remain* in that frame of mind.

> "Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
> A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
> A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
> As old and new at once as nature's self,
> To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
> Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring."

However unusual my love of this world and of the people in it, however extraordinary my love of mere living, however incurable my zest for survival—such an attitude is not unique. There are others who feel as I do. In a published letter from Rugby in 1910, Rupert Brooke expressed himself as follows:

> It consists in just looking at people and things as themselves—neither as useful nor moral nor ugly nor anything else; but just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as being. At least, that's a philosophical description of it. What happens is that I suddenly feel the extraordinary value and importance of everybody I meet, and almost everything I see. . . . I roam about places—yesterday I did it even in Birmingham!—and sit in trains and see the essential glory and beauty of all the people I meet. I can watch a dirty middle-aged tradesman in a railway-carriage for hours, and love every dirty greasy sulky wrinkle in his weak chin and every button on his spotted unclean waistcoat. I know their states of mind are bad. But I'm so much occupied with their being there at all, that I don't have time to think of that. I tell you that a Birmingham gouty Tariff Reform fifth-rate business man is splendid and immortal and desirable.

It's the same about the things of ordinary life. Half an hour's roaming about a street or village or railway-station shows so much beauty that it's impossible to be anything but wild with suppressed exhilaration. And it's not only beauty and beautiful things. In a flicker of sunlight on a blank wall, or a reach of muddy pavement, or smoke from an engine at night, there's a sudden significance and importance and inspiration that makes the breath stop with a gulp of certainty and happiness. It's not that the wall or the smoke seem important for anything, or suddenly reveal any general statement, or are rationally seen to be good or beautiful in themselves,—only that *for you* they're perfect and unique. It's like being in love with a person.

Who is the third poet in English literature? Shakespeare is first, Milton is second, but who is third? Shakespeare is first because he defeated every other poet in every other poet's specialty, Milton is second because of his supreme musicianship; but the moment one names a candidate for third place there is sharp and wide dissent. As President of the Faerie Queene Club, I suppose I ought to support Edmund Spenser, who at one time was generally accorded the position; but both Chaucer and Browning have passed him. Landor said that Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Browning were the three outstanding English poets in their knowledge and interpretation of human nature. When Landor made this statement, his inclusion of Browning was regarded as a mere complimentary vote, not to be taken seriously; to-day we know that Landor was right.

Five hundred years have buried thousands of once popular poets; they have merely brightened the fame of Geoffrey Chaucer. Never has he stood so high in the world's estimation as now. If one is interested in the growth and fluctuations of Chaucer's reputation, one cannot do better than peruse the three mighty volumes by the learned and ingenious Caroline Spurgeon, Professor of English Literature in the University of London; "Five Hundred Years of Chaucer Criticism and Allusion, 1357–1900," embellished with many illustrations, equipped with a mass of annotations and appendices, and ending triumphantly with a prodigious index. A scholarly work of such magnitude has no business to be so terrifically interesting; but it is. Open at any page, and you are done for.

Another truly great work of Chaucerian scholarship, which fittingly appeared in the poet's own beloved month of May, is a monumental edition of "Troilus and Criseyde," edited by that admirable scholar, Professor Robert K. Root, of Princeton. He has spent years of unflagging industry on the text; his notes betray enormous reading and study in many fields; his criticisms are sympathetic, discriminating, and profound. Not even such scholarship as his could save him in dealing with Chaucer, if he did not understand human nature as well as books; but Mr. Root's judgments show knowledge of both. The tale of Romeo and Juliet is not so poignant a love-story as that of Troilus and Criseyde, for the Shakespearian pair loved each other, and in their death they were not divided. The death of love is a greater tragedy than the death of lovers. No man, however proficient in linguistic learning, has a right to express an opinion on Criseyde's treachery unless he has observed men and women honestly, and reflected deeply; Mr. Root's decision is based fully as much on human nature as on scholastic erudition. Does the average reader know what a marvellous love-story is this? We pass with Troilus through every phase of feeling, and we are left by the sublime concluding stanzas in an ecstasy of pure thought.

I do not think any one has expressed the human richness of this love epic better and in fewer words than Arthur Col-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton, who, after the meditation enforced by the story, wrote:

"A smile, of flowers, and fresh May, across
The dreamy, drifting face of old Romance;
The same reiterate tale of love and loss
And joy that trembles in the hands of chance;
And midst his rippling lines old Geoffrey stands,
Saying, 'Pray for me when the tale is done,
Who see no more the flowers, nor the sun.'"

On the evening of the third of June, in Merion, Pa., I had the honor of attending a most harmonious dinner-party. There were four of us—our hostess, Mary Louise Curtis Bok, founder of the already famous Institute of Music; Josef Hofmann, the foremost living pianist; and a nightingale. On a memorable May night in England I heard three nightingales sing. But I had never *seen* one until this June evening in Pennsylvania. The nightingale is not a large or gaudy bird; he is slender, gracile, aristocratic, exceedingly like our hostess. It was a great occasion for me, to be so charmingly entertained by a distinguished patroness of the arts, and to see before me the greatest pianist of our time and the greatest natural singer of all time. Josef Hofmann and I entered into competition to see who could make the worst pun. The prize was divided.

In a recent issue I declared that if I had a billion dollars I should found an American college in Athens. In the Boston *Transcript* for May 22 I read: "A Greek government decree published to-day authorizes the foundation of a Greek-American School to be called Athens College. It will consist of three preparatory and four ordinary classes for classical and commercial studies. English will be the medium of instruction. A lease for a site near Psychikon, outside Athens, is to be signed Monday."

An even more gratifying ratification of my pious wish came the next day from the accomplished poet, scholar, educator, and journalist, Doctor John Finley, editor of the New York *Times*. He read my SCRIBNER'S article in *Greece*, and sent me from the Temple of Apollo in Delphi the following message:

DEAR "BIL":

I have consulted the Oracle and dipping my pen in Eternal Ink (which I have carried with me) I am permitted to send you this Delphic message "It is also As I like it."

Yours ever,
JOHNQUILL.

The death of J. M. Dent, the famous London publisher, will be mourned by the hundreds of thousands of readers of "Everyman's Library." Mr. Dent was a man who believed that the ideal way was always the most practical. He told me that as a publisher he had always published every manuscript which he thought deserved publication. Completely bowled over by such an extraordinary statement, I said that I had supposed such a policy could lead only to bankruptcy. "On the contrary," he replied, "the best books are the best ones to publish." Now, the ordinary view of the relation between author and publisher is that the former's ideals are usually nullified by the latter's unwillingness to supply the sinews. Let me say, therefore, that I have never seen a wild-eyed poet who had more enthusiasm for literature than Mr. Dent. He was a very remarkable person, and what a passion he had for good books! The "Temple Classics" and the "Temple Shakespeare" sold by the million; but his darling child was "Everyman's Library," which he mentioned in reverential whispers. It will stand as a monument to him.

I have received from President Nicholas Murray Butler, one of the very few American members of the Athenæum Club in London, the Centenary Record of that famous institution, prepared by the late Henry R. Tedder, its devoted secretary. Mr. Tedder was one of the intimate friends and literary executors of Herbert Spencer; the philosopher used to go to the club every afternoon for his only recreation—billiards. "Mr. Tedder," writes President Butler, "carried in his head everything relating to the Athenæum, its membership, and its associations." The Athenæum is the most famous club in the world, and an election to membership is recognized as the final mark of distinction.

When I was a boy I read in the papers that Herbert Spencer had completed his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

autobiography, had deposited the manuscript in a vault, with instructions not to print it until after his death. I was in Europe in 1903 when he died; I remembered the newspaper item I had seen in my youth, wrote to the publishers, and got one of the first copies that came off the press. Mr. Spencer remarked that the book will be published when "I shall no longer be conscious." As a true agnostic, he should not have made so unqualified a statement. But what philosopher is consistent?

The snake letter in the English language is S, both in shape and in sound; it is an unwritten law of poetry that it should be used sparingly. I find in *The Living Age* a poem of forty-two lines by an Englishman, Victor Ballan, which contains absolutely no sibilants. And yet, here as everywhere, it is true that rules are made for ordinary minds to follow and for genius to disregard. In general the hissing S is not agreeable; but I have in memory a passage from "The Lotos-Eaters" which exhibits in an almost incomparable manner the technic of Tennyson. He took this abominable letter, and actually made it into an instrument of melody—producing exactly the effect of slumberous music which he desired.

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

An excellent new novel is "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." It is a story of contemporary life in England and for some strange reason the woman who wrote it refuses to divulge her name. In an age when scores of writers ought to be ashamed to sign their productions, this beautiful work of art is by *Pictor Ignotus*. Whoever wrote it knew her business; it is a good family history, exhibiting really extraordinary power of characterization, plenty of humor, original observation, and an uncanny sympathy with the imagination of children. One cannot read three pages without feeling the intellectual grasp of the author. Although a different and in some respects more subtle piece of work, this new book takes its place alongside "The Constant Nymph" and "The Hounds of Spring."

Two complete failures and both by experts in success are "Odtaa," by John Masefield, which is tangled underbrush, and "What Is to Be," by J. C. Snaith, which is so slow in beginning that I ended.

Sinclair Lewis's "Mantrap" is neither a success nor a failure, but a vacation.

Doctor Clifford Smyth, editor of *The International Book Review*, has given us entertainment, instruction, and food for thought in publishing, for the first time in book form, "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer." This is the steadily interesting narrative of the adventures of an American youth in the War of 1812, with a detailed account of his experiences in Dartmoor Prison. The unknown author was evidently a man of culture and education, with natural, tolerant wisdom seasoned by many human contacts. A particularly fascinating problem lies in the possible editorial assistance supplied by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Professor William Ellery Leonard, of the University of Wisconsin, has published a poem called "Two Lives," a sonnet sequence, in which he unlocks his heart. The revelation of domestic intimacy is so definite that one feels as if one were surreptitiously reading a diary, or as if one had entered the wrong room in a hotel. This poem should have been published, you will say, only two hundred years after the persons of the drama have died. My business, however, is not to pronounce on the taste of confessional books, but on their literary merit; and I saw that "Two Lives" is one of the most beautiful American poems of the twentieth century, and possibly future readers will omit the qualifying words of place and time. If this is not genuine poetry, then I will—but it is.

Books on Stevenson continue to supply an ever-increasing demand. If Stevenson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

really were not a great writer, as the numerous shrimps in the current reviews would have us believe, then, as Oscar Wilde said, there is no difference between obscurity and fame. If he were not a great writer, he is so exactly like one that even experts cannot detect the difference. This latest gossipy work is for the idolaters; it will please them and perhaps confirm the sceptics in their disdain. It is called "R. L. S. and His Sine Qua Non," and is by "The Gamekeeper," who actually bore the impossible name of Adelaide Boodle. It is a pleasantly intimate record of conversations with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson.

Arnold Bennett's "Things That Have Interested Me" will perhaps not interest everybody, but it reveals the intense joy the author has in his meals, in his new clothes, in the business of living. Like all men who were forced to economize in youth, Mr. Bennett's ordinary routine in prosperity is wildly exciting. Boldly to order a "room with bath," to know that he will receive a cordial welcome from bankers, shopkeepers, and tailors gives him a chronic flooding happiness that religion and art—well, why not? Arnold Bennett is a delightful combination of shrewd worldly wisdom and almost childlike naïveté. He is a *Weltkind* without any illusions, and yet wholly satisfied.

The latest emanation from the younger generation is an autobiography, and this time by an Englishman, Beverley Nichols. It is called "25," and it is as fresh as paint. Mildly amusing in its account of his travels in America and in Greece, in his gossip of prominent men he has interviewed, what it lacks in experience is more than balanced by assurance. As might be expected, he is an ardent admirer of Somerset Maugham, Michael Arlen, and Noel Coward, three of the most successful men in England.

I am pleased to see added to that excellent series, The Modern Student's Library, a collection of "Seventeenth Century Essays," edited by Professor Jacob Zeitlin, of the University of Illinois. Burton, Browne, Taylor, Fuller, and the authors of the character-books had a secret art of prose composition that is as completely lost to-day as the secret of thirteenth-century glass, which in some respects it resembles.

To turn from these elaborate artificers to Edward Bok's "America Give Me a Chance!" (a version for youthful readers of his two autobiographies) is to jump from seventeenth-century England to twentieth-century America. Mr. Bok is accurately up to date, and with the skill of the super-journalist knows how to make every anecdote significant and diverting. And beneath the surface of his stories and parables there is an earnest, passionate eagerness that every person should make the most of what talent he has.

Our leading American novelist, Edith Wharton, publishes almost simultaneously a book on the art of creative writing called "The Writing of Fiction," and an illustration of it called "Here and Beyond," consisting of short stories from her own fine hand. *Verbum sap.*

The sons of Harvard, the daughters of Radcliffe, and many outsiders will take pride and pleasure in reading Rollo Walter Brown's biography of Dean Briggs. It is a good book on a great personality.

A fine work of original scholarship, which I hope to consider more particularly in a later issue, is Professor Ernest de Sélincourt's edition of Wordsworth's "Prelude," with the variant readings from the manuscripts and with complete critical apparatus. It took a man of genius to write a good epic on his own mind; this new edition will be invaluable to Wordsworthians.

I am glad to see that there is now available (by Helen Douglas Irvine) a complete English translation of the admirable "History of English Literature," by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, both professors at the University of Paris, and both known for their contributions to English scholarship. The University of Paris was fortunate years ago in having as Professor of English Literature Alexander Beljame, whose teachings in the classroom and whose published works were alike first-rate. Professor Legouis is one of the foremost authorities on English literature, and he and his colleague, M. Cazamian, and that great Elizabethan scholar, Professor Albert Feuillerat, of Rennes, constitute a trio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which has no superiors either in England or in America. The early death of Joseph Texte, a pupil of Beljame's, cut short a career already signalized by one notable book dealing with the relations between French and English literature.

For good midsummer reading I recommend three mystery tales of adventure: "The Flying Emerald," by Ethelreda Lewis; "The Gleave Mystery," by Louis Tracy; and "The Red Ledger," by F. L. Packard. These three carry my guaranty.

Hubert Sedgwick, of New Haven, gives me interesting facts about Woodrow Wilson and football.

Woodrow Wilson's love of strategy led him actively into athletics at Wesleyan University, when a Professor of History. Athletics, as a branch of history, subject to the same laws of strategy as are warfare and social competition, appealed to him forcibly.

Professor Frank W. Nicolson, for a quarter-century dean at Wesleyan, highly praised his services in assuring perfect democracy in connection with the selection of players for the football eleven and other Wesleyan athletic teams, but was inclined to minimize his actual coaching activity and services. . . .

Dean Nicolson wrote to Walter Camp on July 12, 1918, in response to an inquiry which Mr. Camp was making into American athletics, the following:

"There is a tradition, chiefly I think in the newspapers, that Woodrow Wilson coached the Wesleyan Eleven. He was here before my time, and I cannot speak at first hand; but, from all I can learn, he did not coach in the sense in which the word is used nowadays. We had at that period a kind of advisory committee for each of our teams, made up of the so-called faculty director, the manager, the captain, and an alumnus member. Professor Wilson was the faculty director of football for a year or two, and in that capacity I am told made himself very useful and was particularly influential in minimizing the fraternity influence in choice of players for a game. In those days the players for each game were picked by this advisory committee."

In this connection an article published in the Hartford *Sunday Courant* in August, 1920, contained a pertinent statement by Henry Hall, of Willington, Conn. Mr. Hall was one of Wesleyan's most famous football-players, captaining the eleven in 1892, and scoring against Yale; Hall kicked a difficult field-goal. He was also a State senator, acting lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, and a leading manufacturer of the State until his death in 1922. Mr. Hall said of Wilson's coaching:

"Woodrow Wilson was a football-coaching genius. He is to be compared, it seems to me, with only one other American personage, Lorin F. Deland, of Harvard, who, through love of strategy, became interested in football, devised plays and assisted the captain in teaching them to the team.

"There were no coaches in those days, resident or visiting, professional or amateur, and the captain received his assistance from meagre volunteer help. The spectacle of Professor Wilson at the blackboard demonstrating his plays to Captain Slayback in '89 was a familiar one."

In its number of March, 1924, which was largely devoted to memories of Woodrow Wilson, the *Wesleyan Alumnus*, the graduate organ, said:

"Victories, however, gave Wesleyan the leadership among the minor colleges of New England, and as Lehigh had gained a similar ascendancy among the smaller colleges of her section, great importance was attached in the football world to the Wesleyan-Lehigh game that was played at Hampden Park at Springfield, Mass., of that year. In fact, the Lehigh supporters boasted that in case the laurels of victory came their way, they would insist upon demanding Wesleyan's place in the old intercollegiate football association which included Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale, and Wesleyan.

"The day's battle was fought in a sea of mud. The Lehigh team developed an altogether unexpected strength, and the game was going their way. Twice Lehigh scored easy touchdowns, and it seemed as though Wesleyan faced certain defeat. Then suddenly from the Wesleyan bleachers a man walked out in front clad in heavy rubber boots and a raincoat. He shouted to the Wesleyan contingent, reproaching them for not cheering for their team, and at once began to lead them in the Wesleyan yell, beating time for them with his umbrella. He continued this violently until the Wesleyan cheers heartened Slayback's men in spite of their handicap, and the tide of the game turned for two touchdowns as Peck, McDonald, Slayback, and Hall crashed into the Brown and White line, and tied the score. After the game, the Lehigh players, inquiring about the magnetic cheer-leader, were informed that he was Wesleyan's professor of history, Dr. Woodrow Wilson. 'Well,' returned the Lehigh men, 'he is all right, for he saved you.'"

The Springfield *Republican*, in its account of the Wesleyan-Lehigh game on Hampden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Park in 1889, spoke of the tall, bespectacled figure of Professor Woodrow Wilson, the football member of the faculty committee on athletics, moving up and down the sidelines and following the play earnestly.

The sketch of Professor Wilson's activity in Wesleyan athletics would not have its fitting setting if it did not include a reference to Wesleyan's gridiron eminence of that period, an importance entirely disproportionate to its numerical strength. Little Wesleyan belonged to the original intercollegiate football league of six members, headed by Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. In 1884 it defeated Harvard, which, however, did not then belong to the league because of faculty opposition.

It was football custom for Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania to meet Thanksgiving morning in New York City on Manhattan Field and for Yale and Princeton to play on the same gridiron the same afternoon. The Wesleyan eleven, coached by Woodrow Wilson, defeated Pennsylvania in New York City, Thanksgiving morning, 1889, 10 to 2.

Professor George S. Wills, of the Western Maryland College, has not only read every word of the Faerie Queene, but every word of Spenser's complete poetical works. He has an abundant entrance into the club.

Concerning my remarks about music telling a story, Mrs. Norma H. Arnold, of Clarion, Pa., is interesting many people in that community in the best music, both by playing the piano and by telling the story with it. She says wisely:

> Undoubtedly music can tell a story, but it does no harm to assist the average listener to comprehend it. . . . If the best concert companies in the numerous Lyceum bureaus would include among their number one person who could give interesting short talks explaining and characterizing the music that is to be performed, audiences would be more appreciative and better satisfied to listen to superior music.

I well remember that admirable pianist, W. H. Sherwood, who always prefaced his piano recitals by a little talk on the significance of the music. It was his preliminary talks as well as his admirable playing that made those familiar masterpieces, Chopin's G Minor and G Major Nocturnes take on new and permanent significance for me. I heard him in 1889.

With reference to women reading "The French Revolution," by Carlyle, Bessie I. Miller, Professor of Mathematics at Rockford College, Ills., writes that when she was a freshman at Goucher she read "The French Revolution" because the title sounded adventurous. "The only difficulty was that after reading Carlyle's version I had to read another account of the period in order to arrive at an approximation of the truth."

With reference to the use of the word "kid," Mr. J. A. L. Bradfield, of La Crosse, Wis., has found an earlier date than Mrs. Carlyle's, in 1842, in "Oliver Twist," chapter XX: "So you've got the kid." I have found a still earlier case in the New English Dictionary. The word was used in the Dickens-Carlyle sense by Massinger in 1599. But although old, it is not yet reputable.

Miss Susan M. Gaskins, of Macon Academy, Virginia, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the word "onto" and also the use of "however," "whatever," "whenever" in such sentences as: "However did you do it?" "Whenever is it coming?" She adds: "I first noticed this in A. S. M. Hutchinson's novels and since then it seems to have spread like the measles." I see no possible objection to "onto." I discovered that it was a reputable English word when I was a child, and I am afraid I cannot abandon it now.

Approved for The Salon. Last Sunday I heard a charming woman call the Fundamentalists Funny Mentalists.

Who is the best gentleman in the history of literature? Hector. Who is the best sportsman in the history of war? Julius Cæsar.

In the July issue I said that Bunyan's "Man with the Muckrake" would be a great golfer, because his eyes could look no way but downward. But I have just thought of players to whom Nature has been even more kind. They are mentioned by Othello in his speech to the judges:

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

What a marvellous preventive against the fatal disease of looking up!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

I HAVE a friend, a man of intellect and character, who practises law and has the poise, the cool judgment, befitting his profession. He told me that he had been over to Brooklyn to see the collection of about sixty works by Arthur B. Davies placed on exhibition in the Museum there this summer, and he added: "I could not sleep that night." I know just how he felt. The art of Davies is more poignantly stimulating than anything else with which I am acquainted in modern painting. It makes for a tremendous stirring of the emotions, for a certain spiritual exaltation. The average artist gives you a picture to look at. Davies enlarges your experience and makes a tumult in your imagination. For a critic there are no occasions more welcome than those which invite comment upon his genius. One has been provided for me in the exhibition aforesaid and I have lately had a glimpse, too, of the mural decorations which he has just put in place in International House up on Riverside Drive. But, I confess, I love to talk about Davies, occasion or no occasion. He is one of those rare artists, rare in any school, in any epoch, in whose work there seems to dwell, above all else, just the spirit of beauty. It is a matter for deep pride that he is an American, in some ways one of the raciest types we have ever had. Yet even as I say that, I realize the particular reason that I have for rejoicing in Davies. He is one of those inspired creatures whom I venture to call the Sons of No Man's Land.

⸸ ⸸ ⸸

THEY form a smaller company than one might expect, considering the great number of painters in history who have been swayed by imagination. All such painters are by instinct adventurous, forever occupied in the exploration of domains remote from the horizons of our common life. But here and there there arises a genius who seems to be literally born into the world which he dominates; with the creative impulse bestowed upon him there springs into being the strange incredible environment which he proceeds to make credible. He is the man of impalpable anchorages on the poet's "perilous seas." And he visits not "faery lands forlorn" but uncharted regions from which he brings back incomparably happy visions. It is priceless stuff that the Sons of No Man's Land add to our treasure, so rich that we are grateful even when the brush falters, as it sometimes does, and the great adventurer is something less than an absolute master. I wonder why it is that these "chosen" are more likely than not to be inadequate technicians. Is it that, overcome by their visions, they blunder in their execution, or is it that they feel execution to be, in the circumstances, an almost negligible factor? I can think of only one figure in the little band who was both consummate in invention and as a painter. That was Giorgione. Then there is Piero di Cosimo, who had his rather primitive technique well enough under control, and perhaps too I should mention the German Altdorfer, who painted perfectly according to the canon of his period. With El Greco there is often a conflict between technique and idea, and among the moderns this conflict is often noticeable. You observe it in France, in dreamers like Gustave Moreau, Ary Renan, and Odilon-Redon. Monticelli, painter of romantic glades peopled by apparitions half nymphs and half women of fashion, used his palette-knife with peculiar felicity and beat out a technique exactly fitted to his themes. In Germany, Arnold Boecklin dealt in enchanting motives, but never quite learned how to paint them enchantingly. The famous dreamers in English art have by some curious fate invariably suffered from grave handicaps as brushmen. George Frederick Watts could not paint half so well as he could invent. Rossetti dreamed wonder-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Throne.
From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unicorns.

From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

ful dreams, but as a technician he stayed an amateur all his life long. Sandys and Burne-Jones could design and draw, but they carry complete conviction only in black and white; when they use color they lose much of their authority.

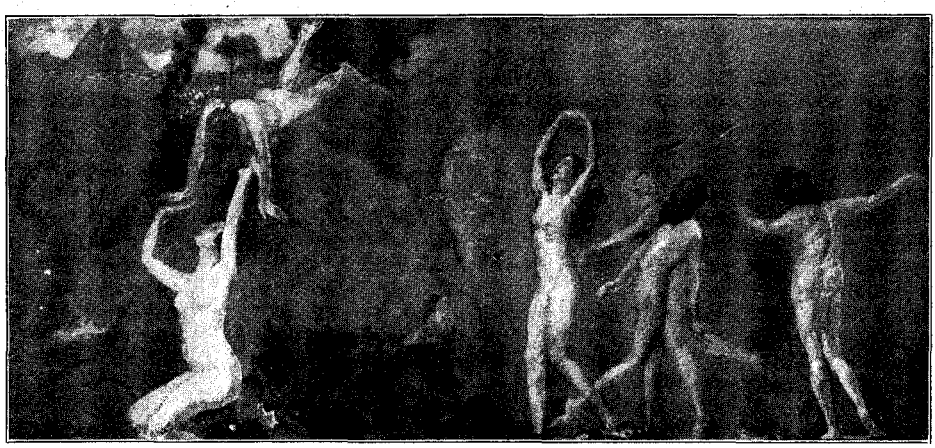
American painting has been singularly rich in the Sons of No Man's Land, for, as I have indicated, a school that can count even four or five such men of genius as I have in mind is fortunate indeed. John La Farge looms large in the group, not only a man of high creative imagination but a powerful master of his craft. Abbott Thayer, his contemporary, was another potent necromancer, like Blake "conversing with Paradise" and giving us some extraordinary angelic evocations. Elihu Vedder ranks high among the Sons of No Man's Land, despite the technical limitations which make him, after the fashion of the British Pre-Raphaelites,

Viper-stricken Eurydice.

From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more persuasive in black and white than in color. Of Albert P. Ryder it may be said, as I have said of Monticelli, that he developed a technique sufficient for the expression of his ideas. They are haunting ideas and somehow he takes care of them. He seems sometimes to halt and to fumble; there are passages in him which are almost messy, but so penetrating is his magic that you would not have him otherwise. Just where in this hierarchy does Davies belong? There is nothing academic about him. When he first swam into my ken, thirty years or so ago, I delighted in him but I was uneasy about his technique, seeing in it a rather incongruous and perhaps too self-conscious naïveté. It took me some time to realize that I was in error, that Davies was painting in a perfectly natural manner, and that what seemed to me crudity was really no more than a wise avoidance of the "slickness" then current in the studios. He had no patience with the hypothesis on which the French school, toward which we leaned, was turning out the "well-made picture" to correspond with the "well-made play." He hated hollow artifice, the mere mechanics of building up a picture, and if I read him aright the only whole-hearted tribute that he has paid to discipline has been paid in the field of draftsmanship, where he has approved himself a superbly faithful interrogator of form. I know of nobody in contemporary art who draws the nude with quite the eloquence and distinction of Davies.

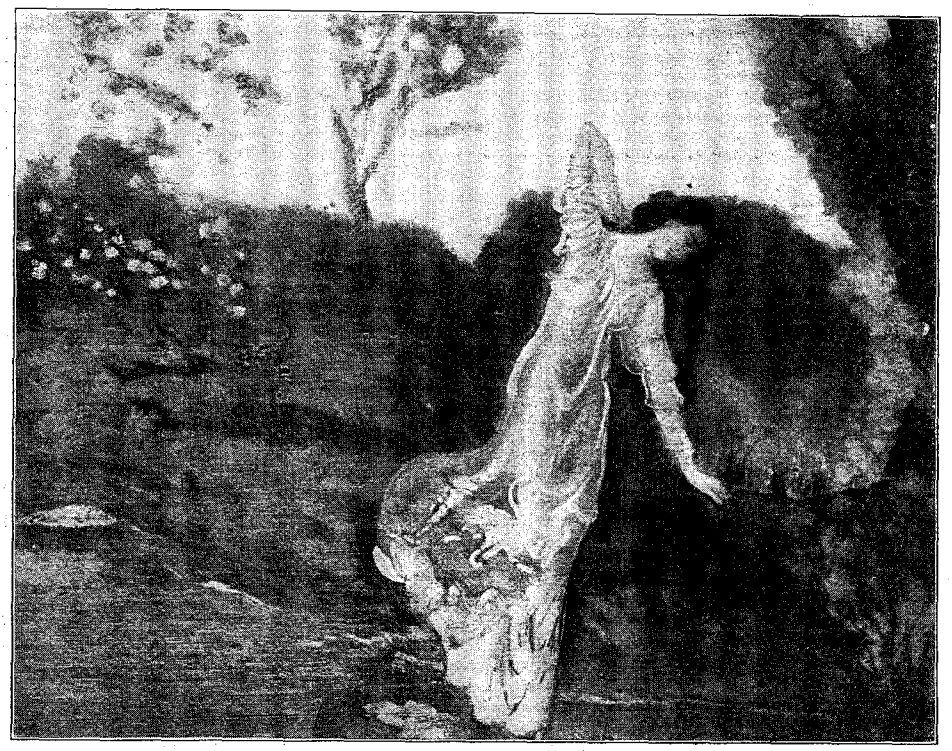


Hylas and the Nymphs.
From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

LET us see from the scant biographical data available how he has developed his gifts. In 1924 Mr. Duncan Phillips assembled in one of the beautiful publications of the Phillips Memorial Gallery half a dozen essays on Davies by as many different hands. One of these essays was contributed by Mr. Dwight Williams, the artist's first instructor, and from it I gratefully draw a few facts which tell us something of Davies's career. He is of Welsh descent, and was born at Utica in 1862. He was about fifteen when Mr. Williams was called in to look at the drawings that he had already made and to advise as to what he might do. The biographer recalls him as a healthful and playful boy, having "a sylvan look and the illusive fleetness of a deer." The sketches instantly revealed that he had talent, and lessons with Mr. Williams were promptly begun. They included "seeing lessons," and the teacher goes on to speak of his pupil's quick intuitive powers, his "wonderful" appreciation of nature, and the swift response that he made to beauty in form and color. He stayed a boy, with a lively sense of humor,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it is noted that he was quite an athlete, but he was steadfastly thoughtful and studious. He had an important experience in 1874 when an exhibition at Utica enabled him to see works by George Inness, A. H. Wyant, Homer Martin, and in public was exhibited at the American Art Galleries in 1888. About this time he won the good-will of a discerning dealer, the late William Macbeth, and I well remember how when that engaging personality left Keppel's and set up for



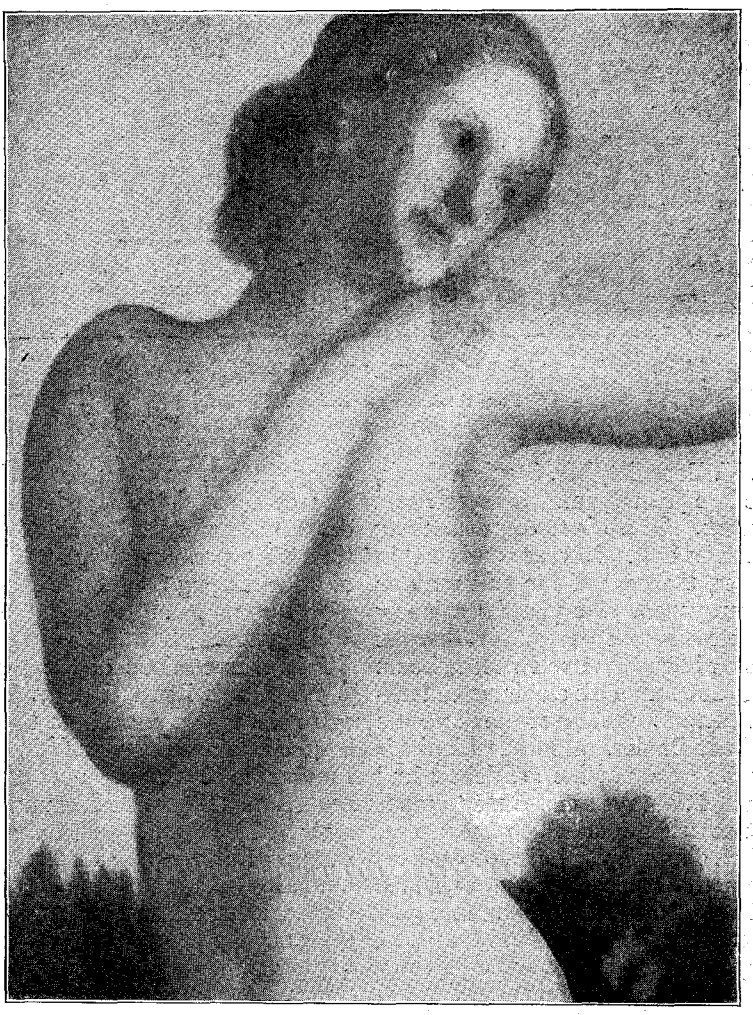
Out of the Dew.
From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

Winslow Homer. Four years later he was in business in Chicago!

That sounds ominous, but he was even then pursuing his art studies, and they must have been at the back of his mind when in 1880 he went to Mexico and spent two years as a draftsman with an engineering expedition. Returning to Chicago, he entered classes at the Art Institute and greatly profited by the influence of one of his teachers, Charles Corwin. In the 80's he was in New York, studying at the Art Students' League and making illustrations for the magazines. I have seen a pen drawing produced at that time, capably done but in no way prefiguring the painter. The first picture he showed himself, he made Davies one of the leading sources of attraction in his little gallery on Fifth Avenue where the Altman building now stands. He it was who roused Benjamin Altman to enthusiasm for the young artist's work, and between them they sent him to Italy, where he revelled among the old masters and sat especially at the feet of Giorgione. He has been often abroad since then, and in his own country has travelled as far as California. His work has figured constantly in the exhibitions, and in 1918 there was a remarkable loan exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery of his paintings, water-colors, drawings, etchings, and sculptures.

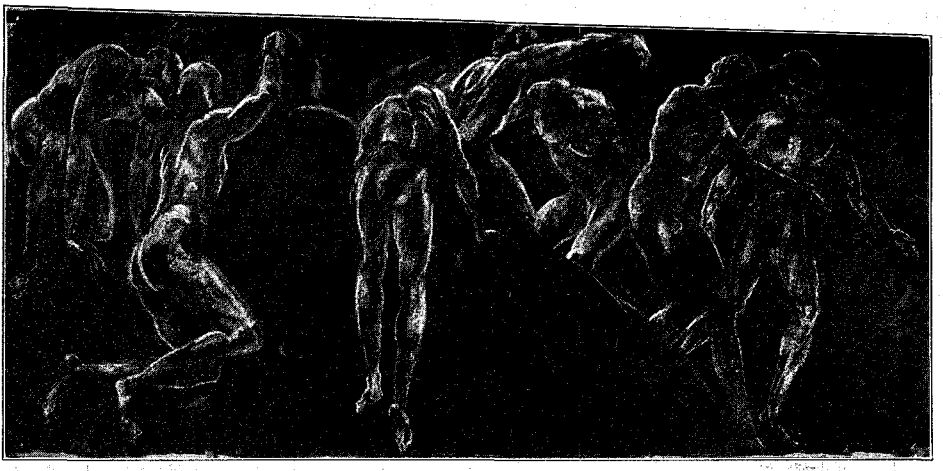
Certain connoisseurs, Miss Lizzie Bliss,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Eurydice—A Rendezvous with Death.
From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Wave.
From the drawing by Arthur B. Davies.

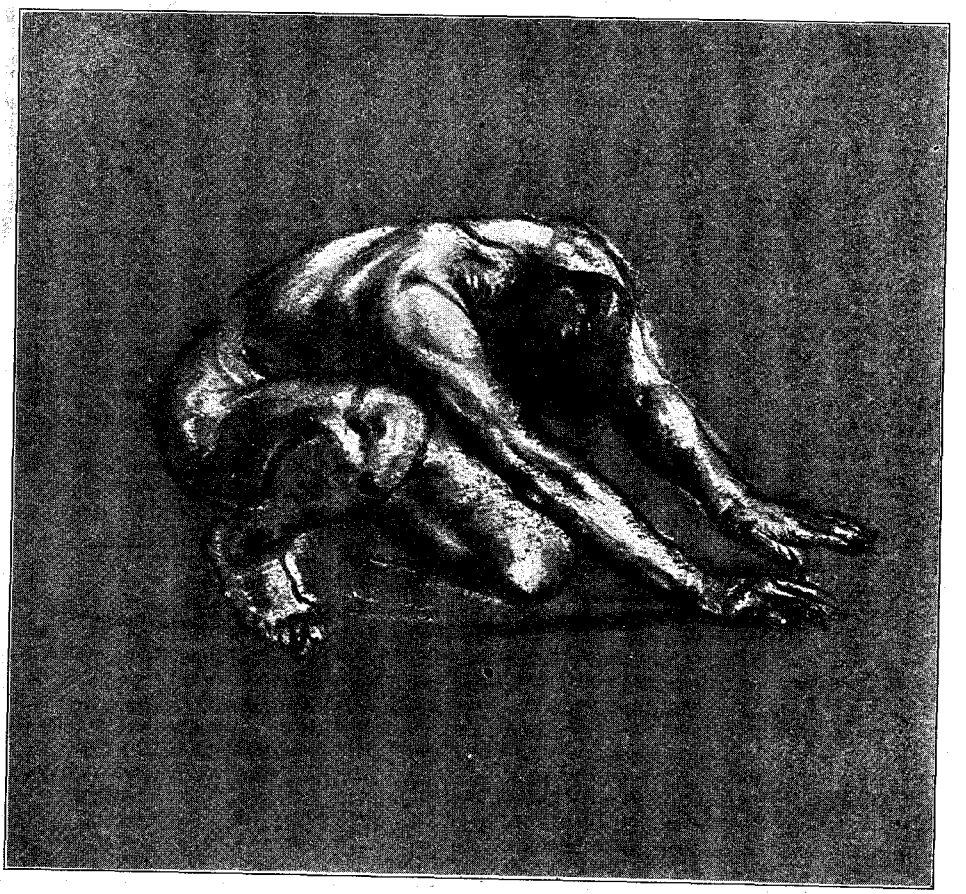
Mr. H. H. Benedict, Mr. Stephen Clark, and the late John Quinn have specialized in his work. There is to-day something like a Davies cult. But, as is unusual in such cases, the hero of the cult remains utterly unspoiled. He ploughs a lonely furrow, goes his own way, and is adamant in repelling intrusions upon his long hours of labor; but for all his aloofness and resolution, there is nothing of the dogmatic oracle about Davies. To talk with him is to be aware only of his gentleness and modesty. It always amuses me to recall the first occasion upon which I met him. It was at a dinner given by the organizers of the famous Armory show of 1913, which essayed to confer the inestimable blessings of Modernism upon the United States. I was secretly bewildered at finding Davies in that gallery, and later I was equally surprised when he decorated a room with a pell-mell of Cubistic dancers. They have never seemed to me to be "in the picture" with Davies. Similarly, when he sent a lot of things from his collection to be sold last winter at the Ferargil Gallery and many of them turned out to be illustrations of Modernism at its worst, it was difficult to believe that he had once cherished them. I have no authority now for saying that the dispersal signified the sloughing off of a passing misconception. But I like to believe that it was just that, and in any case the testimony of the great mass of this painter's work is all to his being, in art, on the side of the angels. My own conviction is that the dance decorations aforesaid mean nothing more than an experimental episode in the life of a far-ranging Son of No Man's Land.

♣ ♣ ♣

IT is characteristic of the true Son of No Man's Land that, as I may say again, he makes incredible things credible; he is in a sense a pronounced realist. Moving in a romantic world, Davies, nevertheless, keeps his feet upon the solid earth. If he has painted beautifully things which are like revelations to our blurred vision, it is partly because he started with so firm a grasp upon the things of the tangible, visible world. He has passed to a closer apprehension of things supernatural through a spiritual communion with things natural. There is fantasy to be encountered in his earlier work, but I would especially touch here upon the phase of that work which points to his sympathy for maternity and childhood. Like Thayer, he has a particular clairvoyance for the sacred tenderness and beauty in motherhood. In a picture like The Throne he interprets its very essence. He abounds in sentiment and he hasn't a trace of sentimentality. He has an especially beguiling way of allying his figures with nature and through nature with something that we can only call divine. Two of his pictures come back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to me, The Call of Spring and Breath of Autumn. In the first a naked little child stands near a slender tree. In the second a boy races on his pony past his mother, the whole group set against massive oaks. In both pictures the bewitchments of all of them you feel, I repeat, that his feet are upon the solid earth. He paints what he has seen. But even while you recognize this you are aware of the fact that he has seen something existent only in No Man's Land. Look at the vast

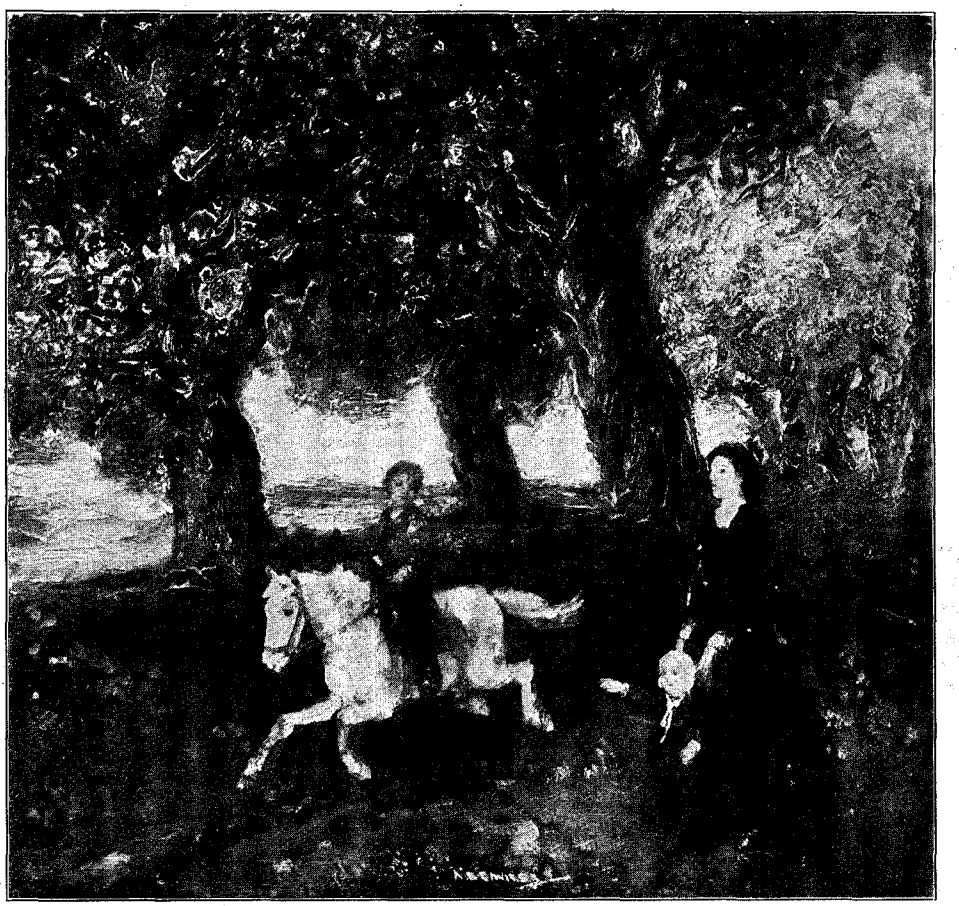


Athlete.
From the drawing by Arthur B. Davies.

nature and of adolescence seem fused. Davies has painted many landscapes, backgrounds like the one in Breath of Autumn, simple, topographical statements like his Erie Canal, realistic Californian impressions and grandiose mountainous subjects, as in the Achæa, Greece, and divers other heroic compositions. He has also sought out such romantic picturesqueness as he gave us in the big batch of water-colors done in the château country in France a year or two ago. In headland that rises in the distance above the still waters in Unicorns. Look at the even more sombre hills that frame another sullen sea in the Dawn. Surely, these are slopes upon which the feet of mortal have never trod. And yet there they lie, affirming themselves in a puissant reality!

If I seem to oscillate between realistic and idealistic keys, or to imply a combination of the two, it is because Davies is in his work a perfect illustration of ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Breath of Autumn.
From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

actly this complexity. There is for him nothing in the least ambiguous about the blending of nominally antipathetic elements. He brings these together with all the aplomb in the world, and to talk of ambiguity seems merely pedantic. It does not matter that above the setting of the actors in his Hylas and the Nymphs there floats a modern boat in full sail. It does not matter that the background of his Viper-Stricken Eurydice is enlivened by the roofs of a New England village, including that of a steepled church. Or, rather, if it matters at all, it is in a piquant and delightful way, the modern accent somehow heightening with an endearing simplicity the old beauty of pagan myth. As he has progressed Davies has grown more and more abstract in his ideas, more and more recondite in his symbolism, more and more mysterious in the titles of his pictures. But he never loses his hold upon the truth of form, he is never so imaginative but that he brings the very warmth and fragrance of the breath of beauty athwart our consciousness. That is where he is most triumphantly a Son of No Man's Land. His lovely dreams, so fresh, so original, are amazingly vitalized. He brings beauty close to us, a living thing. He gives us a poet's dream, and it is a dream humanized.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. LXXX October 1926 No. 4

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

Contents

EUGENE O'NEILL . . . . . From the bust by Edmond Quinn.		*Frontispiece*
THE TRIUMPH OF APPLESAUCE	**Hendrik Willem van Loon**	**353**
AS THE PROFESSOR SEES THE GAME . .	**An Assistant Professor**	**356**
THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY STORE . .	**Will Rose**	**362**
ON JACK'S REMEMBRANCE OF ME. Poem . .	**George Meason Whicher** . .	**367**
EUGENE O'NEILL, POET AND MYSTIC . .	**Arthur Hobson Quinn** . .	**368**
ALOOF. Poem	**Barbara Young**	**372**
DOES A NIGHTINGALE REALLY SING? . . Illustrations from photographs.	**Edward W. Bok** . . .	**373**
LEAVES FROM A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK—Stories . . . . . Illustrations by George Wright.	**N. D. Marbaker** . . .	**381**
JACINTH—A Story . . . . . Illustrations by Harold T. Denison.	**Roger Burlingame** . . .	**394**
EXIT MAMMY . . . . . Illustrations by Kerr Eby.	**Malcolm Vaughan** . . .	**405**
THE REASONING FACULTY IN DOGS . . .	**J. Ranken Towse** . . .	**415**
A MAN'S WORK—A Story . . . . . Illustrations by Charles Baskerville, Jr.	**Bernice Kenyon** . . .	**420**
THE AUTUMN WEAVER. Poem	**James B. Carrington** . .	**427**
THE ETERNALLY FEMININE MIND . . .	**Henry C. McComas** . . .	**428**
MAMMALS ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS . . . Illustrations from photographs by the Authors.	**William L. and Irene Finley** .	**433**
BATHTUBS, EARLY AMERICANA . . . . Illustration from a photograph.	**Fairfax Downey** . . .	**440**
HOMETOWN. Poem	**Badger Clark**	**444**
AS I LIKE IT	**William Lyon Phelps** . .	**445**
THE FIELD OF ART—A Friend of Sargent's, Antonio Mancini	**Royal Cortissoz** . . .	**456**
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION—America and the Rest of the World—Aspects of Our Entry into Another Season of Prosperity—The Problem of Our Economic Relation with Other Countries—Europe and the War Debts	**Alexander Dana Noyes** . .	**465**
BEHIND THE SCENES WITH SCRIBNER'S AUTHORS		
WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT—The Club Corner		FRONT ADVERTISING SECTION
THE FIFTH AVENUE SECTION		

Published Monthly

35 Cents; $4.00 a Year
Foreign, $5.00 a Year

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS · NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER, *President* — ARTHUR H. SCRIBNER, CHARLES SCRIBNER, JR. } *Vice-Presidents* — GEORGE R. D. SCHIEFFELIN, *Treasurer*; MAXWELL E. PERKINS, *Secretary*

597-599 FIFTH AVE NEW YORK · 7 BEAK STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Publishers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *and* ARCHITECTURE

Copyrighted in 1926 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. *All rights reserved.*
Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

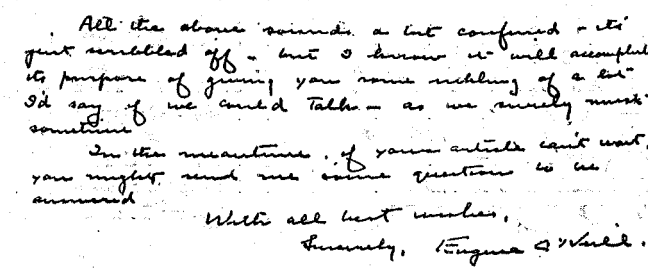
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Scenes

There are many curious and interesting things that we could tell you of Hendrik van Loon. He is best known as the author of "The Story of Mankind" and of "Tolerance." A new and enlarged edition of the former work will be published this fall, as will next year his "History of America," upon which he has long been working. He is sailing in October for Holland to gather material for a new book, "Peter Stuyvesant and His Times: The Story of a Dream that Failed."

The *New Yorker*, in an illuminating "profile," calls him the "poor little rich boy," and cites this portentous conversation among the astral bodies upon the night of his birth:

"He will be clever and quick," said one star, beaming that night on Holland. "He will have many talents—for words, for songs, for colors," twinkled a planet. "His mind will run through accepted laws and customs nimbly like a rapier," spoke a constellation. "He will have a hand to turn to any trade and master it. He will have an eye to find gold, an ear to catch laughter, in all the world's muck-heaps. He will have legs to wander far. He will have a heart to hold friends," chorused a galaxy. [H v L says "Star-dust."—Ed.]



All the above sounds a bit confused — it's just scribbled off — but I know we will accomplish its purpose of giving you some inkling of a lot I'd say if we could talk — as we surely must — sometime.

In the meantime, if you can't wait, you might send me some questions to be answered.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely, Eugene O'Neill.

Facsimile of the conclusion of the letter from Eugene O'Neill to Arthur Hobson Quinn, quoted on page 368.

He has indeed wandered far. To Harvard as a student, to Cornell and Antioch as a teacher, to Baltimore as the chief exhibit of the Baltimore "sunpapers," to Westport as a distinguished author living a simple life, making his home the haven for the persecuted and the resort of friends. Strangely, in all our own views of the man, there remains most vivid in memory a still moonlit night when H v L sat on the porch (which was really the roof of some one's bay window) in an old house on quiet Mount Vernon Place in Baltimore and strummed a big guitar, saying very little.

"An Assistant Professor," who presents a new and interesting attitude toward football, which is now swinging into its biggest season as a spectacle for the millions, prefers to remain anonymous.

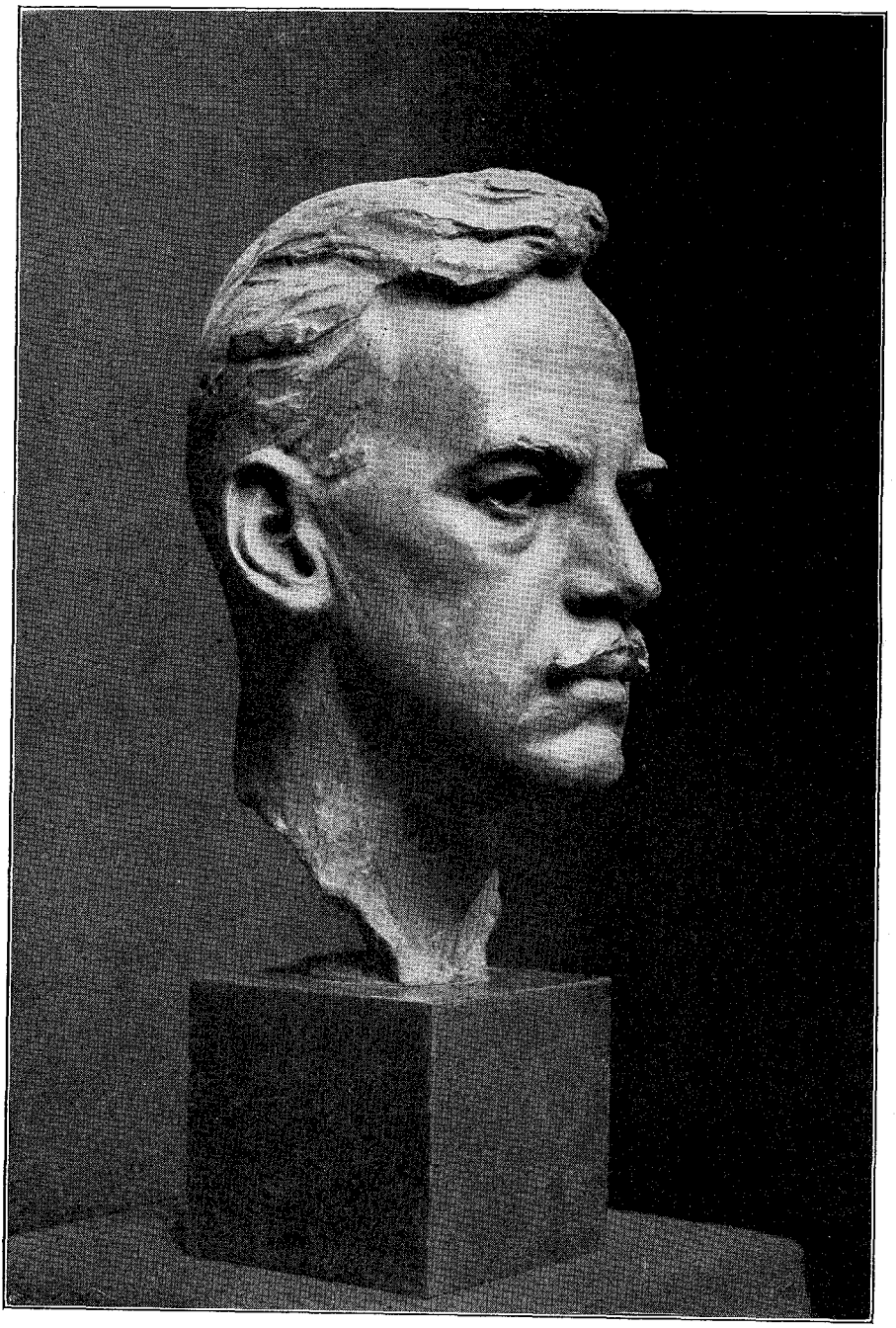
Will Rose is by now well known to our consistent readers for his human and penetrating articles on the small town. His articles have drawn enthusiastic letters from many readers, old and new, who are attracted by the simplicity and attractive naturalness of the man's style. He is a newspaper owner, banker, and manufacturer, of Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Arthur Hobson Quinn, first man to give a course in American drama in college, editor of "Representative American Plays," and one of the steadiest playgoers in these United States, back in 1919 went to a performance of a play called "Beyond the Horizon," by a young chap named Eugene O'Neill, who had been almost unheard of beyond the little theatre group producing the play. Doctor Quinn understood immediately that this was a playwright with whom a student of American drama would have to reckon. Since that time he has seen every play by O'Neill which has been produced, he has carried on a correspondence with the man himself, and one snowy Sunday night spent hours in conversation with this new leader of American drama.

Edward W. Bok is very often front-page material. Nothing, however, which he has done recently has attracted more attention than his daring experiment of importing English nightingales. Newspapers everywhere printed editorials expressing varying opinions. Mr. Bok received many letters. Until now he has refrained from public comment on his venture.

N. D. Marbaker, like Will Rose, sought out the small Pennsylvania community and, like him, received his first literary recognition from this magazine. Coming in unheralded among thousands of other manuscripts, these "Leaves from a Country Doctor's Notebook" appealed to the editor because of the feeling of genuineness and reality which they conveyed and the skill with which they were written. They are actually five poignant short stories, each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EUGENE O'NEILL.

From the bust by Edmond Quinn.

—See "Eugene O'Neill, Poet and Mystic," page 368.

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED